THE American

MAGAZINE · DECEMBER 25c

IF WAR COMES- *Uncle Sam's P... L... U...*

CONCERTO, A COMPLETE SHORT NOV...

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MRS FRANCIS
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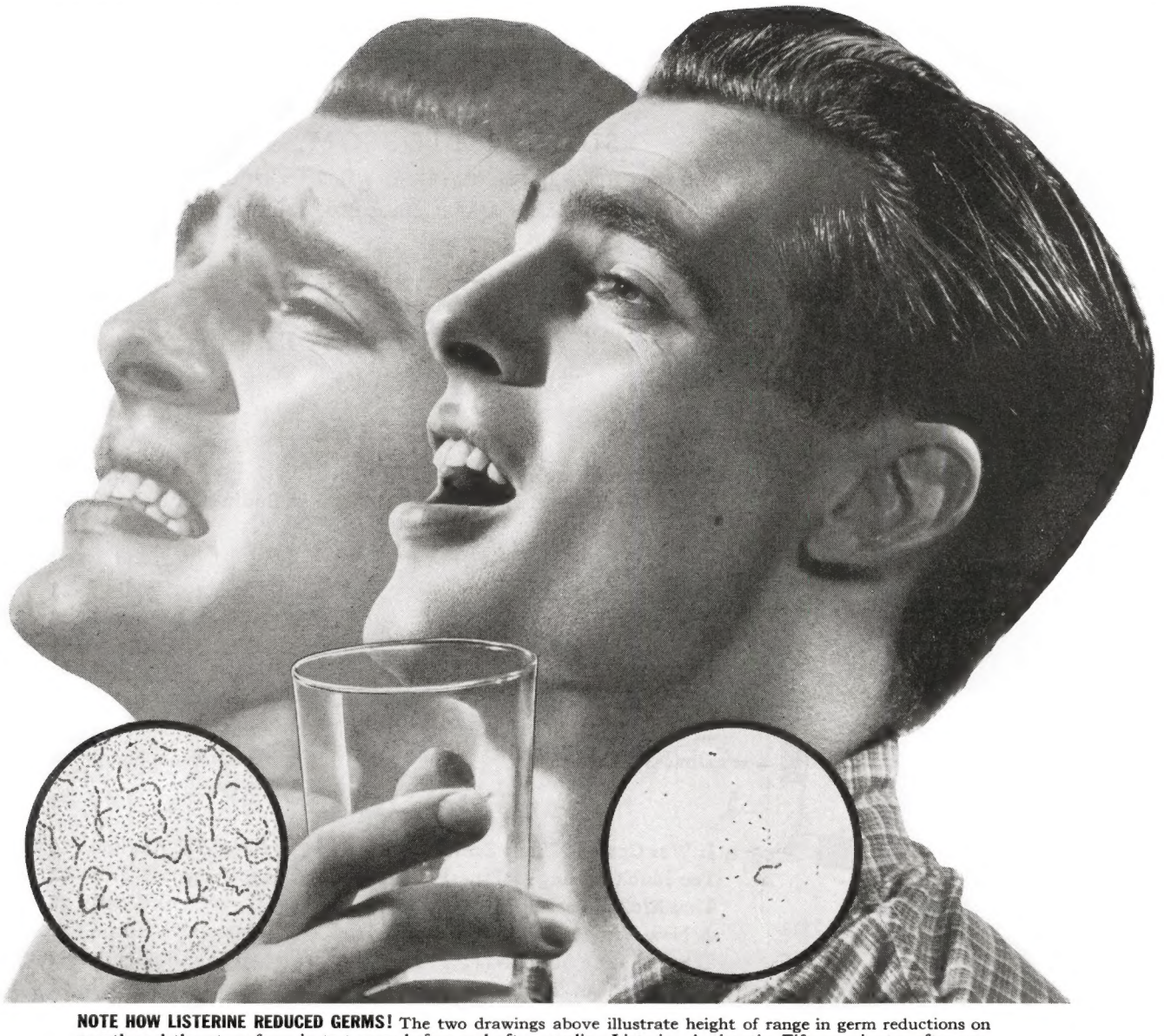
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

TAKE THE PLYMOUTH LUXURY RIDE TODAY!



NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS! The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A **COLD** OR **SORE THROAT**—

Listerine quick!

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders" . . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine, that cool amber antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Just put a new 150-watt G-E MAZDA Lamp bulb in your I.E.S. floor lamp and begin to try better light tonight.

Other handy sizes of G-E MAZDA lamps...
25 to 100-watt

15¢
They Stay Brighter Longer

ALSO G-E DIME LAMPS

High quality. Backed by G-E research. Come in 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt size and they're marked GE.

10¢

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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A Dream come true

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

Protect your smile. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firm and teeth sparkling!

FEW thrills can match the first glimpse of a woman who is truly, breathlessly beautiful! For each man's eyes exclaim, "Here at last is the loveliness men dream of!" How eagerly they pause for the sparkling promise of her smile.

For hers *should* be the smile to match such beauty—a warming, sparkling smile of bright teeth and firm, healthy gums. But how tragic when—as so often happens—that smile, so eagerly awaited, reveals dull teeth and dingy gums!

Don't risk *your own* good looks with such shocking neglect! Any time you see "pink" on your tooth brush, heed the warning and *see your dentist.*

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not mean trouble, but let him decide. He may tell you it's simply a case of gums denied exercise by modern creamy foods, gums that need more exercise. And very often he'll suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help gums as well as clean teeth. After you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into your gums. Circulation speeds up in the gums—lazy gums awaken. They tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's. Start today with Ipana and massage—one helpful way to brighter teeth, firmer gums—a radiant smile.

BRING IPANA AND MASSAGE TO THE AID OF YOUR SMILE!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

GET THE NEW D.D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

• Three hundred and sixty-five days from now—where will you be?

Still be struggling along in the same old job at the same old salary—worried about the future—never able to make both ends meet? Will you still be putting off your start to success—fiddling away precious hours that will never come again?

Don't do it, man—don't do it! There's no greater tragedy than that of the man who stays sunk in a rut all his life, when with just a little effort he could advance.

Think of the thousands of successful, prosperous men in every industry and business who owe much of their success to International Correspondence Schools training (you'd recognize hundreds of their names). They *refused* to be licked by lack of training! They found that the I. C. S. offered them comprehensive yet simplified texts prepared by outstanding authorities, supplemented by personal guidance and expert, understanding instruction.

The coupon will bring you the full story of the I. C. S., and what it can mean to you.

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Explain fully about your course in the subject marked X:

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☐ Bridge Engineering ☐ Poultry Farming
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Fire... *on schedule*

Do you ever take time to check the possibilities of serious fires in your community? Probably not, but others do it for you!

A survey of fire hazards and fire-fighting facilities in a certain mid-Western city a few years ago called attention to an important business district and warned:

> A fire in any one of the large area buildings could readily assume conflagration proportions and, under adverse conditions, involve the greater portion of the block.

A later report repeated this warning. Unfortunately, the remedies suggested were not taken. Early this year, fire broke out in a department store in this very block. Within 2½ hours most of the block was in ruins. Property damage of over $750,000 was not the only loss . . . stores lost valuable business, employees lost their jobs, and other businesses in their turn were affected adversely.

Such surveys of fire-fighting facilities and structural conditions are made without charge by The National Board of Fire Underwriters, a nation-wide organization maintained by 200 leading capital stock* fire insurance companies. It is one of many similar "plus" services that do not appear in your fire insurance policy.

As a result of this and other efforts to make life and property safer, fire losses have been reduced . . . and, in turn, the average fire insurance rate has been steadily lowered.

Have your local insurance Agent plan a "program" of insurance for you. It will help you to provide yourself with sound and adequate protection where it is most needed—and at a minimum of cost.

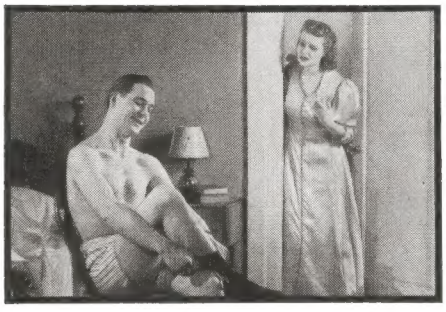
THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 John Street, New York • Est. 1866

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE
Standard protection

An early morning bus passenger saw the fire and gave the alarm

"Cold out? I can take it."



"Don't feel so good, Mary"

Play Safe!

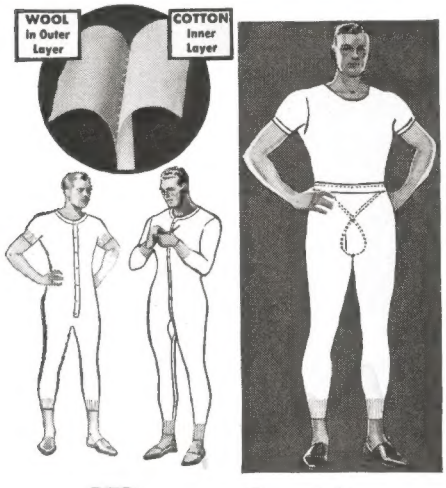
You can't beat winter with bravado. It's smart to protect your health—and job—by wearing Duofold. It's the *only* underwear that gives you all the warmth and protection of wool . . . without a *chance* of itch or discomfort. Duofold fabric, *in two thin layers*, has wool in the *outer* layer . . . *away* from the skin. Inner layer, next to the skin, is all fine, soft cotton. Just *try* it this season! Made in all popular models—union suits and two-piece, for men, boys, women and children. Send postal for

FREE FABRIC SAMPLE

description and prices. Duofold Inc. Dept. A-2, Mohawk, N. Y.

***New!* Duofold ACTION-SUPPORT**

Provides positive, all-day support. Comfort and protection unexcelled. Elastic waist, no-gap fly, no buttons. Try it! Brief, Quarter-leg, Knee and Long models, shirts to match. $1 to $2 a garment. Slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains.



Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

Along the Way

➔ ONE of the most absorbing, thought-provoking mails we ever received at THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE consisted of the thousands of letters that came in, replying to the question in our August issue—"How many children are enough for one family, and why?" You will find a list of the winners of awards on page 165.

To all of us around the office (we each took a turn at reading the letters), the most astonishing fact was that virtually everyone who wrote in wanted children. "It is my right to have children," remarked a woman in Chicago, "and no one or nothing—like a depression or a war—can deny it to me."

Many of the correspondents, however, felt that economic considerations and world conditions affect the proper size of a family, regardless of personal inclinations. "I wouldn't have the heart to bring a child into a world like this one today," wrote a young unmarried woman in Boston, Mass., reflecting the opinions of a small, but firm minority.

Although we expected that most people would describe two children as about the ideal family these days, the great majority seemed to prefer four—two boys and two girls—and most of them wanted a girl first. We were a little puzzled about this until we came across a letter from New Orleans, which explained: "I want a girl first because, if the eldest child is a girl, she can be a second mother to the rest of the family."

The number of people who wanted really large families, six to ten children, was remarkable. Numerous women pointed out that there is nothing like a large family to teach a sense of social responsibility, a give-and-take spirit which is the basis of democracy. But many of them added that enthusiasm for large families should be considerably tempered by the question of income. "I certainly don't think that any parents should bring eight or ten children into the world if they can only afford two or three," wrote a woman in San Francisco. The only person, so far as we can recall, who wrote that he wanted a really small family was a New York man. "I don't want any family," he wrote, acidly. "I can't stand children." (Hope he's a bachelor.)

The general impression from reading all the letters was just this: If the present and coming generations of American men and women have their way, that falling birth rate which has been troubling statisticians will become a bugbear of the past.

➔ REMEMBER Alfred Hart, the dour young man who wrote *The Girls I Left Behind Me* a few issues back? In it he described his dream girl by the reverse process of classifying by their unpleasant characteristics all the girls he hadn't married. He ended his piece like this:

"But I did know one girl who didn't fall into any of the groups. Her name was Helen Virginia, and she had light brown hair that blew across her cheeks when she rode in a rumble seat, which she loved to do. The only trouble with Helen Virginia was that she lacked good taste in men. At least, she wouldn't have me."

Well, you may be interested to learn that Mr. Hart has just been married to—can you guess?—Helen Virginia, light brown hair and all. He says he still can't

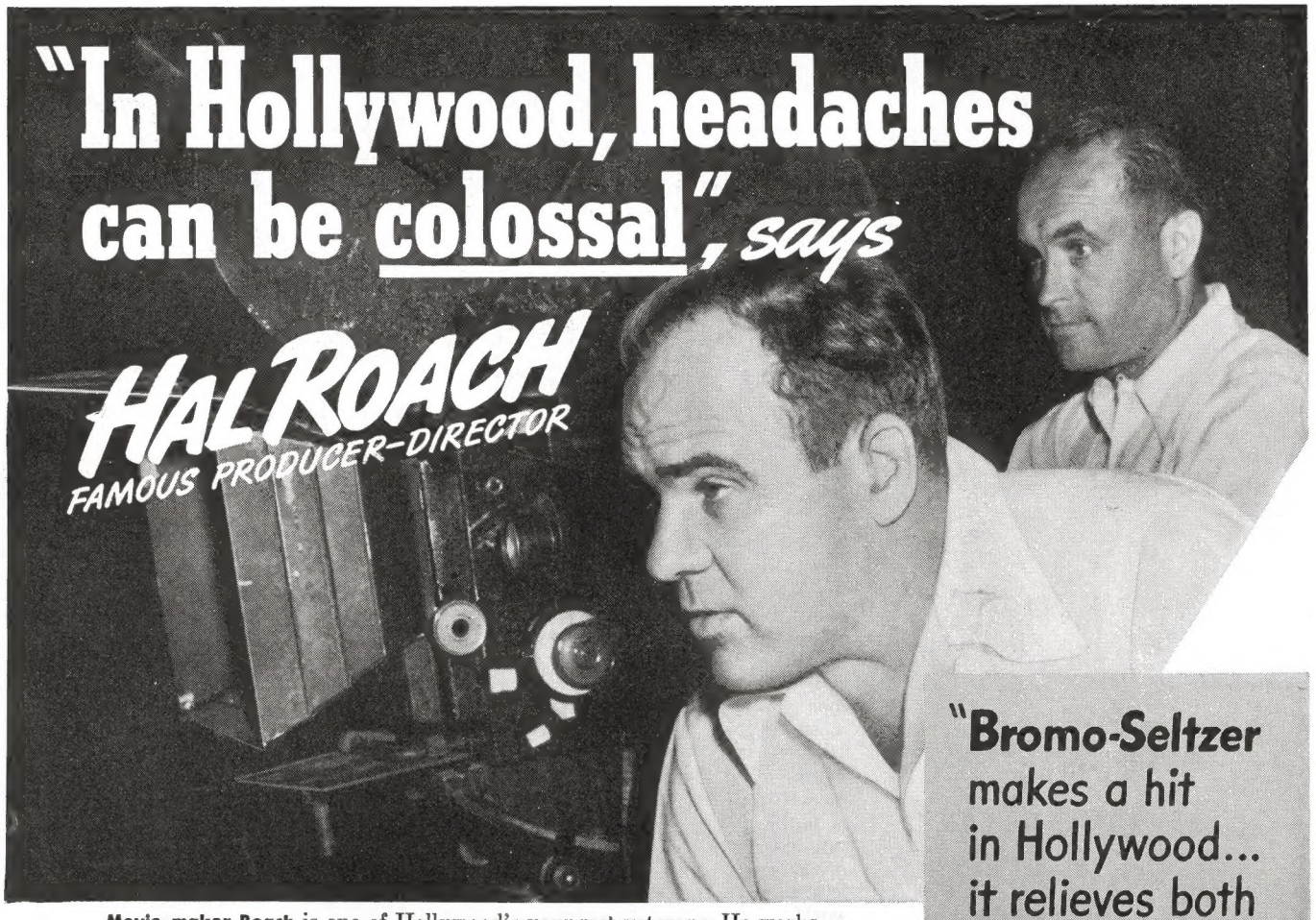
understand why she changed her mind about him, but he doesn't care. "Being married," he says, "is infinitely preferable to bachelorhood, any time, any place, and I don't care what I wrote before."

So, with Mr. Hart's emotional problems solved so idyllically, we are planning to publish a reply to his piece in an early issue. Out of the hundreds of answers we received from young and middle-aged women, married and unmarried, who insisted that there was another side to the picture, we selected one, which seems to us to state the case fairly. It's called *The Boys I Left Behind Me*, and in it the author tells just what rubbed her the wrong way about each of her ex-boy friends.

➔ WHEN Pericles Andonopoulos, of Athens, Greece, read in our *Why Don't They?* column recently that someone was wondering why all radios aren't equipped with timing gadgets to shut off the music after you finally fall asleep, he sat down and wrote us a letter about a homemade gadget which has been giving him satisfaction for three years.

"Your principle," wrote Mr. Andonopoulos, "is the following: The minute hand of a clock overturns a small water container. The water melts a lump of sugar, thus releasing a spring which operates the radio (*Continued on page 8*)

"In Hollywood, headaches can be colossal", says HAL ROACH FAMOUS PRODUCER-DIRECTOR

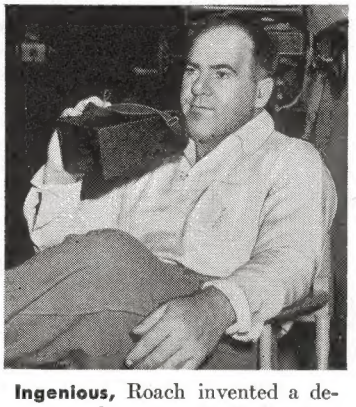


Movie-maker Roach is one of Hollywood's youngest veterans. He works swiftly, at high tension . . . eases headache, jumpy nerves with Bromo-Seltzer. Below, he is pictured directing "The Housekeeper's Daughter."

"Bromo-Seltzer makes a hit in Hollywood... it relieves both headache and nervous tension"

First, Roach reviews script. "From first to last," he says, "a clear head, steady nerves are important."

Coaching daughter Margaret Roach. Hal Roach is one of the few producer-directors in Hollywood.



Ingenious, Roach invented a device to show scene he is directing as it will look on screen. He directs every detail of his pictures.

D. W. Griffith, renowned movie pioneer, visits "Housekeeper's Daughter" set. He's associated with Roach in his coming production, "1,000,000 B.C."

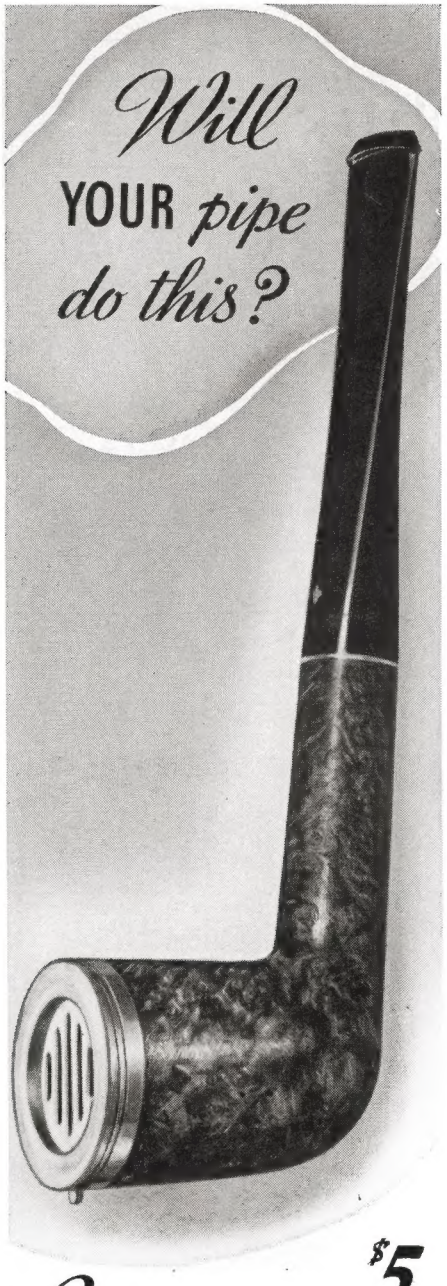
Headache strains your nerves...

Because headache makes you nervous, irritable, you need 2 kinds of help: fast relief from the *pain* . . . relief from the *nervous tension*, too. Bromo-Seltzer gives you both. Tests by a group of doctors proved this.

Take Bromo-Seltzer!* For over 50 years, millions have relied on it for fast headache relief. Keep Bromo-Seltzer at home! At drugstores, soda fountains.

**For frequently recurring or persistent headaches, see your doctor. For the ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

BROMO-SELTZER relieves **headache**—calms your **nerves**



$5

Gale KAYWOODIE

This new pipe does many things your conventional pipe will not do: (1) produces a *longer smoke, and a cooler, more enjoyable smoke,* because the draft is controlled, and tobacco burns more slowly (2) you enjoy constant protection, indoors, against falling sparks, so that upholstery, clothing, and bed clothes cannot be burned (3) ashes never spill (4) operates perfectly outdoors—will not overheat or burn in the wind, will not go out. No loose parts, no bulging parts, no wearable parts. Watchcase top is custom-built into the pipe. You can pack or ream the bowl exactly as you ordinarily do. We believe you'll find Gale Kaywoodie the ideal pipe. You'll find it at your dealer's today, $5. Shown above, actual size, No. 08.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York *and* London
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Along the Way

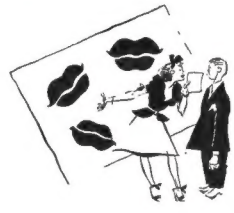
(*Continued from page 6*)

switch. If properly constructed, a thimbleful of water is sufficient and will melt the sugar in a fraction of a minute."

Go ahead and copy Mr. Andonopoulos's invention if you want to. He assures us that no patents are pending.

➔ VITAL statistics on Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, author of *Blonde on a Boat,* are as follows: Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. French-Huguenot descent. Married an Englishman. Lived eight years in Bermuda, then traveled. Likes Beethoven's symphonies, Conrad's novels, cats, the sea, New York. Started going about the business of becoming a writer seriously at sixteen by translating books from foreign languages into English and then back again. Theory: to develop suppleness in English. Evidently worked.

➔ PROBABLY we'll be executed at dawn for giving away an office secret, but here it is: Those—ahem—those lips that decorate the pages containing Dr. Ernest R. Groves's article, "Too Much Kissing?" are genuine, belonging to an attractive young assistant of the Fiction Editor. (Her name, address, and telephone number will *not* be furnished upon request). She made the impression by putting on about as much lipstick as if she were going to a party and then kissing a piece of stationery —which was, she informed us ruefully, "a most unsatisfactory kind of kissing."



➔ FROM Asyut, Egypt, comes one of those letters which always warms an editor's heart. It's from Lillian Trasher, the "Nile Mother" whose service in organizing and operating an orphanage for Egyptian children Jerome Beatty described a while back. Writes Miss Trasher:

"Since the article appeared, I have received scores of letters. Three of these letters contained checks of $100 apiece for the Asyut Orphanage. Another letter enclosed $25, and others contained a number of smaller donations, and the letters are still coming in! Seventeen young people have offered to give their services and lives to help me care for the orphans, but we do not need outside help, as our own children have grown up and can now fill any openings. I also got in touch with many childhood friends who had lost track of me."

What seems most remarkable and gratifying to us, is that those readers sent in their generous contributions purely on the merits of Miss Trasher's work. There wasn't a single word of appeal for support.

➔ TOM GILL, whose *Gentleman of the Jungle* continues in this issue, is, we are glad to inform you, still standing bravely by his bananas. When he wrote, a few issues back, that the banana produces 7½ tons of human food per acre and "try to beat that with any crop in the United States," he was immediately challenged by several patriotic horticulturists. We told about one of them last month. Another was Jasper D. Freeman, a potato-enthusiast, of Whitingham, Vt., to whom Mr. Gill replied as follows:

"I don't doubt for a moment that up your way 500 bushels of potatoes to the acre is perfectly possible. That is 30,000 pounds and makes my 15,000 pounds (7½ tons) of bananas look pretty slim. But the difficulty lies in the fact that you are using maximum figures for your spuds, and I am using conservative figures for bananas. According to the Department of Agriculture, average per-acre production of potatoes for the United States for the last 10 years is 6,684 pounds."

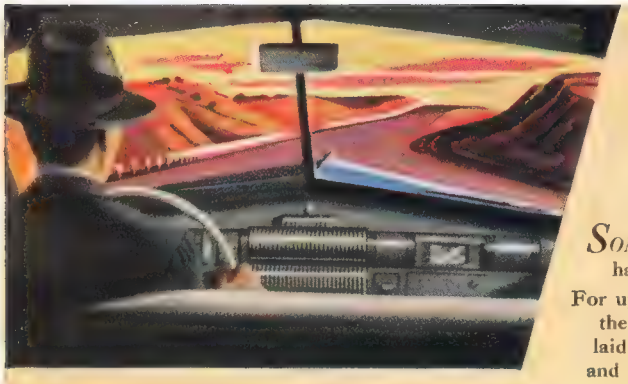
➔ AUTHORS are peculiar people; something new and startling is always turning up with them. Take D. D. Beauchamp, who wrote *Dime-a-Dance Girl* in this issue. We have known Mr. Beauchamp for quite a while in a professional way, but it took a letter with a specific request for biographical facts to bring out the information that "D. D." stands for "Daniel Deronda."

"Yes," he writes, rather reluctantly, "I was named after George Eliot's novel, but I have resolutely refused to read it all my life. Some teachers tried to get me to, but they failed.

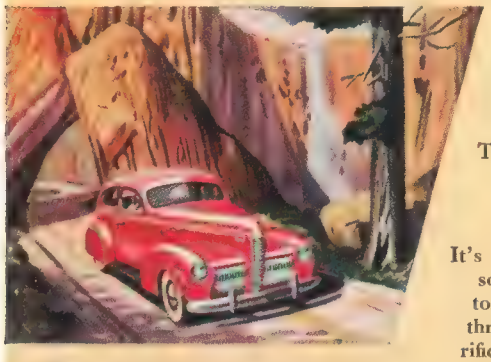
"I went to college when I was sixteen, was still going at twenty-one, and haven't graduated yet. In between attempts at education I worked at a variety of jobs, from truck driving to playing the saxophone in a dance band. My career as an athlete is noteworthy only for the fact that I have had my nose broken eight times in four different sports—football, baseball, boxing, and (of all things) swimming. In football, I played on some of the best side lines in America."

Some day, if we write another letter to Mr. Beauchamp, we may be able to tell you how he broke his nose in swimming.

➔ P. S. To make good on our promise to keep you informed regularly about our cover girls—the young lady in the ermine headdress on the cover of this issue is Dorothy Temple, Chicago-born, who has been modeling fashions in New York for the last four years. Incidentally, she appeared on our cover last December in a sequin jacket, seated at a table behind tall candles. Remember?



GUN IT! Get new flashing pick-up—from 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds flat, high gear. Ride coatless even in zero weather, new Nash Weather Eye *automatically* supplies fresh conditioned air.



FARAWAY PLACES are easy trips with Nash's smooth Arrow-Flight Ride. It's a *new* exclusive combination of individual front wheel springing with giant shock absorbers in back.

Some Sweet Day

SOMETHING TELLS YOU that day has come at last.

For up to your house silently glides the most beautiful car you ever laid eyes on . . . long and lithe and radiant as a sixteen-year-old in her swim suit!

Your hands fairly itch to get at the wheel. But *hold on tight*—you're going on a Nash Arrow-Flight Ride! And nothing you know now can prepare you for it.

A tap on the throttle . . . three flicks of your finger . . . and your tail-light winks good-bye to a dull and boring life.

Then things happen—*fast*. A click—a swoop that trades your wheels for wings—and you're ghosting down the road.

It's a Fourth Speed Forward, with something new . . . the Nash Automatic Overtake. Nudge that throttle and *whoosh!*—you get terrific new passing power!

And now for a new thrill! A bumpy stretch of road makes you grab for the wheel. But—your Nash lightly dances over without a questioning quiver from below.

Smooth and straight as an arrow, without weaving or hesitation, you shoot forward on your way.

You wonder why you don't hear or feel the icy wind outside.

Then you discover that the new Weather Eye system delivers weather "as you like it"—with cold, noise, dust forever shut out.

So you aim that proud hood into the setting sun, turn on the Sealed Beam lights.

From now on, you're traveling in a perpetual springtime . . . sleeping at night in your Nash convertible bed . . . seeing all, doing all there is to be done.

• • •

Never was the fare to the Seven Seas of Adventure as low as it is today.

Many Nash models are priced next to the lowest . . . with the exclusive engine that won Gilmore-Yosemite economy honors in its class, with 21.25 miles per gallon.

Why wait for that "sweet day"? Trade in your old car on a new Nash now—be out of town tonight!

CHOOSE ALL OUTDOORS for your overnight stops with your Nash convertible bed, ready in five minutes. Nash dealers everywhere (over 1800) are ready to serve you. Nash long life assures higher resale value.

Again... IT'S THAT NEW NASH

Did your Parents raise *thoughtful* children?

REMEMBER long ago, how softly mother always smiled when you did some thoughtful little thing for her—like bringing in

wood for the fire or drying the dishes after supper?

Years have passed and you may now be miles away from home. But your thoughtfulness still means happiness to mother.

Soon it will be Thanksgiving—the day when every mother likes to have all her children around her.

If you can't be there, let her know that your thoughts are with her. Send her flowers—*by wire!*

It's remarkably simple and inexpensive.

Just make sure of one thing—go to an authorized F.T.D. (Florists' Telegraph Delivery) shop. That's your guarantee of top-flight service.

Then your flowers are sure to be fresh and beautiful. They are sure to say in the world's sweetest way—"*I'm thinking of you, Mother!*"

Wire Flowers Home for Thanksgiving

See how easy to send flowers-by-wire! 1. Telephone or go to the nearest florist whose shop displays the F.T.D. emblem. 2. Tell him you want to send Thanksgiving flowers. He does the rest. 3. He has personal connections with F.T.D. florists everywhere. Even thousands of miles away, fresh, gorgeous flowers are delivered.

See how little it costs! You can wire a box of colorful, mixed, fall flowers for as little as $3.00. Huge, cut chrysanthemums from $5.00 a dozen up. Lovely centerpiece arrangements to brighten her Thanksgiving table. $3.50, $5, $7.50, and up.

THE MARK OF THE WORLD'S TOP-FLIGHT FLORISTS

An F.T.D. florist is your best bet. Play safe! Look for this F.T.D. emblem before you buy. It is your guarantee of complete satisfaction.

WIRE FLOWERS THROUGH AUTHORIZED F. T. D. MEMBER SHOPS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION ENABLES YOU TO "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS –BY WIRE!"

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THE American MAGAZINE

677

Judy knew she was beautiful and feared she was dumb. She simply had to play the role of a woman of mystery . . .

Blonde on a boat

by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

STEVAN looked around the cabin, and he saw an electric fan. He turned on the switch, and it started with a rattle. "*That* won't do," he said. "Let's see—"

"Oh, don't bother, Daddy!" said Judy. "Got a cigarette?"

"Yes," he said, in a calm, offhand way. She was leaning against the open door, a tall girl in a fitted black coat and a little hat with a veil. She was very pretty—beautiful, he thought, but he didn't *like* the way she looked. "Her hair—" he thought—her silky, blond hair that came almost to her shoulders. "Theatrical," he thought. "All this lipstick, and this stuff she's been smearing on her eyes. She—it gives a false impression. I wish she didn't look like that."

He wished with all his heart that she was not going off on this cruise, alone. Girl of nineteen; altogether too young. He had been against it from the start, but she and her mother had talked him into it.

"Quite a lively party over there, isn't it?" she said.

He looked past her at the cabin opposite. There was a slim, dark little woman in there, with a crowd of people, all smoking, all drinking. The air was blue.

"Yes," he said, not interested.

"Did you ever see such grand flowers?" said Judy. She was looking into that cabin. The woman there certainly did have a lot of flowers: roses, orchids, gardenias, all sorts.

"I might have sent Judy some flowers," he thought, and wished it had occurred to him. "Sure you've got your keys, travelers' checks, so on?" he asked.

"I'm sure. Couldn't we have a drink,

Daddy? A toast to my voyage."

"A drink?" he repeated, startled and worried. "At ten o'clock in the morning?"

"Oh, just to be gala!" she said, still looking into the cabin opposite.

A pang shot through him. "I suppose that party appeals to her," he thought. "She's so young. Hasn't any sense. . . . She doesn't know—at her age—how synthetic that sort of thing is. She doesn't know *anything*."

"All visitors ashore, please!" cried a voice in the distance, and a gong clashed.

"Three weeks," he thought. "She's going to be alone, among strangers, for three weeks. Hundreds of miles from home. . . . My God! What was Katherine thinking of? This tall child, with her soft, long hair, the gentle curve of her cheek . . . so young . . .

"Judy," he said, "on a trip like this, you have to be very careful—very careful about the people you—"

"Yes, I will be, Daddy."

"And about—drinking," he said. "Just as well, Judy, not to take anything. If you start that way—simply saying that you don't take anything—you'll avoid—avoid any embarrassment."

"Yes, I'll remember, Daddy."

"All visitors a-sho-ore, please!"

He stood beside her, not knowing what to say or how to leave her. Suddenly she turned, took one of his hands in both of hers and held it, looking up into his face in a way that alarmed him. "You'd better go now," she said. "God bless you, my dear." She smiled an uncertain smile, and drew back into the cabin.

"If she wants me to go," he thought. "Poor little devil. . . . She's upset. . . . My God! It's a—a horrible thing, to have a daughter nineteen!"

Why did he want to go ashore? Judy wondered fearfully. Was there a girl there waiting for him? Someone he loved?

Judy stood looking after her father with a strange little smile. Then she shrugged her shoulders, and opened her purse, looked into it, glanced up, and met the eyes of a boy who was standing in the doorway of the cabin next to hers.

"Excuse me," she said, unsmiling. "Have you a match?"

"May I—?" he said, and came toward her, taking out a lighter. A short woman came round the corner of the alleyway, in a hurry, and knocked the lighter out of his hand.

"You'd better step inside," said Judy.

"Thanks," he said. "These last moments are always bad, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Judy, looking down at her cigarette. "Very bad."

"He isn't handsome," she thought, "but he's got something." A dark boy, strongly built, a little stocky, thick black hair, straight black brows, a serious face. "Nice manners," she thought; "almost like a foreigner."

"There goes the gangplank!" he said, and smiled, a quick, vivid smile that lighted his face. "Now we're off. Have you been down this way before?"

"No, I haven't," she said.

"You'll like it," he said. "It's as full of color as anything you'll find in Europe."

"So you've been to Europe, have you?" she thought. "There's something sort of different about you. I thought that, from the start, when I first caught sight of you, standing in your door."

She asked, carefully, "Don't you adore Paris?"

"I do not!" he answered. "But I guess that's because I had a pretty bad time there. I was broke, and I got the flu, and I had to work too darn' hard."

"Did you have a job there?" she asked.

"I was studying," he said. "Singing."

"This is what I wanted!" she thought. "This is how I hoped it would be. If you travel, you meet people like this, really interesting people."

"May I introduce myself?" he said. "Lloyd Williams."

"I'm Judy Bevan," she said.

"Thank you," he said. "Have you made a table reservation? . . . No? Then could we sit together?" . . .

At luncheon she and Lloyd sat alone at a little table in the dining saloon, and it was like a dream. "I'm on a ship, going to the tropics," she thought, "and *this* happened, right at the start. I like him, and he must like me. He must like my looks, anyhow. But that doesn't get you anywhere. He's traveled; he's studying singing. He probably knows lots of interesting people. And I've

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY MARIO COOPER

never been anywhere, I've never done anything. If he knew I was just one of those nice suburban girls, he'd be bored."

"You've made this trip before?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "but the other time it was a job. A big ship, that time, and I was an entertainer."

"You mean you're—a professional?" she asked.

"Well, I hope so," he said, with his quick smile. "I've been on the air, too."

"I'VE never met anyone like you," she thought. "The boys I know just have jobs, or they're still in college. They're not interesting. *I'm* not interesting. I've been pretty trying lately, to Mother. I'm sorry. She's been so darling about it. So patient about my starting all those things, the art course, and the social welfare, and the business course. I've been—all mixed up. But this was what I needed, and I knew it. To travel, to meet people like Lloyd. To be all by myself."

"This is the first time I've ever taken a trip just for pleasure," he said.

"Well, I came on this cruise to make up my mind—about something," she said, with her lashes lowered, her face grave, a little melancholy.

He glanced quickly at her, but she kept her eyes down. "Nothing like a sea trip to give you a new point of view," he said.

"I hope it works," she said.

"I hope it does," he said, with a seriousness that made her heart leap.

"That's given him something to think about," she thought.

After lunch they went up on the promenade deck. It was bleak there; the water was gray under a gray sky.

"Where's your deck chair?" Lloyd asked.

"I don't know," she said, with an air of indifference. "The—friend who saw me off did something about it."

Lloyd found the deck steward, and he led them to a chair with her name on a card in the back, and a steamer rug folded on the front of it.

"Daddy's so darling!" she thought, with a pang.

"I noticed your friend," said Lloyd. "He's distinguished-looking."

"Yes," she said. "Look at the gulls."

"Oh, it's *mean!*" she thought. "When I saw Lloyd looking at me I staged that scene with poor, darling Daddy. . . . 'You'd better go now. God bless you.' It was *mean.*" She felt guilty and miserable about it. But just the same she was going on with it. "Life is darn' funny," she said.

"I try to have a sort of impersonal outlook," said Lloyd. It was too cold to sit still; they walked up and down the deck together; they passed other girls, pretty girls, some of them, laughing and rosy, with scarves tied under their chins.

"I'm not gay," Judy thought. "I never have been. But Lloyd must have liked my looks, at the start. It's up to me to be interesting now, somehow. I don't want to lose him. Because maybe this is important. You couldn't know. Some day you would meet the boy who was going to mean everything in the world. Maybe you would know, in a sudden flash, or maybe you wouldn't even suspect it, in the beginning. Is Lloyd the one?"

You don't dress, the first night out. But that black dinner dress will be just right, black chiffon, very plain, with long sleeves. It made her look fragile and tall; she brushed her long, fair hair, and tied it back with a little black bow; she looked gentle and subdued and sad.

"Three weeks can seem like a long time," she said to Lloyd, at dinner.

"You're right," he said. "You can get an entirely new point of view in three weeks. That's what I want to do. I've been sort of depressed lately about my work."

"I wish I had some work," she said. "Something to take my mind off—things."

He didn't ask any questions, but he was interested; she could see that. He was very nice, very considerate. "I've got the idea across!" she thought. The idea that she had some secret unhappiness, some problem that weighed upon her.

"I think I'll turn in early tonight," she said.

"Tired?" he asked.

She smiled, without answering.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said.

SHE lay on the bed in her cabin, and felt the lift and fall of the ship, heard the quiet rush of water. The air that blew in at the open port was a new air, damp and fresh, strangely stirring. "Of course, I took a chance," she thought. "One of those girls may go for him this evening. Maybe I'm kidding myself about the impression I made on him. Maybe it was a *mistake* to leave him."

That thought made her wide awake, and very unhappy. "He's *much* the most interesting boy I've ever met. I don't want to lose him. But maybe I have." Restless now, she knelt up to look out of the port. The lights of the ship shone upon a curling line of white along her side. Out beyond that, the waste of waters, the dark, immense sea. No moon, no stars, only a faint pallor in the sky; the damp sea wind blew against her face, and stirred her hair.

"I don't want to be petty and cheap. I don't want to be selfish. I want to make something of my life, something fine. I don't know yet what it will be. It's—this is like life. Going straight ahead, even if it's dark." . . .

"ST. THOMAS tomorrow," said Lloyd. "I'll be glad."

"Why?" thought Judy, with a quick alarm. They were on the sun deck, Judy lying flat on her back, in her bathing suit, Lloyd sitting with his hands clasped round his knees, a bathrobe over his shoulders. She glanced up at him, and he was not looking at her. His narrow dark eyes were staring straight ahead. "He's not thinking about me," she told herself. "Why will he be glad to go ashore? He's been down here before. Is there someone at St. Thomas? A girl?"

She looked and looked at him, while he looked beyond at nothing. On his face, with the straight black brows, the straight mouth, there was that shadow she had seen before, something stoic, some strain endured with fortitude. "Things haven't been easy for him," she thought. "You can see that." He turned his head a little; she saw the sharp angle of his jaw, she saw his thick black lashes silhouetted against the sun, making him look so young, so unbearably young, and darling. . . . "Oh, Lloyd!" she thought, "I wish I could help you. . . . You're so wonderful. I've never met anyone like you. And I *never* shall. It's only four days, but we've been together almost all the time. I know—I really know what you're like."

"Mr. Williams . . .?"

It was the woman who had the cabin opposite Judy's, that gay and charming woman of the world. Judy had not spoken to her yet, but she knew her name: Mrs. Martyn. She sat at the

So far she had been mixed up by life. She needed a cruise to meet people, to be all alone by herself, to make up her mind . . . about love

captain's table, always so beautifully dressed, so alive. She looked charming now, in a bathing suit, entirely plain, but cut with what elegance!

Lloyd rose.

"Don't get up," she said, sitting down beside him. "I've just come to pester you. But they've been pestering *me*, so I don't see why you shouldn't suffer, too. It's this frightful concert. . . . They've put me on the committee—to ferret out talent, and when I saw your name . . . It's Welsh, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Then you *ought* to sing," said she.

"Just because I'm Welsh?"

"Certainly!" she said, and then grew serious. "You look like a singer. Like someone who's been trained. I've known so many singers. Luigi Nero—"

"You know Nero?" he asked.

"Quite well," she said. "I was at his first broadcast. That was curious, too. You know what a tremendous hit he made? He told us afterward that he sang so well because he'd been to the dentist's that afternoon. He'd been horribly nervous about going on the air, but he was still more terrified of the dentist. He had quite a bad time in the chair, and when it was over he said he was exalted!"

"Gustafsen said something like that," said Lloyd. "I studied with him for a while, in Paris. He said he gave the best performance of his life after an airplane trip that frightened him silly."

"Well," said Judy, "that was the Greek idea, wasn't it? I mean, that fear and pity could—purify the emotions."

"I don't think it's quite that," said Mrs. Martyn politely. "I don't think going to the dentist could purify your emotions very *much*."

"I hate her!" thought Judy.

SHE got a cigarette out of the pocket of her beach coat, and lit it for herself. Lloyd didn't even notice her. He was talking to Mrs. Martyn. "He never was so—alive with me," Judy thought. "He never laughed, with me. . . . They're talking about Paris, about music . . ."

She ran down the steps to the pool. There was a man swimming in it, all alone, a dark, thin, melancholy man she had spoken to once or twice, a middle-aged man, polite and rather nice. She began to talk to him now with great animation. "I'm talking nonsense," she thought, "but I (*Continued on page 155*)

"There won't be anybody else—ever!" she cried, with a sob

IF WAR COMES— *Uncle Sam's* plans for you

THE scene is the office of the Riggs Clothing Factory, one week after America's entrance into the "Second World War." Mrs. Emma Riggs, plump, middle-aged, looks up and frowns at her attorney.

"Brace yourself, Emma," the attorney says. "You've been drafted."

"Me—drafted?" gasps Mrs. Riggs. "A woman—fifty years old?"

"If you hadn't refused to make those Army uniforms this wouldn't have happened. Here's the President's order. You're to report to the War Department."

"You mean I'll have to carry a gun and fight?" Mrs. Riggs wails.

The attorney hides a smile. "No, they'll assign you somewhere to help coordinate war work. You come under the President's war authority to draft managers of any business and to transfer them to other industries under War Department control. Frankly, you're being removed because you wouldn't co-operate."

"But my business?" Mrs. Riggs says unhappily.

"Your staff will carry on, making uniforms. You're lucky, at that. They could fine you $50,000 and give you three years for not accepting compulsory war orders."

"I'm not going to be drafted!" Mrs. Riggs flares up.

"Don't try to buck *this* order," pleads the attorney. "The penalty's a year in prison and a $1,000 fine. You might as well face it, Emma—'You're in the Army now.'"

When—and if—the United States enters the "Second World War," millions of Americans will, like Mrs. Riggs, find innumerable surprises awaiting them. A colossal war plan has been drawn up to control at the outset virtually every phase of American life. Shipbuilders and sales clerks, machinists and bankers, stenographers, bellhops, farmers, actors—everyone is included on this tremendous blueprint for war.

The backbone of the scheme has been drawn up by the War Department on the basis of studies begun just after the First World War. And the whole plan rests on federal statutes giving wartime powers to the President. Most of these powers are already authorized under existing laws. A few others, covering the control of prices, resources, and industry, are included in legislation approved by the administration and the heads of the defense services, and held ready for passage in an emergency.

There will be no haphazard entrance into war, as in 1917, with profiteering rampant, prices and wages running wild, chaos in industry delaying supplies and wasting billions of dollars. The entire nation will be controlled by the President through such superagencies as the

Ready for any emergency, our government has at hand a complete blueprint for war—plans which everyone prays will never be used. Based on World War laws still in force and on more recent federal statutes giving wartime powers to the President, they touch the lives of every one of us. An experienced Washington observer brings home clearly the part each American would be asked to play

by DONALD E. KEYHOE

War Resources Board, a War Labor Administration with a bureau of women and minors, War Finance and Price Control Commissions, War Trade Administration, Selective Service Commission, and an Advisory Defense Council.

Draft-supervision officers for each state are being trained already. Strategic war materials are being stocked. Ten thousand industrial plants have been prepared for war production by hundreds of Army, Navy, and Marine Corps graduates of the Army Industrial College. Regulation of capital, wages, labor, living costs, and other details of our economic life has been arranged, so that the "home front" will share the burden of war, even to the remotest village.

No matter what your sex, your occupation, if you are over sixteen your place on the blueprint for war is already marked. If you care to know your role in that war, take a glance ahead. . . .

The date is "M plus 30"—Army language for "30 days after Mobilization." War bills have been rushed through Congress, and the Stock Exchange has been closed, to block wild speculation. The National Guard, the Army and Navy reserves have been mobilized. Community drives, with their bands, speeches, and kisses for volunteers, have given way to the machine-system of the Selective Service draft.

In "Your Town," as in 6,000 other communities, a draft board is deciding claims for deferment. Men from 21 to 30, inclusive, form the first group called to service.

Among the claim cases is that of Melvin Jones, an usher in a movie theater, who has asked exemption to help support his mother.

"We'll grant a two-month deferment, Mr. Jones," announces the board chairman. "But I'd advise you to look for another job. You see, you're a non-productive."

"I'm a what?" Jones says blankly.

"Your work isn't essential to the war or vital civilian needs. You can be replaced by a girl, a boy under 21, or a man unfit for other service."

"But I don't know anything else," Jones protests.

"The War Labor Employment Service will help you find a place in some essential industry. This isn't compulsory, you understand. But we couldn't ordinarily keep on deferring you from military service unless you were in productive work."

"I get it," (*Continued on page 149*)

The blood drained from Johnny's face when he saw Mal's arms around Joan

by HUGH PENTECOST

I HADN'T seen Johnny Landis for pretty nearly a year, but I wasn't surprised to run across him in a one-arm lunchroom on Lexington Avenue. It was about midnight and I had just come out of the Trans-Lux Theater and decided a cup of coffee would go good before I turned in.

Johnny was at a corner table reading an early-morning edition of the *News*. He'd had a sandwich and was drinking black coffee. I tried to sound as glad to see him as I could, because, after all, he's Dick's kid brother, and Dick is the best friend I've got in the world. Dick and I have been through a lot together, and, come to think of it, I guess Johnny was one of the toughest problems we ever had to face.

"Hi, Johnny," I said.

He looked up. He's still kind of lean and brown-looking, with the flat stomach of an athlete. He has very level blue eyes and a disconcerting way of looking straight at you without saying anything and without even blinking.

"Hello, Bud," he said.

"Mind if I sit down?"

"Go ahead," he said.

"How are things going?"

"Things are fine," he said.

Anybody looking at him could tell he was just sticking his chin out. The suit he was wearing was kind of shiny at the elbows and it hadn't been pressed any too recently. Anybody could see things were pretty tough.

"Seen Dick and Joan lately?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"How are they?"

"Fine," he said.

"Got a cigarette?" I asked him.

He seemed to hesitate for a minute, looking steadily at me out of those clear blue eyes. Then he took a pack from his pocket and passed it to me. There were three cigarettes in it, and I took one.

"Got a match?" I asked.

He gave me a package of matches.

"Still clerking in that law office downtown?"

"Yes," he said.

I shook my head. It riled me every time I thought of it. "You're one of the prize suckers of all time," I said. "I don't suppose you and Dot are married yet?"

"Not yet," he said. "We hope to make it in the fall. I expect to hang out my own shingle about that time."

"You ought to come around the club," I said.

"I can't afford it," Johnny said. He started to take one of the cigarettes, then changed his mind and put the pack back in his pocket.

"You can't *not* afford it," I said. "There're plenty guys there who'll give you business, Johnny. There isn't a Princeton man in town who doesn't re-

member you and wouldn't be glad to give you a lift."

"The way they did Dick," he said.

"Dick had a lot of tough breaks," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "Hell, Bud, when I'm on my own I want to get business because I'm a good lawyer, not because I was a good halfback."

"Nuts," I said. "You're screwy. You've got to use what friends and influence you've got to get anywhere. You've plenty of friends."

"I guess I'll make it on my own."

"It burns me up," I said.

"That's too bad."

"You tossed away the chance of a lifetime," I said. "When I think how you and Dot could be married now and in clover if it hadn't been for Joan . . . I just naturally . . ."

"That'll be about enough of that, Bud," Johnny said. His voice sounded so sharp that I looked up at him. I

Joy to go

Joan didn't kiss and tell unless the situation called for it

guess it made him kind of sore too when he thought about it.

"I don't blame you for feeling the way you do," I said. "Joan certainly made a mess of your life and Dot's. If I were you I'd . . ."

"I said that would be about enough of that!"

"Okay, skip it," I said. I shouldn't have opened up old wounds the way I had. "I'll bum another cigarette off you and be on my way," I said.

He gave me that steady look. "Bud, those two cigarettes have got to last me till morning."

"Sure," I said. "Well, so long, Johnny. Remember me to Dick if you see him before I do." . . .

Dick Landis and I had roomed together at Princeton, and we belonged to the same club. Everybody remembers Dick. They still mention him when they talk about the great football players—Dick, and the Poes, and DeWitt, and Lourie, and Levan. Nobody ever had a brighter future or more friends than Dick. But he was born at the wrong time, I guess.

I remember my old man used to say to me that there was a lot in being born at the right time. "You were born at the right time, Bud," he used to say. "You were too young for the last war and you'll be too old for the next one."

WELL, Dick was born at the wrong time to make the most out of all the chances he had. He seemed to be all set. He had a swell girl . . . at least, I thought so at the time. Another break he had was that Malcolm Granville was a member of the club, and he had a way of looking out for the boys. I guess Mal has found a spot for every football star in our crowd during the last fifteen years. Mal is director of a half-dozen big companies, and he can always find a slot for a fellow he wants to help.

After Dick ran wild against Yale in his senior year we all knew he was set. Mal told him so. Right after graduation he and Joan got married and went on a short honeymoon, and then Dick reported to Mal, ready to go to work. Mal had a slot for him, all right. It was selling bonds on commission with a pretty fair drawing account. That should have been right up Dick's alley. He had thousands of friends, and people would get a kick out of doing business with a famous all-American. But, as I said, Dick was born at the wrong time. Just when he got going, the market crash came. I mean, what the hell! No one could buck that.

Dick and Joan had taken a house in Scarsdale, and they did a lot of entertaining, because anyone knows that's all part of the racket of selling bonds. I used to spend every week end with them for a while. But pretty soon I began to get a new slant on Joan. She didn't like me.

The break came one Sunday afternoon about a year after they'd gone to Scarsdale. Dick and I had terrible hangovers, because there'd been a whale of a party the night before. The three of us, Dick and Joan and I, were sitting on the screened-in porch of their house.

"Boy, I feel terrible," Dick said. "Never again!"

"Dick is having his Sunday session with Colonel R. E. Morse," I said.

JOAN didn't laugh. She's dark and kind of thin, but with a pretty fair figure. She was wearing some kind of cotton print dress and she looked cooler than anyone has a right to look on a day as hot as that was.

"That party cost us about eighty dollars, Dick," she said. "I hope it was worth it."

He gave her that crooked little smile of his that I always thought was darned attractive. "Things are pretty tough, old girl," he said. "People just aren't buying."

"Then why the party?" she asked.

"You've got to keep up a front," I said. "If people get the idea that you aren't doing fine, they kind of steer clear of you. Success breeds success, you know."

Joan didn't even look at me. Lately she'd been acting just as though I weren't around whenever I said anything. I wouldn't have taken it from anyone but Dick's wife, but I wasn't going to let anyone, even Joan, muscle in on our friendship. Love and romance are all right, but there's nothing like the friendship between two men.

"What are we going to do?" Joan asked.

"Do? I don't get it, old girl."

"We owe nearly two thousand dollars to the tradespeople here in town," Joan said. "The only person who's paid up is the bootlegger."

"Oh, I guess we can manage," Dick said.

"Things are bound to break right pretty soon," I said. "Everybody says so."

Johnny twisted across the field, his straight-arm working perfectly as he shook one tackler after another

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY JOHN LA GATTA

"We can't wait," said Joan.

"What do you suggest, old girl?" Dick asked.

"Let's give up this house, now, at once, and take a small apartment in town where I can do the work. We won't need any servant. We'll sell the car. You won't need it in town. We can't get out of here whole, Dick, but we can pay off what we owe gradually."

"That's crazy," Dick said. "If we give this up everyone will know things aren't going well. We don't want that."

"If we don't give it up, we'll be in jail," Joan said. "That should make it perfectly clear to everyone."

"Now, take it easy, old girl. I'll have a talk with Mal Granville tomorrow."

"Mal never forgets a friend," I said. . . .

But there really wasn't anything Mal could do, with things the way they were. "Things are pretty tight, Dick," he had said. "As soon as there's anything in sight I'll let you know."

"That's great, Mal," Dick said. "Say, Bobby Baldwin is certainly playing a great game for us this fall."

Mal was enthusiastic about Bobby, as were all of us alumni. "I've got just the right slot for him when he graduates," Mal told Dick.

WELL, Dick and Joan took a small apartment in town. I knew it was a mistake, because right away everyone saw that things weren't going well. You can't buck fate, no matter how hard you try. Dick was born at the wrong time. Just when he should have been capitalizing on his reputation the bottom dropped out of things, and, by the time the upturn came, a lot of his old pals were broke and people were kind of forgetting. There's always a new hero around. Things weren't so hot for me, either.

But we kept in touch with the old gang. Every fall we went to the Yale game, Dick and Joan and I. That was a swell week end, one we looked forward to every year. At least, Dick and I did. Joan put kind of a damper on it, I thought. Naturally, we'd get a little tight, meeting our old friends and having drinks with them. Joan acted as though there was something queer about that, and we couldn't make her see that keeping up with the old crowd might bring about a break some time.

I didn't go to their apartment (*Continued on page 120*)

"Young people are doing so much kissing these days that it's taking the place of conversation"

PHOTOGRAPH BY LESLIE GILL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Dr. Groves is the founder and director of the marriage course at the University of North Carolina.

WHEN to kiss, when to stop kissing, and when not to kiss at all are three of the most important and most neglected social problems in America today. We discuss with commendable frankness venereal diseases, unmarried mothers, and birth control, but when some radical lugs into serious conversation something about the dangers of petting in a parked car or whether it's all right for a respectable married woman to kiss with unrestrained enthusiasm somebody else's husband, most people laugh heartily because the silly fellow has taken seriously such a little thing as kissing.

To laugh off and belittle the dangers of kissing is as shameful as to chuckle at a dog bite that may be the beginning of hydrophobia. Those little kisses—perhaps you can remember your own early experiences—sometimes produce approximately the same mental shock as is felt by a fireworks dealer when his whole shop blows up in his face. They may break down the first line of resistance, they may lower tremendously the probabilities of a happy married life.

On the subject of kissing, authors of the vast literature on sex, courtship, and marriage, and conservative and radical advisers to the lovelorn, are inclined to stumble, mumble, and straddle. They have good reasons. There are so many kinds of kisses and so many kinds of persons who kiss that it is impossible to draw up rules that will say this kiss is harmless and that one is dangerous, that the fifth kiss is O. K., but that the

TOO MUCH Kissing?

The head of America's outstanding marriage course says: Kissing is all right, but it's like driving an automobile—you've got to be sure of your brakes

By ERNEST R. GROVES

(as told to JEROME BEATTY)

sixth kiss is very bad medicine indeed.

Kissing is such a personal thing that you can't give demonstrations of the right and wrong ways nor hold clinics nor attach warning bells to the pulses when the real thing is going on. A kiss that is as casual as a handshake for one of a pair may be an emotional explosion for the other. The situation is further complicated because the right kind of kissing is normal and good for you. I advise my students not to marry a boy or girl who doesn't like to pet. But I also may advise them not to marry one who wants to pet too much.

What is too much? I don't know exactly, for the boiling point varies with individuals. But through my experience of more than ten years in teaching boys and girls at the University of North Carolina to prepare for successful marriages I have learned that if the youngsters are given proper information they can decide for themselves quite sensibly when to begin and when to stop. They learn to go into low gear before they come to the steep hill, instead of waiting to put on the brakes as they race toward the danger point.

They are quite willing to discuss the subject frankly, from the "quick kiss" to "hot petting." The technical language of the science varies in different parts of the country, but generally there seem to be three rather definite stages. There is the "quick kiss," which gives no thrill at all, for relatives and friends of the family, or a casual payment for a good time at the movies, accepted from a boy you don't know so terribly well and which often ends with a push, a "Good night and thank you," and prompt retreat through the front door. The second stage is petting or necking which, it is generally understood, is under some restraint; the third is "hot petting," which is only slightly removed from "going all the way."

The young people of today, I firmly believe, are just as conscientious as were their grandparents. They want to do the right thing. They're trying hard under new social and economic conditions that make their task very difficult. I doubt that the old folks who deplore the morals of the younger generation would do any better. Give most of the boys and girls a little help, and they will devise a code, a plan, and a technique that will protect them in the clinches. Leave them in ignorance, however, and many a heartache will be the result.

Over and over again, young people tell me they get no help from their parents, who usually either hem and haw and say yes *and* no, or scare their daughters so out of their wits that they believe if they kiss a boy they are likely to have a baby. When the daughters learn the truth they lose confidence in their parents and are inclined to ignore all advice.

The net result has been that, lacking guidance, boys and girls are doing so much kissing that it is almost taking the place of conversation.

Perhaps one reason parents don't have consistent ideas about kissing is that many married men and women nowadays are doing a good deal of promiscuous petting, particularly at parties, after they have been drinking.

I spoke of this to a friend, an insurance man, who lives on Long Island, N. Y. "You ought to see what goes on at parties out my way," he chuckled, "and nobody thinks anything of it."

"Everybody's happily married, in spite of it?" I asked.

"Of course. Kissing's nothing."

"Never any signs of jealousy? Never any recriminations between husbands and wives on their way home?"

He grinned, "Plenty, but they all blow over."

"Are the married couples all devoted to each other," I asked, "and would they like to keep their homes happy?"

"Of course. Most of them, anyway."

"Well," I said, "suppose you were insuring the (*Continued on page 124*)

He stood there, hoping that I could take the news

FROM THIS DAY forward

I SAW Peter Scott last night at seven minutes of six in the evening crowds on the corner of Sixth and Spring. I had called Helen, telling her to drive in town to the Bali Room and meet me, and was just turning out of the building when I saw Peter. He looked older, of course—eight years older, eight years and three months and two days—but otherwise he hadn't changed. He had on a dark gray topcoat and a dark gray Homburg and yellow gloves, and he looked very slick, as he always looked very slick. But what time it was, really, or where I was to meet Helen, or what clothes Peter Scott was wearing, is not important. What is important is this: Peter Scott is dead.

He died in one brief legal phrase and the solemn hollow tap of a bailiff's gavel, in a Los Angeles courtroom on an airless October morning last year. It was a curt headline in the evening papers—MISSING LAWYER DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD—and it was a misty memory in Helen's eyes that morning, when we walked out of the court and down the long, bare corridor. She said, "Well, that's that, Johnny," and I said, "That's that, all right. I'm—I'm sorry, Helen." And when we stepped into the elevator we left Peter Scott on a dotted line on a clerk's desk.

I don't know why you remember parties when you forget pain, why you remember weddings when you forget worries. The parties I remember are the parties for them—Helen and Peter: a kitchen shower Helen's mother gave her (with me and Peter getting chicken-patty handouts on the back porch); the perfect supper Genevieve LaCoste gave them (in some ways that supper, with Peter sloppy-drunk and Helen pale with surprise and embarrassment, was even then—so long back—the beginning of the end); my stag dinner for Peter.

The wedding I remember is the wedding of them. It rained. The flowers were late. The minister dropped his glasses. Helen, so proverbially Helen, lost a heel off a satin slipper. But it was a perfect wedding. Later, twenty minutes later or half an hour later or maybe even an hour, crowded against me for one moment at the reception, Helen said, "You see, Johnny? I told you." I looked over people's heads at Peter, very tall and very lean and very smooth, and said, "You told me. Be happy!"—the disappointed suitor let-us-be-gaying it, long before "let us be gay" was a toast or a prayer or a threat or just a neat crack.

But the words were wasted, really, because I don't think she heard them, and maybe I didn't even say them. ("Be happy, Helen. O dear God, make her happy: Look; he's a good guy, really. See? He's not drunk. He's not mean. He hasn't broken anything. She thinks this is the 'real' him, and just because I know better—I mean, just because *I* don't think this is the 'real' him, that doesn't mean a damn' thing. Honest it doesn't. Dear God, help her to be

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY PRUETT CARTER

Helen thought that she could never forget . . . that the footsteps in the sand would never wash away

BY CHARLES HOFFMAN

happy. . . ."). Oh, I gave it pathos, all right. I ate my heart out, that night in those gay, crowded rooms. But the pain is forgotten and the party remains. I wonder why. . . .

When Peter Scott was three he spent two months with his mother in her flat in Rome, overlooking the Piazza di Spagna. When he was six he saw her for ten minutes in London, while his governess bundled him on the boat train, the beginning of a trip which was eventually to land him in the arms of his father (the strong arms of the tall, silent man whom he hadn't remembered before but whom he was never to forget) in a dusty Los Angeles station.

WHEN he was fifteen, rushed across America again on the arrival of a cable, he had lunch with his mother one hot August noon in a Manhattan garden. She had landed that morning and she was taking a train that night for the West—but not Los Angeles!—where she was to dissolve Peter's father, and where she was to marry a cowboy and thus establish a precedent, although at the time she didn't know it. At the time her plan was to rush back to New York, sail for Hamburg and the slender arms of a German baron thirteen years her junior.

"You wouldn't understand, Peter," she told him that day over luncheon; long after he had forgotten the words he remembered how her sleeve trailed through the yellow hollandaise on her broccoli, giving the whole thing a touch of the burlesque. "One so young . . ."

Eventually, the cowboy was dissolved to the merry tune of her father's (Peter's grandfather's) hundreds of thousands, and Peter saw her just once more. One midnight, four years later, in her suite on the great ocean liner. He and I had gone on to New York for a few days. I remember how white he turned when she reached him at our obscure hotel, and how he didn't want to go to the ship at all. But he did go. She was very slim and very blond, and she was laughing a great deal and there were thousands of people in the stateroom. But she was coughing, too, a racking cough from which people turned away. She would go to a spa, Aix-les-Bains, perhaps, or Baden-Baden, or Merano, or . . . anyway, that was the last time he ever saw her. She died at Baden-Baden. Not from the cough. She was poisoned, and they caught her maid with $208,000 worth of gems at the border.

And—funny thing—when she died, Peter's father started to die, too, six thousand miles away and a dozen years apart. The day the word came he began to die (I used to go home with Peter from school and where, before, his father had been friendly and alive, now suddenly he had become cold and distant and untouchable), and eventually—because he went away as people always try to go away, in futile escape—the word came back that the rest of him had died. In a Lisbon dive, a Rio gutter, a street brawl in Singapore.

In one way that is a tangent I have been out on, and in another it isn't. Peter became what his life and this heritage made him. The touch of his mother's gay madness had left its stamp upon him, and the touch of his father's cold, sober madness had left its stamp upon him.

I SAT by him in the city bars those maudlin week-end midnights crying into our bathtub-gin Martinis, and I sat by him in hard chapel pews, prayerful and silent, the headachy mornings-after. I pulled him out of Bush Street dives, and I bailed him out of Kearney Street police stations. I sobered him up under 5 A. M. showers, and I dragged him out of three shattered cars on three consecutive Bayshore Highway sunups.

But then it would be Sunday evening—the city bar forgotten, the shattered car, the Bush Street dive—and he and Helen (I was engaged to Helen, if you can call those tentative undergraduate understandings "engagements," and we did the best we could for him, both of us) would be paddling a long canoe across the lake, cool, purple shadows spreading over the rolling campus hills around them. Or it would be Tuesday evening, and the three of us would be sitting in a back booth at Dinah's, nibbling French fries and drinking milk. Or it would be Friday night in the town movie balcony, Peter in cords and a crisp white shirt, feet up on the rail and his pipe a warm glow in the darkness; and Helen, between us, would press my arm and lean over to whisper, "See, Johnny? You're wrong. He's not a madman, at all. He's an angel."

But, anyway, that part of it I liked. Those parts of it. Maybe she *was* right. Maybe I only dreamed what had happened the night before; maybe that wasn't dawn I had seen from the San Francisco apartment window; maybe that wasn't a blowzy blonde at all; maybe that wasn't Peter, red-eyed and sloppy, whom I shoved into a narrow, airless automatic elevator six flights up from Geary and Leavenworth, but in other ways, numerous ways, much farther removed.

Anyway, that was how we were to him, Helen and I. We did what he liked. We lay long Sundays in the hot sun on San Gregorio. We danced until dawn in highway night spots. We went to the mountains for snow sports when nobody was going to the mountains for snow sports. Perhaps we tried too hard. Or perhaps we should have seen it coming.

NEXT MONTH

ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

A COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

By Q. PATRICK

Anyway, some place in there, one Sunday or Monday or Thursday or Saturday, the balance changed. Helen and Peter were doing what they could for me. The same things, but suddenly they were different. See?

I tried to be intelligent about it and, because the adult male is supposed to be emotionless, I tried to be casual and unperturbed when Helen, that summer afternoon back in Los Angeles several weeks after we had graduated, said, "You don't mind, Johnny? Really?"

We had been playing ping-pong in the long room at the Beach Club, and now were lounged in low wicker chairs on the veranda, sipping lemonade and looking out at the ocean.

I said, "No, of course I don't mind. I fall in love with girls just to give them the general idea."

"Johnny!"

"I mind a great deal, Helen," I said, "but if it's your happiness . . ."

"Don't lay all the blame on me."

That was anger, that shaky feeling within me, but I held it there because this was no time for anger. "Whom should I blame?"

Her hand touched my arm, and her eyes were smoky, dark, and half-sad, as she looked at me. "Don't blame anybody. It's—it's just one of those things. We had great fun, you and I, but I'm afraid . . ."

I FISHED with the long straws for the cherry in the bottom of my glass. "You know what you're getting into?"

"I can handle him," she told me.

And that was almost all there was to it. Beyond the sandy beach Peter untangled himself from a breaker and trotted up to us, his wide shoulders very brown, his lank legs dripping.

"Helen has just been asking me if she can marry you," I said.

He shook a wide spray of salt water out of his tangled hair. "So what?"

"And I said it was okay with me. I was only pretending about loving her. But I warned her."

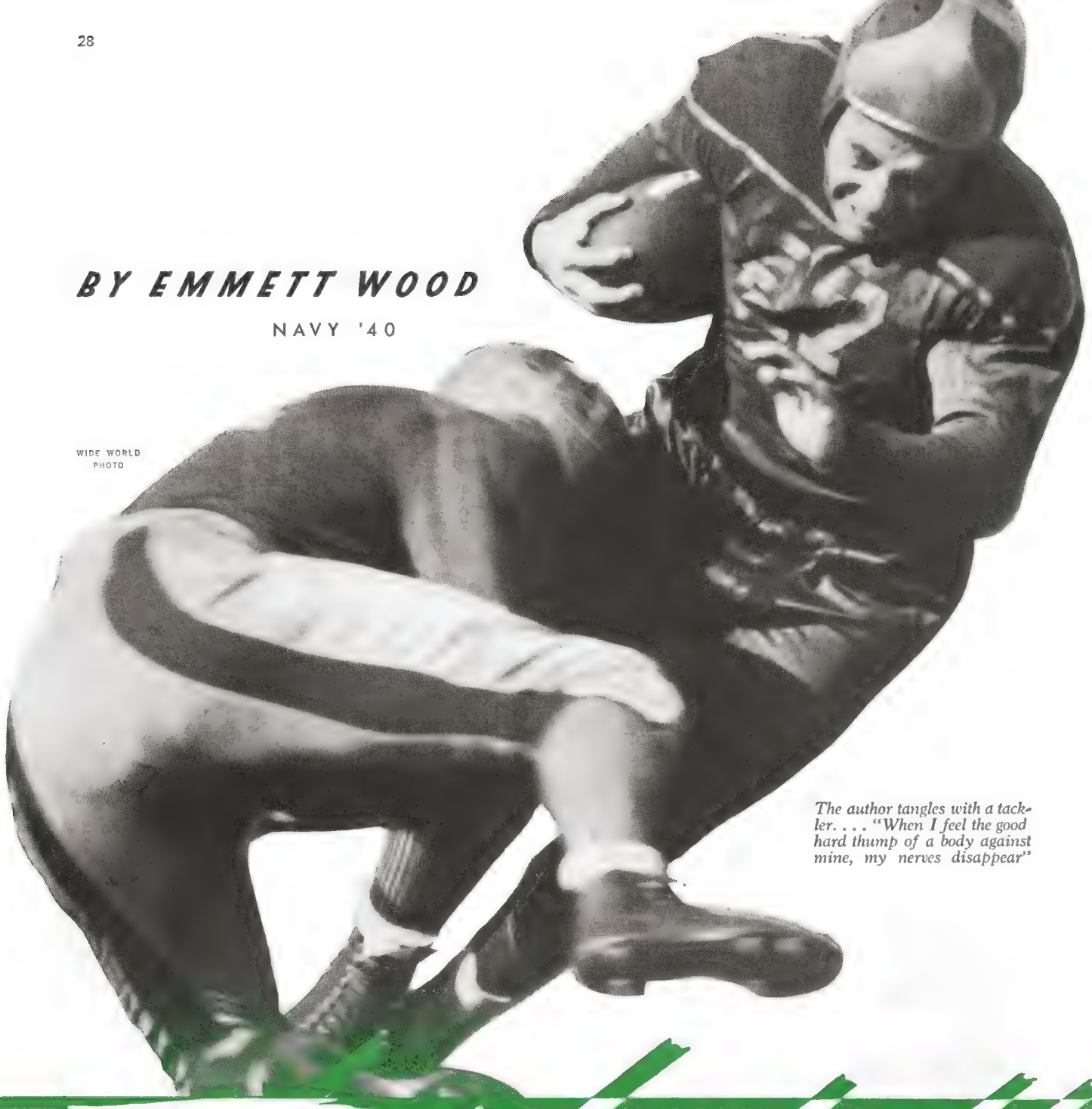
He said, "You're a good guy, Johnny. Some day I'll give you something." Then he looked at Helen. "You think you can take it?"

I slunk off then, over among other people. Because her answer was so soft and low and because I didn't want to hear it. At all. . . .

Six weeks later (eleven days after their wedding) we sat—the three of us, in a row on a hard lower berth, smoking cigarettes and evading all issues—in a cabin on a Dutch passenger-freighter. Like Peter's father, I was going away. To forget. To escape.

"But why go away?" Helen asked. Her voice was high, not awfully high, but higher than usual, a violin string pulled tight, strained and brittle. Already. Eleven (*Continued on page 61*)

He took my hand, looked up, and said, out of a clear sky, "John, are you my dad?"



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The author tangles with a tackler. . . . "When I feel the good hard thump of a body against mine, my nerves disappear"

That Kickoff

BY EMMETT WOOD

NAVY '40

USUALLY the trouble starts around noon on Friday. We awaken to the realization that the opening kickoff is only twenty-four hours away. Immediately the old queasy feeling enters the system. It starts as a spine tingle and then settles in the stomach with a thud.

I like to feel that I haven't been troubled by real nervousness before or during a game since my high-school days, that two years of varsity ball have knocked all the nerves out of me, leaving me as relaxed as when I played football as a kid on the sand lots of Pittsburgh. But I can understand when one of my teammates suddenly chokes on a sip of soup or a bite of bread. Friday is given over to a fight to forget Saturday's game.

Now, I know the popular idea is that a football team is a semiautomatic machine, consisting of eleven muscular cylinders, driven by a ruthless coach. This makes me laugh. Football teams are sensitive affairs, propelled by the temperaments and abilities of the players themselves, who differ from one

Feeling

Just before the whistle blows, do you often wonder what those 22 players are thinking? . . . Here a famous Navy back tells of a thrilling side of the game you never see—a battle of raw nerves and hammering hearts

another as much as do members of a family. Most of them play for one reason: They love the game.

I have heard of men who played because of social custom, college pressure, or family tradition. A few go in for football because it means an athletic scholarship and an education. But most men play because they like to stand shoulder to shoulder on Saturdays, to get the satisfaction that comes from good, hard playing and perfect teamwork. Maybe they don't think of dying for dear old Rutgers—some may even make fun of that spirit—but in the end that's the driving spirit.

George Owen, the famous Harvard back, startled the football world a few years ago by announcing he hated the game, played it only because he was forced to by college custom. Then I heard Jock Sutherland remark, "Well, if Owen played like that and hated football, I'd hate to have played against him if he liked it!"

Sometimes a player does blow cold on the whole business and wants to chuck it, but that's generally when his energy has run low. The sacrifices he has made get him feeling sorry for himself. Constant losing sometimes gets a team down. But that has never been my or my team's experience. Taking a beating one Saturday has had the effect of making us fight harder the next. We have gone into games the lowest of underdogs—and almost won—or won!

Anyway, I am going to try to tell you how players feel before, during, and after a game. By bedtime Friday, some of them, even seasoned ones, have the mounting jitters bad—not fear of the enemy, but dread of mistakes in the impending battle. They know the enemy as men like themselves—men who put their pants on one leg at a time, as some coach once said. But finally they sleep, and they always dream.

I have heard some of my teammates run all night with the ball, tackle, block, and kick. They yell things in their dreams like, "Stop that guy!" "Out of my way, bum!" Our center, Mike Wallace, woke on the morning before last year's game with Army looking happy as a lark. "Boy," he explained, "I dreamed we beat the tar out of Army!" The dream, alas, didn't come true. Right after we lost, Ed Gillette, our halfback, advised Mike to go back to sleep and check that dream again.

On Saturday morning I usually take a walk and think about other things than the game—if I can. Lunch is early and consists of a single chop, dry toast, and a cup of tea. Nobody eats this simple meal, mostly because his stomach feels as if it had been stuffed at a Roman banquet. Coaches like this absence of appetite, I think. They distrust players who wolf down that pre-game lunch and ask for seconds and thirds. They think it means that the player's mind is more on his stomach than on that game coming up. A Dutch Clark is their ideal. Dutch, about the greatest football player I've ever seen, couldn't eat a thing from Friday noon on, even after eight years of pro football. One bite meant extreme nausea.

After this sad, silent lunch we all get a last-minute blackboard talk. Then I go off in a corner by myself and go over my plans for the game, consulting the coach if I have any questions. Usually I've made up my mind about my opening play some time before. This season, right after spring practice, I decided on my first play in our opening game, with William and Mary, in the fall. I told nobody about it, not even Swede Larsen, our coach.

We get dressed for the game about an hour and a half before whistle time. And here we are really on edge. The locker-room is about as cheerful as a funeral home on a wet afternoon. Some players just sit and stare. One of our ends, Lou Burke, turns into a sort of glassy-eyed Thinker. Ordinarily Lou is a happy-go-lucky Irish wisecracker, but never before the zero hour.

Heaven help the fellow who tries to lighten the gloom with a bright remark! He gets a vicious Bronx cheer for his trouble. Fights have been narrowly averted when the wisecracker himself gave way to his nerves, jangled by these ugly "Shut-ups!" Our big 200-pound tackle, Al Bergner, always hates to have his forced calm disturbed by these wrangles, offers to clean everybody up, yelling at the top of his voice. And when someone once suggested, "Hey, Al, calm down. You're getting nervous!" Al screamed, "Who's got nerves?"

The coach, at this moment, is having a quiet jitter of his own. Paradoxically, he wants us to be as calm as possible, but he also want us to stay keyed up. When things get too tense he merely puts our minds on some problem that lies ahead. He looks for overconfidence and squelches it promptly; has quiet remarks for those who seem underconfident.

By game time, we have all put on our good-luck charms. Some of us wear socks our dream girls have knitted, some carry lucky pennies, some have slept with their pajamas on backward. All football players are superstitious one way or another (I always kick a ball with the valve down, and don't know why, and I hate to have a football tossed around in a dressing-room).

The only time I feel self-conscious is when I'm running out on the field. I wonder sometimes if I look as foolish to the crowd as I feel. I wonder why I, a guy in my right mind, should dress myself in protective armor, go through monotonous, body-wearing practice for months, in order to get out there sixty minutes a week, race around a striped field carrying a bag of wind, while twenty-one men around me try to bat me and each other into the ground, and thousands of men and women sit and look on, yelling like madmen. Often I get an impulse to quit right then and there. Then I notice the stands, and instead I sometimes feel like standing in front of the spectators the way Al Schacht, the baseball clown used (*Continued on page 158*)

Gentleman of the JUNGLE

What has happened so far:

WHEN Dexter Cloud arrived in Guaturas, the banana country, he had a price on his head and no money at all. He had fled from Costa Agua to escape arrest and had been aided by Elena, a beautiful dancer at the Guaturan casino. She loved him devotedly, but it was through her that Dexter became involved in deep trouble. A drunk attacked the dancer one night, and Dexter came to her rescue. Hogan, the owner of the casino, saw the incident and immediately offered Dexter a job. Dexter distrusted Hogan, and therefore refused. The man then threated to have Cloud framed on a murder charge. There was nothing to do but submit to Hogan's orders, which were to get a job on the White plantation.

Dexter had visited the White plantation six years before, but the owner was now dead, and his daughter, Flanders, was desperately trying to make a go of the place. She agreed to give Dexter a job, and he began work. It was a grueling job, for Bert Nelson, the overseer, hated Cloud and persecuted him. Then, too, Dexter's growing friendship with Flanders made him hate the underhanded thing he, himself, was doing. He determined to wait for Hogan's next move.

That came when Hogan told Dexter to prevent Flanders from going to her work camp on a fiesta night, when she customarily took gifts to her laborers' children. Dexter ignored the order and accompanied Flanders to the camp. A gang of drunken sailors from one of Hogan's boats arrived shortly and began terrorizing the natives. Dexter and Flanders interfered, but they were outnumbered and forced to take refuge in the powerhouse. They managed to telephone for help. But it would be twenty minutes before that help arrived, and the angry crowd were battering at the door. As it sagged inward, Dexter pushed Flanders behind him. It looked like the end! . . . The story continues:

Flanders was sobbing in despair. "What is it?" cried Dexter. "Are you hurt? Tell me!"

A VOLLEY of blows thundered upon the timbers of the door. The walls of the powerhouse quivered, and a shower of dust came floating down from the rafters. This time Dexter saw the door sag inward.

Armed with the short-handled shovel, he stood ready, although in his heart was not even the faintest hope that he could hold the entrance until Sam arrived. Once that door went down, the snarling pack outside would be too much for him. If there were only some way of getting Flanders out! He looked around. The place was so bare. Drums of engine oil, stacked-up milk cans waiting to be sterilized, coils of hose—

The hose! Whipped to action by a sudden thought, he flung the shovel from him and darted back to lift the two-inch coils. The hose was still coupled to the boiler; a slight turn of the valve told him the steam pressure was on.

By TOM GILL

Wildly he beckoned Flanders to his side. "Turn this when I tell you—and turn it hard." Nozzle in hand, he rushed back to the tottering door.

Then it happened. There was a pounding of feet outside, a thud of heavy bodies, and with a shriek of ripping bolts the door came crashing down. Almost before it struck the floor two men hurled themselves into the room, while behind them the doorway seethed with a yelling throng.

"*Turn!*" Dexter shouted. He heard the valve creak. "*Full on!*" The vanguard was almost upon him—he saw the leader raise a heavy club. In that same second Dexter felt the hose quiver like a live thing, and with a piercing hiss the column of live steam shot through.

Dexter aimed the scalding, whirling cloud straight into the center of the charging mob. The hose had become a strident serpent, hot and pulsating beneath his hand, filling the little powerhouse with a withering barrage of blinding, burning mist. Dexter could not even see the other men now, but he heard their first shrill screams of pain, heard them trying to fight their way out the door. The place was a bedlam of curses and shrieks.

Not once did Dexter stop. Implacably he played the jet of scalding vapor back and forth, taking sardonic pleasure in the thought that Hogan's bruisers were getting a surprise.

The last man yelped his way out of the door.

"Off!" Dexter shouted to Flanders. "But stand ready." Eagerly he listened. There was no sound. Running to the entrance, he saw that the men were gathering across the road, and, dropping his hose, he lifted the battered door, laid it against the threshold, and propped it there; then wheeled two drums of engine oil against it. The feeble barricade could not withstand another rush, but it would give him the warning he needed.

The next attack came suddenly. Through the window Dexter saw four men pick up a switching tie and, holding it as a battering ram, come charging across the road.

"*Turn!*" He darted back to the hose just as the drums of oil went rolling across the floor.

But this time no one entered. Instead,

Armed with a long pick handle, Dexter laid about him like an angry storm-god, glorying in battle

the air was suddenly crowded with missiles—stones, railroad spikes, broken tile—all flung in a volley from outside. A spike struck Dexter in the side, turning him half around, and instinctively he gasped with pain. Then, stooping, he pushed Flanders back behind the protection of the boiler.

The men outside had learned their lesson—they were staying well beyond range. Only once did a face appear at the broken window, and a hand rose clutching a hatchet. Dexter shifted his scalding broadside. There was a scream, and the face disappeared. Quickly Dexter turned off the valve. It wouldn't do to lose all his pressure. Kneeling low, he listened to the missiles clattering against the boiler. One struck the electric bulb, plunging the room into darkness. Just as well—they'd be better off without light.

THE volley ceased. He could hear the men shouting to one another out in the middle of the road—planning some new attack. Would they try to burn the place? That would be hard to do.

He looked back. "Are you all right?" he called, then started, for Flander's voice came directly at his side: "I'm all right."

"Then get back where I put you."

She didn't move. He lifted her and, carrying her to the protection of the boiler, set her down none too gently. "You're more trouble than that gang outside," he told her.

Minutes passed. His side was throbbing. He struck a match and, shielding the light, looked at the pressure gauge. Dangerously low. The head of steam

ILLUSTRATED BY
DONALD TEAGUE

could not last another violent attack.

He hurried back to Flanders. "The steam won't last much longer. When they rush again I want you to climb out that window and head for the jungle."

"And leave you here?"

"Why not? You can't do me any good."

Deliberately she walked back to the valve. "Tell me when to turn," she said.

With a thrill of admiration he understood. She had given him his answer—they would fight it out side by side.

Through the door she could see dim forms gathering for another rush. They had found a pile of burlap bags and were stretching them on barrel hoops as shields. Somberly Dexter watched them. This time he would wait until they got well inside the door. Even then it was unlikely he could stop them with the flagging head of steam. If only . . .

The men outside had halted. They were looking up the road, and now Dexter's heart raced. He could hear the hum of metal wheels on tracks, the sharp *put-put* of a gas engine.

"It's Sam!" he shouted.

OUT on the tracks a car stopped, and, almost before the wheels ceased turning, men began streaming across the road, each armed with the short, businesslike club of the fruit company's night watchmen. They formed a solid wedge and charged, Tapachula Sam in the lead. Even in that moment of stress Dexter laughed aloud, for in one corner of Sam's mouth was the inevitable half-smoked cigar.

He heard Sam's voice: "Give 'em everything, boys! Wipe 'em out!"

The little army struck. Perhaps in that first moment Hogan's bruisers thought they had to deal with only a few natives from the village, but as the compact wedge of men drove into them and through them, flailing to right and left with clubs, they began to realize that all was not well.

Then in the darkness Dexter reached them. Armed with a long pick handle, he laid about him like an angry storm-god, eager to wipe out old scores. Grease-stained, wet with steam and sweat, he came at them, limping but hot with the lust of battle, filled with the fierce joy of an open fight. The pain of his torn side was forgotten, his eyes glowed. Silently he closed in. Men loomed up before him, the club fell, and he went on.

Then suddenly it was over. The sailors lost all taste for an adventure that was rapidly getting out of hand, and, quick to sense the change in fortune, they made for the railroad tracks, leaving a full half of their fellows lying in the road.

Sam pushed his way to Dexter's side. "Never saw anybody get more pure, angelic bliss out of a brawl." He stopped to catch his breath. "When you knocked that redheaded bruiser for an outside loop, you wore a smile that was positively beatific."

Dexter was looking anxiously about. "Where's Flanders?"

"Here." She was standing just behind him, and he realized he had called her by her first name. "Hurt?" he asked quickly.

"Not a bit."

But he saw that she was trembling. "Frightened?"

"I don't know. A little, maybe."

Sam laughed. "You've got a right to be jittery. I wouldn't have missed that brawl for a flight to Asia." Again he laughed. "You both look as if you'd had tough going—expecially Flanders."

She glanced down, and saw for the first time that her blouse was torn away to the waist. In quick consternation she crossed both arms before her, while her cheeks went pink. Then she caught sight of the blood on Dexter's shirt, and forgot her own predicament. "You're hurt!"

"A scratch."

Without a word Sam led Dexter beneath a light and ran a practiced hand over his ribs. "None broken, anyhow."

"I tell you it's only a scratch."

"Just the same you better come down to the company hospital. We've got a new blond nurse from Detroit."

But Dexter shook his head. "It's nothing. Besides, we'd both better be getting back."

A CROWD of frightened workers was gathering, and Dexter sent one to saddle two horses.

Flanders said, flushing, "Wait till I get something on," and ran over to the nearest house.

Dexter walked with Sam a little way from the crowd and laid his hand on the pilot's shoulder. "That smudgy face of yours was the (*Continued on page 85*)

Miss Henrietta Culbertson

where there's Smoke...

IT WASN'T much of a fire. The woman in 14E flipped a cigarette stub into a wastebasket half filled with scrap paper, and went off to a show. The wastebasket burned; the desk caught fire; the flames leaped to the draperies. At worst, it would have burned itself out within the fireproof walls of 14E. But smoke and smell seeped through the crevices at the door, drifted across the short branch corridor and into four of the best suites in the Central Plaza.

In 14B, Miss Henrietta Culbertson, surrounded by the forbidden odors of too, since the Central Plaza overlooked the matter of rent in exchange for the prestige which went with having the Governor as a permanent resident. The Central Plaza, as its advertising indicated, was proud of being the "famous home of famous people."

The Governor was a sound, though somewhat noisy, sleeper. So neither the smoke, the crackle, nor the first faint bustle in the corridor disturbed him.

Tommy McIlvaine

In 14A, Governor Zander, drowsy after two cocktails and a heavy dinner, had fallen asleep in an easy chair while writing a fiery speech opposing intolerance, hard times, and dictators, and strongly favoring tolerance, prosperity, and democracy.

The Governor was a doughty old fellow with a picturesque white mane. He was heartily proud of having started life as a blacksmith, a biographical fact known to practically all who came within earshot of his thundering voice. He always referred lovingly to his home district as "good old double-Fifth Avenue," and said he would never leave the place, meaning Tenth Avenue, as long as he lived.

He still had his voting address there, in a bleak, flat-faced, red-brick house, now inhabited by poor relations. Since rising to the governorship, he had found it more convenient to sleep, eat, and work at the Central Plaza. Just as cheap,

Gov. Zander

cookery, engrossed in her clandestine pursuit, didn't notice it, either.

Miss Culbertson was sixty-two, very spry, had at least $2,000,000, and had lived in the Central Plaza since the day it opened, twenty-six years before. She had moved from her previous abode, the Crestmont, only because it was being torn down.

At the Central Plaza she paid $25 a day for a sitting-room and bedroom, and was always smuggling things in from the butcher shop and the greengrocer's and cooking them in her rooms, in violation of a very strict rule against cooking in rooms. Her closet, fitted with a special lock, was loaded with such contraband as an electric cookstove, utensils, food staples, and tinned delicacies.

Miss Culbertson was the last of the Culbertson sewing-machine family. She had no friend outside of the chambermaid, and wasn't a bit lonely. She got a sly, sinful feeling out of walking right by the front desk with two lamb chops skewered with kidneys in a paper bag, and fancied—wrongly—that she covered up these illicit acts by ordering meals which she didn't want and couldn't eat sent up to her room.

At this moment the spicy fragrance of chicken curry was strong in her nostrils, so she smelled nothing of the fire in 14E.

In 14C the Vice Girl smelled it. She said, "Something's burning."

The middle-aged policewoman stopped playing solitaire, sniffed. "You must have left a lighted cigarette laying around," she said.

Nobody was supposed to know anything about the Vice Girl. Not even the employees. It was supposed to be a deep secret. But one of the three policewomen who stood eight-hour watches over her knew Fogarty, the house detective, and told him, explaining that it absolutely must be kept quiet. And Fogarty went about his job looking so mysterious that all the other employees asked him what was up, and he said it had to be kept secret, but, confidentially, there was a Vice Girl in 14C.

She was a very important Vice Girl. Nobody knew her name then, but she was going to be the star witness against Big Al Bondano, the Vice King. She was such an important witness, the policewoman explained confidentially to Fogarty, that Big Al and his gang would undoubtedly do everything they could to find her and rub her out. And the district attorney figured that the last place Big Al's crew would think of looking for her was the Central Plaza. Besides, she wasn't registered; she was never allowed out of 14C; and a policewoman was always with her.

Young Mr. Milton, the assistant manager, had been uneasy when he learned of it. A Vice Girl in the Central Plaza! He had gone to Mr. Court, the senior manager. But Mr. Court, though always jealous of the fair name of the Central Plaza, saw nothing to worry about.

"Absolutely no danger, Milton," he said. "Have you ever heard of a hotel guest getting acquainted with the man next door? Of course not! I'll bet not a guest in the house has the slightest idea who or what his neighbor is. Forget it."

The three hundred employees of the Central Plaza tried to get a glimpse of the Vice Girl, but few did. Elsie, a chambermaid, got the best look, because she went in there every day to clean. She hadn't paid any attention to her before, but now she came out and gave a detailed, disappointing description. Elsie said she didn't look like "one" at all. Elsie assumed that all Vice Girls had flaming lips, flaming fingernails, wore slinky dresses, used peroxide on their hair, and looked very, very hard.

This one, she said, just looked ordinary. She had brown hair, looked pale and rather thin, wore sport clothes most of

BY JOSEPH HARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"Don't open that door," she stammered. "It's a trick"

The brilliant and very real story of what happened on the night four strangers met dangerously in a hotel corridor

the time. "I guess," she observed, "they make up that way to fool people." The Vice Girl was very quiet, Elsie said. She was always either sitting and smoking, or standing at the window looking out. . . .

The Vice Girl went around the sitting-room looking for unextinguished cigarette stubs, but couldn't find any. She said, "No, it's a real fire."

The policewoman said, "This is a fireproof building. Can't be." And went on playing solitaire.

Next door, in 14D, young Tommy McIlvaine, of the yachting, fox-hunting, polo-playing McIlvaines, sniffed and looked around to see if he had left any cigarettes burning. No. He sniffed around further. Finally he opened the door. The short corridor had trapped and held most of the smoke; it was thick there, thick enough to smart the eyes and obscure vision.

Practically no one, on unexpectedly finding himself in a burning building, has been known to do precisely the right thing. Tommy McIlvaine was no exception. He blundered out to the main corridor, discovered there was almost no smoke there, and came back to the little corridor. He rapped on the Vice Girl's door.

THE policewoman dropped her cards, glanced at her watch. It wasn't time for her relief; no food had been ordered; and certainly this wasn't a social visit. She opened her purse and took out her little gun. Her hand was shaking. Had Big Al found them? Would she be murdered—along with the girl? She suddenly felt it wasn't fair, giving a woman this job. They should have had a man here as well.

The girl walked to the door. "Who's there?" she called.

"S—stay away!" the policewoman stammered, trying desperately to think of something to do. "Don't open—that door!"

A man's muffled voice came through the door: "Anything burning in there?"

The policewoman thought, "It's a trick to get in! They've cut the telephone wire!" She saw it all in a flash. A flash so realistic that she was numbed with fear, unable even to scream a warning at the girl so stupidly unlatching the door. It was almost as great a shock when the door opened and no machine gun was poked into the room. A harmless-looking young man stood there.

"No," said the girl; "not in here," and choked a little as she got a lungful of dense smoke.

Tommy said, "Sorry to disturb you—but there's a fire here somewhere."

"It certainly would seem so," she said.

She went out into the corridor and followed him to 14B. Miss Culbertson's voice answered his knock.

To Miss Culbertson, inside, Tommy's "Anything burning in there?" was the crack of doom. She had been trapped at last. Caught with a pot full of chicken curry, strictly forbidden, with an electric stove, strictly forbidden. She knew instantly that somebody had smelled her cooking and thought they smelled a fire. It was the management at the door, that fickle all-powerful who beamed welcomingly upon guests one moment, then mercilessly put them out in the middle of the night for an infraction of rules.

"Not a thing," she quavered. "Certainly not."

With hopeless haste, she disconnected the electric stove, carried it and the curry, still bubbling, to the closet; rushed back for the condiments so incriminatingly displayed, and bundled them into the closet.

"I'll be there in a moment," she said, opening her windows to the icy night air, thinking the breeze would sweep the smell out. Hopeless. But she stalled as long as she dared, then timidly opened the door. The thick smoke there stunned her—with relief.

TOMMY and the girl had gone on to 14A. Governor Zander's sleepy voice was already coming through the door. "Whozzat? Whozzat?" it was demanding. "Eh—fire?" And his door opened quickly. "Not in here. Say!" he exclaimed. "Where is it?"

The four of them went to the sole remaining unopened door. Tommy pounded. No answer. The girl said, "Look—it's coming from in here! See the smoke coming through the crack under the door."

"Call the Fire Department," said the Governor. "Get an ax. There may be somebody suffocating in there."

Tommy said, "I know where the ax is," and ran down the hall. The girl went back to 14C and used the telephone to tell the management about the fire.

Tommy came back with the ax in one hand, a large can of fire extinguisher in the other. He put the extinguisher down and and chopped at the door.

"Here," (*Continued on page 153*)

TIME OUT!

NATURALLY Joe Nelson was nervous. This was big time now, not high-school stuff. Out there on the gridiron his State teammates were battling fiercely with Greencastle, and any moment now he might be called into action.

Football heroics were not new to Joe Nelson. He had won high honors in high-school competition in the southern portion of the state. But a crowd of 35,000 was in the stands now, five times as many as Joe Nelson had ever faced. Suppose he tripped as he ran onto the field? Suppose he did something wrong out there? Suppose he made a fool of himself before this screaming crowd? Why, he'd never get over it! He turned to see what the other men on the bench were doing. They sat, shoulders hunched, seemingly expressionless.

Nelson bent down, plucked a piece of grass, and chewed on it.

Suddenly, out on the field, a whistle shrilled. Time had been called!

"Okay, Nelson," a sharp voice called.

Nelson's blood chilled, his fingers were icicles. But he got to his feet, grabbed the water wagon and the towels, and pushed the wagon before him as he ran toward the team on the field, his muscles functioning perfectly, much to his surprise.

Heck, a guy who loved football as much as he did shouldn't be too proud! Even a water boy's job was okay if it brought him closer to the varsity he was unable to make as a player!

SAM X. ABARBANEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO AARONS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Meet Sidney Edlund and his Man Marketing Clinic—an ingenious community enterprise, where job-hunters pool brains and experience to sell themselves in attractive packages

A NEW WAY TO GET A JOB

BY WILLIAM A. H. BIRNIE

I ATTENDED an amazing meeting of job-hunters the other evening. About 75 men and women were there, of every age, training, and background you can imagine. An eighteen-year-old high-school graduate looking for a job as delivery boy . . . a fifty-nine-year-old ex-executive looking for anything . . . a middle-aged mother who wanted to be a practical nurse.

Jobless men and women hunting for work to keep their homes together, to keep their heads above water, to keep off relief. You'd expect them to be a discouraged, helpless lot, wouldn't you? You'd expect them to be grasping at straws, or grumbling about their luck.

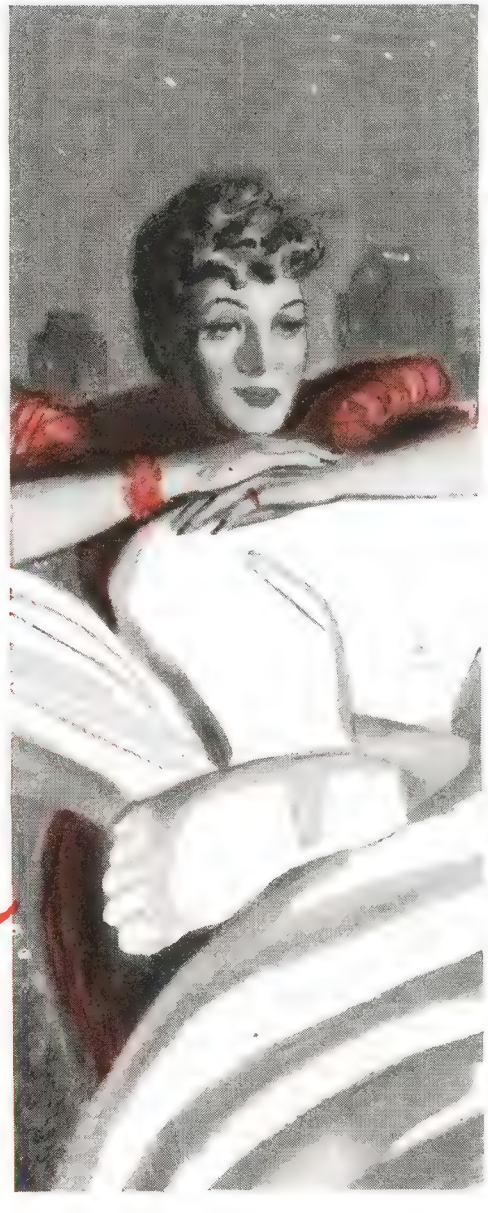
But they weren't. They were going about their business as soberly and efficiently as if they were directors at the annual meeting of a prosperous corporation. They analyzed one another's problems, offered tips from their own experience, planned campaigns for *selling* themselves into new jobs. They were acting as one another's employment counselors—and they were getting results!

Who were they? The members of a remarkable organization known as the Man Marketing Clinic, which has been meeting in a borrowed hall in New York every Monday evening since October, 1935. Built on the principle of self-help, the clinic is a brand-new answer to the old problem of how to land a job or move on to a better one.

There are no fees or charges. A job-hunter can make use of the services of the clinic without even telling his name or why he is there. And this new idea seems to be catching on. Similar groups have been started at Fordham University in New York, at the University of Oklahoma, also in New Orleans and in Chicago. Sidney W. Edlund, a merchandising consultant who founded the original clinic, (*Continued on page 77*)

Her vanity told her that she was beautiful

Golden Lady



What has happened so far:

EVER since Darnley Carfax, a natural beauty, had arrived in New York to pursue the career of a professional model, things had happened to her and to those about her. She was working for the best model agency in town—Wolfgang's. She was frequently seen in company with Peter Orrick, a famous artist, and was receiving columns of publicity from his friend, Adrian De Groot, the famous Broadway columnist. She had dined with Henry Garden, New York's most noted girl fancier. She had entered the Golden Blend contest—an attempt on the part of a cigarette company to find the most beautiful girl in New York to represent their product.

She had been working with Jerry Shafto, another model and her roommate, in the studio of Clyde Farrish, a young photographer, when a $40,000 Russian sable wrap—still missing—had disappeared. She had also found herself involved in a feud between Farrish and his rival, Lacey Gorse, to say nothing of having accepted a proposition from Gorse . . . which was, to receive $100 every time she went out with Chico Sanson, the heir apparent to the Intercontinental Tobacco Corporation, makers of the Golden Blend cigarette. What Gorse's motives were, Darnley didn't know, but she determined to find out.

And Chico did interest her. He had social position, business position, and wealth. She wanted to be calculating on

the subject of Chico, but found herself being oddly sentimental with respect to Clyde Farrish. No wonder she was annoyed one evening when Lacey Gorse telephoned and said, "Meet me at El Picador at eight-thirty tonight."

"I have an engagement."

"Break it," said Gorse. "What do you suppose I'm paying you for?"

It all went to show that her grandfather had been right when, years ago, he had remarked, "It's blasted dangerous fur a girl to look like you do." . . . The story continues. . . .

"I was not asking you," Gorse had said; "I was telling you."

People, thought Darnley, do not give commands unless they believe they have power to enforce them. Therefore Gorse believed he could compel her to do his bidding. She sought in her recent experiences for something that would give him that idea, and could find nothing. True, she had accepted his money, or

The command, then, might be nothing but a bluff. He had made no definite threat, but his words implied a threat. The purpose of a threat is to frighten, and she knew people are more afraid of the mysterious and the unknown than of the visible and definite.

"Until I know what to be afraid of," she said, "I shan't be afraid."

She was alone in New York. There

They turned, startled, to find Elaine Sanson. "Charming," she said shrewishly, "but expensively indiscreet!"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

DARNLEY CARFAX searched her mind. She remained standing beside the telephone over which she had just been speaking with Lacey Gorse—over which had come his voice commanding her to meet him at El Picador at eight-thirty—and thought as ever she had thought in her brief life.

Garden's, in return for a somewhat dubious service. But there was nothing in that to give him power over her. He could embarrass her, it was true. In Chico Sanson's eyes she could be made to look a scut. But Gorse could not betray that secret without betraying his own part in it. He was estopped.

was no one to whom she could go for advice or assistance. She was on her own. She must solve her own problems. But she had a deep-rooted confidence in herself and a faith in her star.

"I am Darnley Carfax," she declared. "Nothing can happen to me."

It was a declaration of faith. And it

was true. She was unable to imagine a dire thing happening to her. Disaster could overtake her neighbors; they might become ill with terrible diseases; they might be run over by cars or be victims of frightful crimes. But not she, She was impregnable.

"I belong to me," she told herself, "and to no one else. No one can tell me to do this or that. I must never let anyone have that power. And now is the time to begin."

It might be she had made a serious error in accepting Gorse's offer to pay her for being Sanson's companion, but now was the time to retrieve it. She went to her bedroom and got into slippers and a robe. Then she selected a magazine and settled herself in a comfortable chair. At forty minutes past eight her telephone rang. She did not answer it.

"It's a showdown," she said, and was proud of herself.

AT INTERVALS of fifteen minutes the telephone made its demands, but she did not stir. Rather, she exulted. It gave her a strange feeling of self-confidence to refuse to answer that insistent bell. She was being unconquerable. Once she went to the full-length mirror and scrutinized herself. She posed. She allowed her robe to fall back, disclosing her slender, exquisite legs.

"It's wonderful to be me," she said aloud. "I am beautiful. I have brains. I'm not afraid."

It was lovely to bask in her own vanity and to know that she could conquer the future. Only a model, alone, with no asset but her beauty—but she could have, would take, whatever fine and splendid things of life she craved. No one, nothing, could stop her.

Long before Jerry Shafto came home Darnley was in bed and asleep, charmed with herself, happy in her defiance. . . .

Darnley posed for Peter Orrick the next morning, starting at eight-thirty, for Peter was an early worker. He was putting the finishing touches on the second *Metropolis* cover for which Darnley had been the model. Just before one o'clock Adrian De Groot pushed open the door, bellowing that it was time for all good men and true to go from labor to refreshment.

"Eh, Darnley," he greeted her, "who was Cesare Borgia's brother and what happened to him?"

"The Duke of Gandia. He was murdered."

"You brighten my life," he said. "As a partial recompense," he said, with make-believe pedantry, "I shall dispense a kernel of information."

Farrish began to wind the silk fabric about her slender, alluring body

"You have so many," said Darnley. "You can spare one."

"Probably sarcasm," he said good-naturedly. "The search for the Golden Blend Girl commences Monday."

"I thought—" she commenced, and stopped suddenly.

"YOU thought," said De Groot, with one eyebrow lifted, "that it was not to be announced until a new advertising agent had been selected for Golden Blend."

"Anyhow," she said, "I mean to be it."

"No need for a contest, then," De Groot said.

"I am going to be it," Darnley said with sudden intensity.

"By hook or crook?" asked De Groot.

She did not answer, but on a nod from Orrick stepped down from the model stand. The Golden Blend Girl! To be declared by a competent jury the most beautiful model in America! It would mean money, of course. It would make her the most sought-after model in the world. But it was not the money that called her. It was not exactly the fame, though that would be a pleasant thing to throw in the faces of her former friends and acquaintances back home. It was, if she analyzed herself truly, the fact that it would be a steppingstone; such a high steppingstone.

"It could lead to anything," she said in a half-whisper.

"What do you want it to lead to?" De Groot asked. "The stage?"

"I think not."

"The pictures?"

"Somehow," she said slowly, "I don't think the pictures can give me what I want."

De Groot raised both brows. "What then?"

"I'm not sure," she said, and then, rather surprisingly, "Something in which

I would have more to do than be beautiful."

"Enlarge upon that," commanded De Groot.

"Now that I've started in this model business," she said, "I want to be the top. I want to be the most beautiful girl in the country."

"Yes?"

"That," she said, "is being something, not doing something. That's what I mean. I want everybody to have to admit I am the most beautiful—and then I want to do something where I have to work, and think, and plan."

DE GROOT grunted, and as they walked to the elevator he kept eying her slantwise, obviously deeply interested. They drove to Thirty-Nine and climbed to the second floor, where a headwaiter showed them to a table against the wall. Adrian De Groot preceded Darnley. She saw (*Continued on page 103*)

Thanks TO BROTHER GUS

GUS, unknown and unsung, has played an important part in recent American history. What Gus did 45 years ago, reaching down through the web of time, touches today our pocketbooks and pay checks, our jobs, our health, our prospects of an income in old age.

It was this way:

Gus was a young German immigrant, a dishwasher laboriously working his way up toward the dignity of chef. One evening in the summer of 1894, having finished a long day among the caldrons, he went home to the dark basement of the New York tenement where he lived with his father, mother, and kid brother, Robert.

Robert, a short, stocky, blue-eyed boy of seventeen, had just graduated from high school. He had come to a turning point in his life. As Gus entered, he was debating with his father whether he could go to the public City College, or whether he should whirl in and work full time to help the meager family finances.

"No more school," said the father. "The time has come to work."

Robert saw the justice of this. He could make no reply. But, at this blow to all his ambitions, the tears rolled quietly down his cheeks—athlete, scrapper, and head of his class though he was.

Here Gus went into action. He loved his kid brother and was proud of him. He pounded the table with his big fist.

"Bob must haf his chance," he said. "He has sold papers all these years. He iss a smart boy. He must go to college—and I will see him through." The father, overborne by this outburst from the usually stolid Gus, agreed.

And Gus saw Bob through. He walked miles to and from work every day, to save the ten cents for Bob. He wangled a part-time job for Bob as bellboy at the club where he, Gus, labored in the kitchen. He scrimped on clothes and amusements, so that Bob could "have his chance."

Brother Gus, kind and faithful, has been dead now for many years. Brother Robert carries on, and does not forget.

"It is strange," he said to me recently, "about those turning points in a man's life. If Gus had not stood up for me and helped me when he did, I would never have gone to college, or to law school, or into politics and legislation."

He wheeled around in his chair and stared through the window at the fountain playing in the courtyard of the Senate Office Building. After a moment he turned back hurriedly to the cold lunch on his desk, for he is a busy man—is Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, father of the United States Housing and Slum Clearance Laws, of the Labor Relations Act, of the Social Security Act, of the pending national health laws.

Bob Wagner is America's Legislator No. 1. Whether you like his laws or deplore them, he has placed on the books legislation more important and more far-reaching than any American in history, since the days of the Founding Fathers.

He is a hard, quiet worker, little in the spotlight and no orator. Thus, the public impression of him is vague and blurred. Because the controversial Labor Relations Act is the one chiefly tagged with his name, many believe this to be his only baby. Actually that is just one measure in a record of social legislation running back for 26 years.

Others think of him as a New Deal rubber stamp, one who amiably attaches his name to laws handed down to him by the administration high command. Actually he was battling for these laws before the New Deal was heard of. In the balmy boom days of Coolidge he warned:

"We are facing a change in industrial organization as revolutionary as that which occurred in the beginning of the last century." And he begged for national action to control the unemployment which, as he saw in 1928, was already beginning to undermine our towering prosperity.

"Any person who thinks that what he has done is perfect is just a fool"

"I came through slum poverty, yes. That was luck, luck! Think of the others"

HARRIS & EWING

Whether you like or detest his laws, Senator Robert F. Wagner is the nation's No. 1 legislator, and one man who can't be President

By BEVERLY SMITH

While Hoover was in the White House, Wagner, in the Senate, was calling for job insurance, old-age pensions, labor laws. His Relief and Construction Act of 1932 was the first clear acceptance of federal responsibility for the unemployed—a turning point in American life.

Of course, Wagner was helped by the New Deal tide. But he had his ships on the ways when the tide came along. He launched them into that tide one by one, steered and tinkered them through all Congressional storms and New Deal crosscurrents, and anchored them firmly in the United States statutes.

Under these Wagner laws hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent to clear the slums and build low-rent housing in the cities; we have the benefits and headaches of a labor movement which has grown from three to eight million members and split into two warring factions; more than 2,000,000 persons in towns and cities are receiving old-age pensions; 28,000,000 have unemployment insurance; 40,000,000 have old-age insurance.

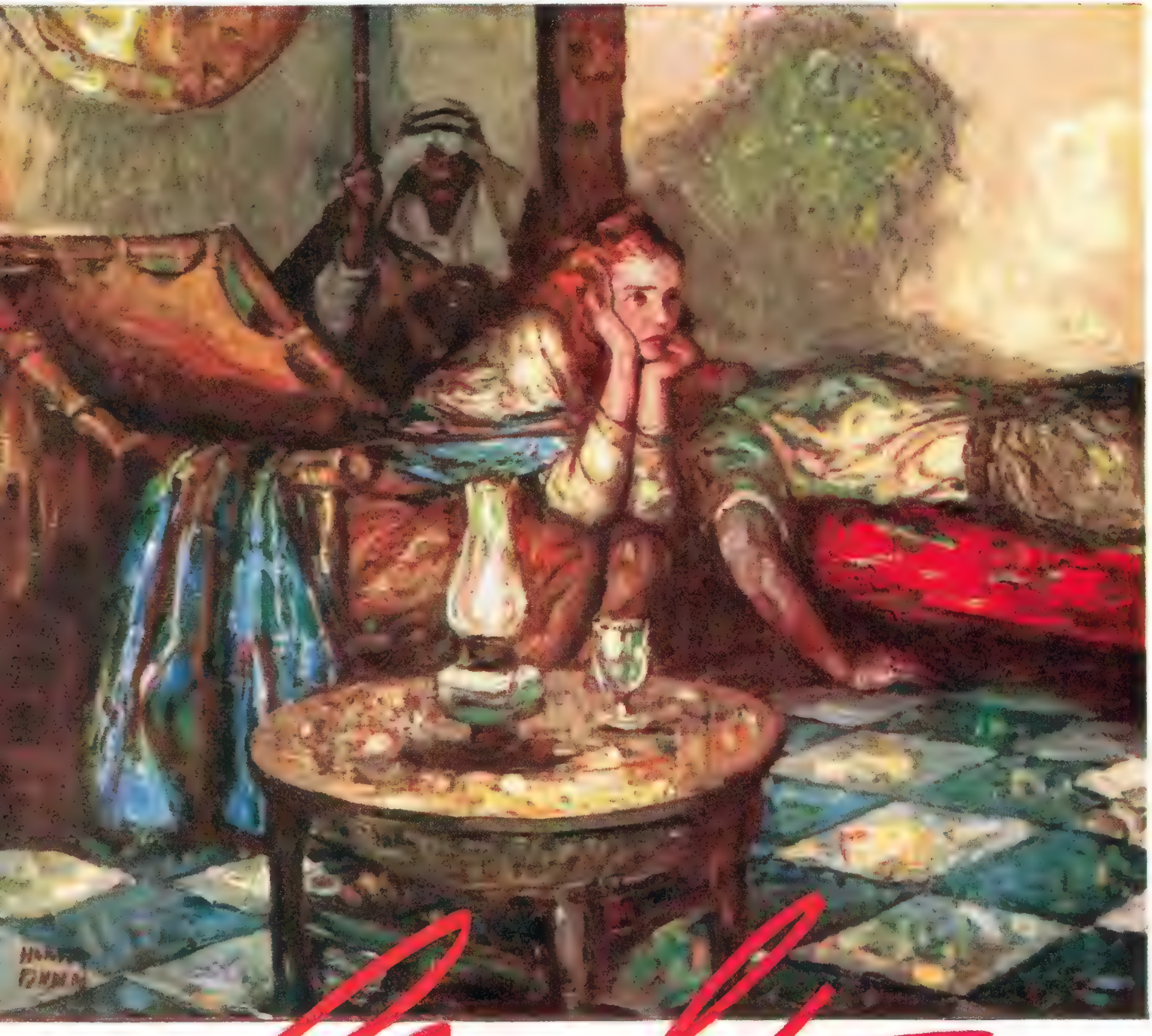
And this is not to mention the other measures in which Wagner has played a leading part: the Civilian Conservation Corps in the forests, the huge Public Works program, the federal aid for the crippled, the blind, maternal welfare, dependent children; the railroad retirement act, the home loan acts.

Here is a peculiar thing: Though many of Wagner's laws have stirred an uproar of opposition, there has been very little attack on, or even criticism of, Wagner personally.

Opponents of the New Deal have centered their fire on the spectacular forward passes and trick plays of a series of Moleys, Tugwells, Harry Hopkinses, Corcorans, and (*Continued on page 83*)

After a night of terror Collis had two beauties—both were fair and shapely

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY HARVEY DUNN



Revolt AT SUNSET

BY ARTHUR TUCKERMAN

IN HIS note the Resident of the district neither refused nor granted the most important request Henry Collis had ever made during his twenty-four years. The Resident, with a polite British evasion, merely set the hour for an appointment at his own office. In consequence, Henry Collis passed a sleepless night at the excavations, and very early the next morning drove his car through the bleak, stony Trans-Jordan countryside to the Residency.

Beyond the Residency's whitewashed walls and twin sentry boxes there was a surprising little rose garden that looked inappropriate, almost effeminate, amidst its harsh, glaring surroundings. There was a straight path leading through the garden toward a low-roofed white house, and halfway up the path Henry Collis, in a far from equable mood, ran into the Resident's daughter.

He had met her before on two or three brief, formal occasions; had exchanged perhaps a dozen sentences with her during his long, weary months at Tel-el-Bahr. But now, suddenly, her beauty struck him as an impact. Almost against his own will it struck him, since she was so very much her father's own daughter; and since he had very little patience at the moment for that meticulous servant of empire, Sir Hunter Graham.

It was a peculiarly modern, athletic type of beauty, long-limbed, slight of breast and hip, judiciously revealed by whipcord riding breeches and a silken shirt. A mane of rippling curls seemed to compete with the bright Asiatic sunshine. The profile was small and clear-cut, with an impatient little nose; the wide cheekbones, slightly exotic in their prominence, lent her eyes a hint of enigma. But her mouth was contradictory, generous and full-lipped, with an abiding good will. "Hello!" she said, breaking into a smile when she saw him. "What are you doing up here? I didn't know archaeologists ever took a holiday."

With two wounded men in the house, Evelyn was deep in despair

"Holiday nothing," he stated glumly. "I'm going to the mat with your father —about that absurd order he sent me to evacuate Tel-el-Bahr."

The smile left Evelyn Graham's face. "Dad's right," she said crisply. "He knows this country, and you don't. I'd clear out now if I were you. Scram. Isn't that the word?"

For a moment, absorbed in his own moody reflections, he resented the suggestion. There was the faintest perceptible hint of authority in her voice which reminded him painfully of that elderly die-hard, her father. Yet it was a charming voice nevertheless, because of its pristine clarity, its rippling cadence. He was about to reply when Sir Hunter himself came down the path toward them, a sparse and immaculate figure in white drill, carrying a pair of garden shears.

"From the look of his eyebrows," the girl said amiably, "you're going to get hell. In any case, I don't want to be present. I'm going for a ride. But please bear in mind what you're up against: the Playing Fields of Eton, the White Man's Burden, with the Old School Tie thrown in for good measure. Well, good luck to you, my lone and valiant American." Whereupon she ran off in the direction of the stables.

Henry Collis studied his approaching opponent with a blend of personal annoyance and objective admiration. He saw the man as a symbol. He noted the sincere yet troubled gray eyes; the taut, ruddy skin over a bony facial structure; the representative white mustache which had a thousand duplicates between Government House in Gibraltar and Government House in Hong Kong. And Henry, forty years the man's junior, wondered whether it were possible to convince so sturdy a cog in an imperial machine that individuals as well as governments had their private problems, their private hells.

"Oh, hello, Collis," the Resident said. "Mind accompanying me while I clip a few roses?—and we'll talk this thing over."

The Resident was a shade less formal than usual, Henry thought. It was almost as if the sight of those tenderly nurtured roses, struggling in an alien soil, had lent him a warmer humanity. Stopping over a creamy bud, braver than the rest, he actually grew confidential about his own troubles. He even sketched his past career briefly. Ten years in Upper Burma hadn't presented any in-

surmountable problem. Nor Ceylon or British Guiana either. But this Trans-Jordan district was a hell of an assignment if you asked him, and there was a real to-do brewing this time. Those Pan-Arabia propagandists had at last stirred the Bedouins into a frenzy, curse them. Several towns north of Jerash had been razed; the *marahs* had been poisoned, cutting off the water supply. And now the marauders were gaining strength like a spring torrent as they galloped southward.

While he talked the Resident bent over his roses, frowning, one hand clasping his shears, the other nursing a rheumatic hip. "And so," he suddenly concluded, placing a rosebud in his lapel and straightening up to deliver his broadside, "I can't possibly grant your request to remain at Tel-el-Bahr. How can I assume responsibility for a foreigner, even an American, in this region? I have my hands full already. Besides, man"—his voice became faintly irascible—"it's quite insane, you know, your living down there alone at the excavations. No one does that sort of thing, don't you see? Especially in times like these."

AS THEY left the garden and entered the Resident's small, whitewashed office he added: "You must positively leave today. I can't give you any police protection away down there at your diggings. Why in the devil didn't you leave with your pals, when they closed shop a month ago?"

"I'll tell you why," Henry said. "A year ago we were all sent out to Tel-el-Bahr by an American institute. During that time we found some startling evidence from strata. Evidence that the citadel had passed through Israelite as well as Philistine hands. My partners turned over their collated material to the Department of Antiquities, and they went home satisfied. But I wasn't. I knew that we'd only touched the surface of Tel-el-Bahr's significance. I stayed on alone, to substantiate a curious thing known as the Benoit theory—something too involved to explain offhand. But, as a man of considerable tenacity yourself, you ought to be able to understand my motives." He smiled, and his normally grave, scholarly countenance under unruly brown hair became suddenly boyish.

Some of the Resident's tautness dissolved. "The Benoit theory? Good Lord, you don't mean that old Belgian priest who discovered some fragment down at Lacish along about 1922?"

"That is the man," Henry said.

Sir Hunter Graham, leaning back in his chair, his thin knees crossed, smiled in a sad sort of way. "I knew Benoit," he said. "He passed a night here, on

Around the Residency's closed gates milled a white-robed throng, dark-faced and ominous

his way south. I recall his idea vaguely, because he was so hipped on the subject. Something to do with the never-clarified wanderings of the Children of Israel, wasn't it? Didn't he call it a Hebrew-Sinaitic link? . . . But, my dear boy, nobody took Benoit seriously! He died before he was even able to solve the inscription on his own precious fragment. He wasn't a scientist. He was a religious fanatic—"

"Sir Hunter," Henry interrupted gravely, "when Père Benoit was in this part of the world there was no Department of Antiquities to help him. And yet, working single-handed, he approached something as important as the Rosetta stone of Egypt, and something far more universal and human. He was on the verge of one of the biggest discoveries in the whole history of—"

He was interrupted standing there, his young face alight with the absorbing motivation of his life, by a peremptory knock at the door. A native messenger entered, wearing the dark blue uniform and the astrakhan fez of the police force. The messenger placed a folded note on the Resident's desk.

The Resident opened the note, and his controlled features disintegrated into those of a harassed but thoroughly human being. For a few moments Sir Hunter Graham retired into some private purgatory of his own. Then, emerging from it, dismissing the messenger in curt Arabic, he turned to Henry Collis with that opaque manner against which the American felt defenseless. "Mr. Collis, Allenby Bridge reports that six men were murdered south of Jerash at dawn today. South, mind you. We can expect the rebels at any time from now on. I must therefore formally demand that you leave Tel-el-Bahr before sunset and cross the Jordan into safer country."

Fair enough, Henry thought. A showdown at last. But he said, "I can't promise that. I have work to do, and I'm able to take care of myself. I'm not claiming your protection." And he added rashly: "If this region is actually unsafe why do you let your own daughter remain here?"

INSTANTLY he was made to realize his indiscretion. The introduction of the personal, the family matter in a question which concerned two men. "My daughter," the Resident stated icily, "joins me here regularly during her vacations from England. I believe I'm qualified to judge what is safe for her and what is not."

He rose, accompanying Henry to the door of the office. "Mind you," he added, "as soon as I can spare a couple of men I shall send them down to arrest you. And our jail is not overly luxurious. You'd best think this over, Mr. Collis. You have until sunset to think it over. And remember that you're forcing my hand."

"Thanks," Henry said dryly, "for being so explicit." He walked out into the rose garden. Beyond the Residency's walls he found his ancient and dilapidated car, whose canvas top had been bleached whiter than salt by a relentless sun. He climbed in; went rattling off into the stark, stone-terraced hills. . . .

Profound despair assailed him as he covered the jolty, dusty nine miles between the Residency and the excavations. The crisis, he realized, had come precisely at the wrong moment. He had gained possibly six hours by arguing with the Resident. Six hours—for a problem which might take six months to solve. . . . There was, he decided, only one course left to adopt. To take his astonishing discovery to the Department of Antiquities at Jerusalem, its vital secret unsolved, and there to surrender it. And one fine day, perhaps years later, a committee of elderly and learned gentlemen would announce to the world an epoch-making discovery. A discovery which would make the Bible seem truer and closer than it had ever been before. A discovery which would authenticate certain chapters of the Bible, *because it had been written almost contemporaneously with the wanderings of the Children of Israel;* which would silence forever the skeptics who claimed that those wanderings were but the picturesque legends of an ancient priesthood jealously guarding its privileges. A discovery, in fact, which would renew spiritual faith throughout the universe, just when that faith was most needed.

And yet, Henry Collis perceived bitterly, to take the little marble vase to Jerusalem would signify a shattering personal defeat. Worse, even—a confession of failure to himself. Perhaps, even, a downward turning point in his career. For, surely, only once in each generation was there offered to some grave young plodder of his profession a goal so resplendent that it dazzled him to contemplate it. . . .

When he reached the excavations he went to his tent, unlocked the safe, and satisfied himself, with that blend of awe and fear which always captured him on such occasions, that the amphora was still there.

In the noonday silence, in the semi-darkness of the tent, the little white vase reposed tranquilly in its wooden box. So pure, Henry Collis thought. So chaste. Its proportions as perfect, as heart-lifting as a single clear note of music. He picked it up, dusting it tenderly, surveying for the hundredth time the single line of wedge-shaped characters etched upon the curving alabaster, which was comparable to the shy curve of a young bosom. He sat down there, revolving the vase in his large, capable hands. Communing, as it were, with it. As if he dared hope that by some miracle it might graciously consent to reveal its secret. But there was, as usual, no clue. The archaic wedge-shaped characters, utterly different in disposition from any cuneiform writing that he or any other living man had gazed upon before, remained mute.

THAT evening he sat alone amidst the excavations, a brooding and ironical figure such as Rodin might have sculptured. The countryside was filled with silence. The gray hills, strewn with tortured olive trees, were at the moment treated with a violet wash of light that softened their barrenness and lent them a spurious lenience. Toward the west, toward the Jordan's quiet flow, the sunset was like a harvest of grain; (*Continued on page 162*)

ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY ALFRED PARKER

Buck was a cowboy fresh from the range . . . it was a question in his mind whether he had picked up Lou Mellody or she had lassoed him

DIME -A- DANCE GIRL

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP

THE work had become slack in the fall after the beef roundup, and when he had a chance to go east as a chaperon to a trainload of stock he took advantage of it. Not without some misgivings, though. It wasn't a matter of money, or of not wanting a real vacation. The trouble was he had never been over three hundred miles from home, and the idea of being in Chicago had him spooked a little.

It had the cows spooked too, Buck guessed. He could hear them bawling down the length of the train when he

The photographs looked good and the music sounded good

came across the road from Engblatt's store and dumped his grub box on the rear platform of the caboose. One way they had it on him, he guessed, was they had some definite object in the trip, and that was more than he had. Up ahead a freight engine was backing onto the siding, and a brakeman was coming down the line of cars tapping on the journal boxes with a hammer.

The rest of the hands were already on board. At the top of the steps Mr. Corbin's bulky shoulders were blocking the caboose door. He pulled a cigar out of his vest pocket and bit the end off it, looking at Buck. "Well, son," he said, "don't get tied up with any of those Eastern squaws and forget to come home. I can't afford to lose a good hand right now. They're few and far between today."

"I'm just goin' for the ride," Buck said.

Somebody started laughing inside the caboose, and Hugh McCarey's voice drifted out over the sound: "Don't worry about it, Mr. Corbin. I'll take care of him."

Buck pushed his hat back. "I guess he can do it, at that," he said. "I understand he spent considerable money on his education."

That would shut Hugh up for a minute. A year ago when he had made the trip he didn't show back at the ranch for six weeks. He had a year's pay on him when he left, but he let the time limit on his ticket lapse and the boss had to wire him money to get him home. "He'll do it again, too," Buck thought. "But not for me. A man's a damned fool to let some woman get him hooked like that."

"It's a comfort to know he's in good hands," Mr. Corbin said. "You get snarled up this time, and, by God, you can stay there!" He eased himself down onto the cinders. "Well, so long, boys," he said.

Buck stood and watched him go. He didn't blame Mr. Corbin, but there wasn't any reason for supposing that all women were like that. They could kid all they wanted to, but he could see himself sitting at a bar, or walking down the street with a real good-looker on his arm. Not the kind Hugh had tied in with, but a real, nice girl. The kind of girl he had been wanting to meet for a long time.

Across the street from him lights began to wink on in the Palace Hotel, the O. K. Café, and Kilrain's pool hall, looking small and forlorn against the black bulk of the hills behind them. It made him feel lonesome, and for just a moment he wished he was over there in a back room some place where everything was familiar, instead of being Chicago-bound. "Just grab my bedroll and get off, and to hell with it!" Up ahead somebody was waving a highball with a switchman's lantern. The lurch of the train almost took him off his feet when they started to move.

It was a five-day drag with two stops for feeding and watering, one at Williston, North Dakota, and one at South St. Paul. It was night when they pulled into Chicago. Buck was sitting on the back platform, with his feet on the steps, looking at the dark shapes of the pens and the scattered lights. He was crippled permanently, he guessed, from sleeping all curled up, owing to the limited accommodations afforded by a stockman's Pullman, and he was a little tired of eating cheese and crackers and canned beans, but maybe it was worth it. He had $400 in the back pocket of his jeans, not counting the $60 he had

won playing poker, and maybe he wasn't going to spend it when he hit town!

It wouldn't be long now, either. Sitting there, he felt eager and excited and scared all at the same time. Beyond those lights lay something strange, and he sat there trying to imagine what it was like, awed by the picture of it he had in his mind. It was like a small boy's wonder, and it made him feel ashamed.

Hugh McCarey had come out to stand behind him, complaining in his light voice, "We got a whole trainload of beef, and the only grub I've had for a week had to come out of a can. . . . Well, cowboy," he said, "there's Chicago." . . .

IT WAS a natural thing that he'd throw in with Hugh while they were in town. They worked for the same outfit and Hugh knew his way around the city, but he traveled too fast for an ordinary cowpoke to keep up with him.

They had been in town four days and they hadn't stopped long enough to get acquainted with their hotel room. It was a good room, too. It was costing them $8 a day, and it was like nothing Buck had ever seen before. A little different, he guessed, from a six-bit room back in the Palace, with a twenty-watt bulb dangling in the middle, a white iron bed, and a cracked pitcher and washbowl on a rickety table in the corner. This room really had class. As for Hugh—"He swings too big a loop for me," Buck thought. What he wanted to do was to get out and find his own entertainment in his own way. He pulled his boots off and lay down on the bed.

"The trouble is," he said, "I don't see how I'm goin' to winter in a bunkhouse after beddin' down in a wickiup like this for a while."

"When they give you the bill you'll thank God you got a bunkhouse to go back to," said Hugh. He was standing in front of the mirror, pulling his face around while he shaved. "I got a date with that redheaded dame for tonight. You want me to fix you up, kid?"

Buck blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling. "Just this one time," he said, "I figured on cuttin' out my own stock. There must be a lot of this town we haven't stopped to look at yet." . . .

It was a question in his mind later whether he had picked Lou Mellody up, or whether it had been the other way round. It wasn't exactly a pickup, though, in the strict sense of the word, so maybe you'd just call it an act of God and write it off the books that way.

It was a simple enough thing. He wound up in that dime-a-dance joint because his feet were tired from a lot of unaccustomed pavement pounding, and because the music sounded good coming out over the noises of the street. When he came in the room he noticed the dark-haired girl in the impersonal way you notice any pretty woman. She was standing near the door. He glanced at her as he went by, and twenty feet farther on he stopped to look at her again, for a reason that he couldn't completely understand. She was in some sort of a jam, though, he guessed, if he could read signs at all. There was a nervousness in her manner that suggested some sort of trouble. And the man with her was doing a whole lot of intensive talking.

Buck lounged into the wall watching them. The man, he disliked on sight, for no reason, except that he was too good-looking and his good looks were the kind you wouldn't trust very far. Not effeminate exactly, but not much of a man, either. His hair was a little too slick and his clothes fitted just a little too well. "A tin-horn gambler," Buck thought, "and a fourflusher if I ever saw one."

It surprised him to find that the girl was looking at him over the man's shoulder, almost as though she were asking him for help. "That's off my range," he thought. It wasn't any game for a country boy to be sitting in, but in spite of that he found himself moving in that direction, not sure of what he intended doing. It didn't please Slick Hair any when he dealt himself in.

The music had started up again. "Ma'am," Buck said, "if I remember right this dance is mine."

She looked at him, expressing a gratitude that astonished him. "Listen, Eddie," she said to the other man; "I'll do my best. Give me a break, though. You know Mike doesn't like to have you hanging around when I'm working."

Eddie said, "Mike can go to hell."

"You're drunk, Eddie," the girl said. "I have to go now, honest. I'll see you later."

She took hold of Buck's arm, turning him away, talking in a low voice: "Do me a favor, will you? Take me out of here for fifteen minutes, and maybe he'll go home. I'll pay for it."

SITTING across a table from her in a bar down the street, he had a chance to study her more closely. He had always liked brunettes, and this one was a pretty fair representative specimen. She had a full, generous mouth and dark gray eyes set wide apart. And the hair that he'd thought was black had flecks of red gold in it where the light struck. She was younger than he'd figured at first. Twenty-one or twenty-two, he guessed, and a better looker than anyone Hugh McCarey had found for him.

The thing that bothered him was just what part he was supposed to be playing in this setup. "I don't like to horn in on your game, ma'am," he said, "but I'm considerably in the dark as to why you picked on me."

"You happened to be the nearest one." She had a curious directness of speech that he liked. "I suppose you wonder what it's all about," she said. "Well, why shouldn't you? The management doesn't like you to have boy-friends around when you're working unless they pay for your time. I was afraid I'd lose my job. Eddie's all right when he's sober," she said. Her voice was suddenly bitter: "Why does he have to get drunk and come up there and make trouble, though? Where does he think I'd get a hundred dollars?"

"Sounds as though he'd got his loop tangled some way," Buck said.

"He's in a jam, if that's what you mean." She looked straight at him suddenly, her gray eyes furious. "Go ahead and say I'm a (*Continued on page 64*)

NEXT MONTH

THE words of the men below her rang hatefully in Phoebe's ears. Whose country was this they spoke of so scornfully and complacently? What did these men, with their talk of battles thousands of miles away, know of the life Americans were building here? These were not bad men, these men from Europe, but how could they understand our Declaration? "All men are created equal . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

BEVERLY SMITH

an ardent student of Colonial history, has written for the January issue a stirring story . . . the spirit of which is as applicable to our nation today as it was on . . .

CHRISTMAS, 1776

THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM

Meeting the CHALLENGE

BY FRANCES V. RUMMELL

Miss Rummell, a teacher of French and of creative writing in the Hickman High School, Columbia, Mo., sponsored the winner in the Article Division of the 1938–39 American Youth Forum Competition. Here she offers valuable suggestions to students in preparing their entries this year.

AS THE sponsor of Hilda Scott, who won the first award in the Article Division of the 1938–39 American Youth Forum competition, I am naturally keenly interested in this year's subjects—which seem to be remarkably stimulating and thought-provoking.

In both of them—"Today's Challenge to America's Youth," and "How Much Security Is Enough?"—there are such rich possibilities that every high-school student with any spark of imagination and originality should be able to turn out a paper that will offer valuable ideas and constructive suggestions.

And, to me, the thought of our young men and women exercising their minds on these vital, contemporary issues is thrilling. Original, independent thinking, particularly among young people, is going out of style in too many countries of the world today. The youth of Europe is not being taught to ask, "How much security is enough?" nor to define the challenges of its society. European youth is told flatly that the security which is offered is enough, and that's that. And European youth questions social institutions at the peril of life.

But, with our precious legacy of democracy, we Americans encourage our young men and women to think for themselves. More than that, we rely upon them to think out their future—because the future of America will be built on their solutions to the problems of today. In the essays that are being written on these two American Youth Forum subjects, will be found priceless keys to the trend American democracy will take tomorrow—and the day after tomorrow. The future of the United States is in the hands of our youth—not in the hands of some bombastic dictator with delusions of grandeur in his head, and a catchy slogan on his lips.

Teachers throughout the country will have little difficulty in helping their students to think for themselves about the two American Youth Forum subjects. I should like to think out loud about them a little myself. My ideas, of course, are simply general suggestions, springboards to launch the student toward his own thinking.

On the first subject, "Today's Challenge to America's Youth," I should say that there is an almost limitless number of challenges for an entrant to discuss. The war in Europe, for example, *challenges* us—challenges us to stand firm for the institutions and traditions that we cherish. The field of economics suggests a number of challenges: the relation of business and government, industrial production and public consumption, public and private life.

If a student doesn't care to treat the questions generally, there are many specific approaches to the subject. Here are some that occur to me:

1. *The Challenge of Employment.* Many competent observers believe there is a growing respect in the United States for the dignity of work. Not just white-collar work, but work of all kinds. Is this one of America's answers to the challenge of the depression? Statistics indicate that our youth may have a tougher time landing jobs than young men and women did a dozen years ago. Does our youth have the courage to accept the challenge of statistics?

2. *The Challenge of Foreign Isms.* Fascism and Communism, threats to American democracy, are designed to have "youth appeal." Young people, naturally impressionable, emotional, and gregarious, like to join movements—particularly movements that have parades, slogans, and promise of adventure. How can our youth best meet these challenges to Americanism?

3. *The Spiritual Challenge.* Doubt about fundamental values is, according to many authorities, widespread today. Two of the world's mightiest nations are anti-Christ, and our own people grow sensitive to reverberations of their spiritual collapse. How can you, as an American, meet the spiritual challenge of the day? What is religion's place in your world?

4. *The Challenge of New Frontiers.* Sometimes young people complain that frontiers vanished with the covered wagon. There were plenty of opportunities, they say, in the days when the first railroads were pushing across the country, when oil fields were being developed, when automobiles were transforming America's traveling habits—but now the industrial machine is completed, they say, and opportunities have van-

ished. Economists insist, however, that each new invention creates its own frontiers, that aviation, air conditioning, soil conservation, Diesel engines, laboratory experimentation, have created—and will continue to create—new frontiers undreamed of by older generations. How does our youth meet this challenge? Is it ready to conquer, even to discover, its own frontiers?

5. *The Challenge of Race Prejudice.* Patriotism, which in peacetime is an idealistic emotion, takes on the character of race hatred in time of war, making it impossible for many people to evaluate an enemy nation's point of view. Even without war there is a possible undercurrent of resentment of one race against another. How can youth help answer the challenge of race prejudice within our tradition of tolerance? How can education help?

6. *The Challenge of Propaganda.* The world has never been so crisscrossed by conflicting social and economic theories as it is today; and each theory has developed its propagandizing into an art. How can youth discover the truth behind the party and national slogans; the fact behind the censored announcement; the necessity, even, for propaganda? That is a challenge our young people must answer if they would be intelligent leaders tomorrow. . . .

THE second subject, "How Much Security is Enough?" can be approached differently by those who enjoy different degrees of security now. The word "security" itself has many meanings. Obviously, the type of security demanded by the millionaire who is concerned about his stocks and bonds differs from the security desired by the workman who is worried about his job.

1. You might approach the question by considering the obligations of the federal, state, and local governments. How much security does the government *owe* the citizen? Most citizens grant that we are entitled to protection from armed invasion; to protection of our lives and property from criminals and cheats; to protection of our health; to opportunities for education; and to a stability of society that permits us to plan for the future. Does the government also owe us employment during times of depression? Is it responsible for our old age? Where does its responsibility begin—and end?

2. Many people feel that opportunity to earn a living is all that the government owes us. Do you agree? If so, which securities that we now enjoy could safely be withdrawn? How can the minimum demands of security best be supplied?

3. Isn't there a specific valuable security which comes from preservation of our civil liberties—from our right to think, to worship, to talk as we wish? These rights are so commonplace in the American system that students are apt to overlook them when discussing the type of security they expect. Furthermore, isn't there a fundamental security which comes from an adequate preparation for a career—whether it is a career as a doctor or a plasterer?

4. Security may not be an unmixed blessing; too much security, many people believe, is as bad as not enough. Do you feel that too much security is deadening to your best efforts? Do you want the stimulus of unrest, perhaps even of danger? Do you want to be secure in the way that a dowager's lap dog is secure? How much security, then, is compatible with individual initiative and independence?

5. The question of security may take an international perspective. How do these crusading political philosophies of Fascism and Communism affect the security of the democracies, of the United States? Is our own philosophy of government impregnable? . . .

If these suggestions are of any value they will help to start the ideas churning in students' heads. As one of the important aspects of the competition is the search for originality, a student would be unwise to follow these tips too closely. The wise student will consult his library, magazines, and newspapers, editors of his local newspapers, clergymen, his teachers—everyone, in fact, who can stimulate his mind—and then he will draw his own conclusions from the mass of evidence he has collected.

Research before writing of the article is of the utmost importance. Few students have had enough experience with the world to sit down and produce a worth-while article without consulting anyone or anything. But remember that discussions, reading, and interviews are excellent stimulants to thinking; they are not substitutes for it.

Educators have designed The American Youth Forum to supplement or to fit into schoolwork, and many teachers and students find it a vitalizing form of study adaptable to history, civics, sociology, economics, and English.

As a basis for supplementary reading, for term papers, for personal project work, and for classroom discussions, the teachers and students in my school have found the subjects of the Forum leading to a welcome and practical variation. Last year several of my students, using their Forum subjects for term papers in English, became so interested in developing their material that I encouraged them to use class periods for research and writing. Other students developed their subjects in other classes and in extracurricular activities: in the school newspaper, the debating club, the current events club, the history club, and as material for home-room programs.

I believe that the youth of today, upset by an adult world, a good part of which is at war, needs to know America's problems, and America's relation to war's chaos, as no other generation of boys and girls has ever needed to know them. If our political commentators are right, this generation is going to inherit plenty of challenges to brave thinking. Any effort a school can make toward introducing our American boys and girls to the extraordinary problems of today is more than humane; it is imperative if the school hopes to prepare its boys and girls for their adult problems. . . .

• • •

Miss Rummell has prepared this list of tips for entrants in the current competition:

Write simply, without affectation, and make every word count. Original ideas count more than facility of expression.

Be sure that your article has unity and logical organization; otherwise it will collapse. A good article is built on a planned outline.

Present a realistic, well-rounded point of view. Wishful thinking and sentimentalism are worthless. You are not writing a fairy tale.

Be constructive in your thinking. Tear down if you must, but make suggestions for improvements. Be practical and positive.

Consult your teacher-sponsor for advice and critical guidance throughout your research and actual writing.

Don't imitate last year's Forum winners. The Forum is hunting for *new* talent, *new* points of view in 1940.

Don't spread your material too thinly; or overemphasize a detail at the expense of the whole. The effective article presents its main (*Continued on page 81*)

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CASH AWARDS

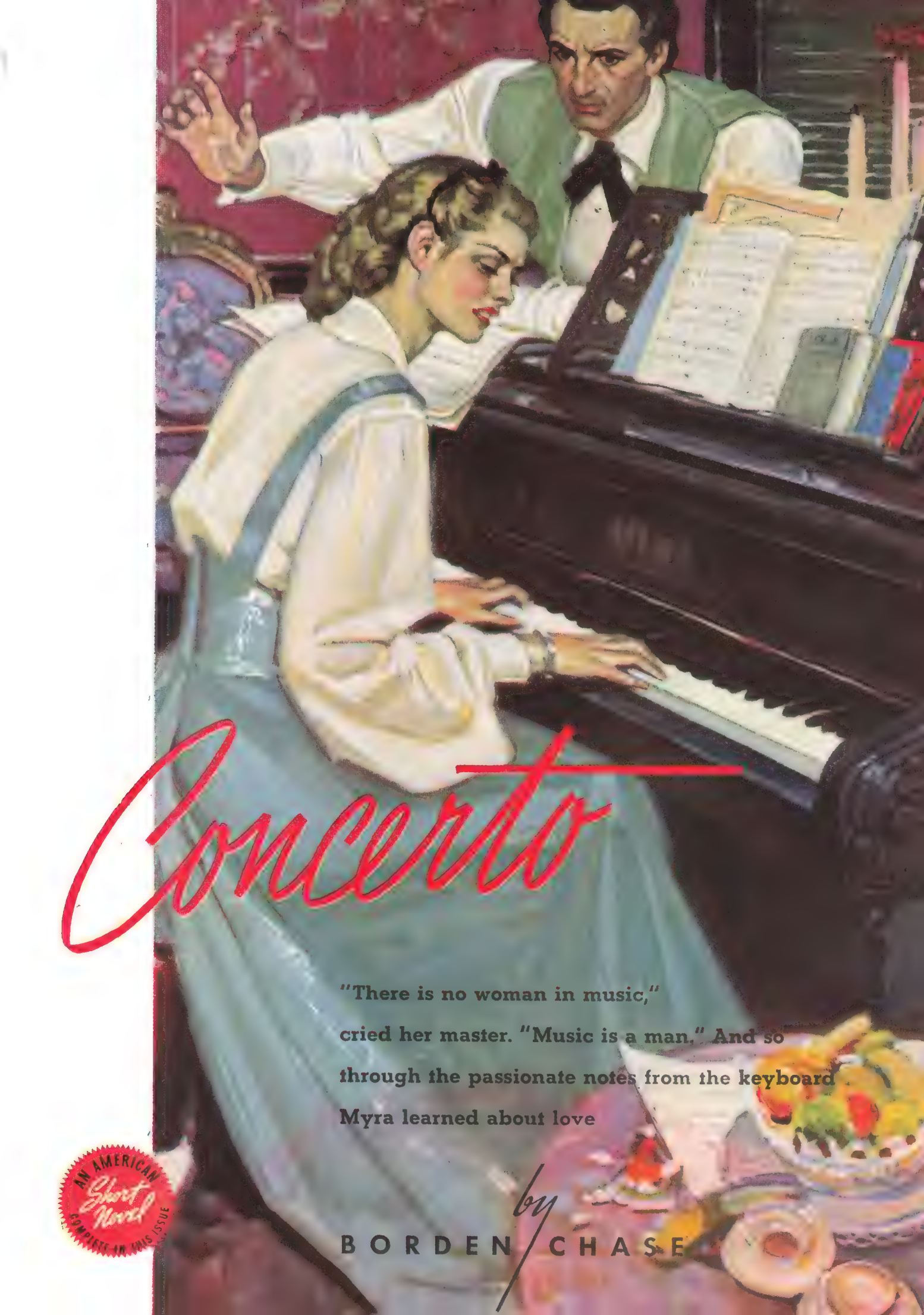
★

The awards in the third American Youth Forum Competition are:

$1,000 for the best article, not to exceed 1,500 words, on either of the two following subjects: *Today's Challenge to American Youth;* or *How Much Security is Enough?;* $500 for the second best; $100 for the third best; $50 each for the 5 next best; $25 each for the 10 next best; $10 each for the 50 next best; $5 each for the 100 next best; and Certificates of Honorable Mention for the 500 next best.

$1,000 for the best painting, drawing, or photograph on either of the two following subjects: *Today's Challenge to American Youth;* or *My Community: Its Place in the Nation;* $500 for the second best; $100 for the third best; $10 each for the 25 next best; $5 each for the 125 next best; and Certificates of Honorable Mention for the 500 next best.

Expense-free trips to New York for the first-award winners and their sponsors in each division.



Concerto

"There is no woman in music," cried her master. "Music is a man." And so through the passionate notes from the keyboard Myra learned about love

by BORDEN CHASE

AN AMERICAN Short Novel COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MYRA HASSMAN
Brilliant young pianist

PROFESSOR LAUDEUTSCHER
Teacher of piano

LEOPOLD GORONOFF
Distinguished Russian pianist

PETER HASSMAN
Prosperous farmer; Myra's father

MRS. SAMPTER
The Hassmans' housekeeper

GEORGE SAMPTER
Mrs. Sampter's son

MAMMA GORONOFF
Leopold Goronoff's mother

PORGY. . . *Myra's daughter*

NIKULAUS SEVERIN
Noted Swedish pianist

MR. KAVLUN
Goronoff's secretary

He never forgot that he was the great Goronoff

HE WAS a Russian. If you saw him in a group and his back was toward you, then he was small. A little man with rounded shoulders and very black hair. But when he turned, and you saw his eyes and his nose and his high, white forehead, then he grew tall. He grew so tall that he towered above his circle of admirers like a pine tree in a field of corn.

Myra stared at him, and knew she was staring. But she couldn't help it. She had to look. She heard her teacher call her by name, felt the old man's fingers in the crook of her elbow, and knew it was time for the introduction. The good and kindly Professor Laudeutscher was about to present his favorite pupil to the maestro.

He was a proud man, this Professor Laudeutscher. It was his big day. It was a day of which he would tell many times during the years that were left to him on this earth. For the city of Philadelphia had been honored by a visit of the great Goronoff—Leopold Goronoff, that bewildering Russian pianist who had just completed a march of triumph through a dozen capitals of Europe. And now he had come to Philadelphia. He had sent for his friend, Professor Laudeutscher. He was going to listen to one of the professor's pupils.

Myra's hand was lifted by the hands of the great Goronoff. He was looking at her and saying, in that peculiar stilted English of his, "Myra Hassman—I like the name. I like your eyes. You will play for me, Myra." And he walked with her to a piano. The chatter of voices was stilled. It was then Myra realized she had broken the skin of her lower lip with the edges of her teeth.

She felt the hard top of the piano bench beneath her, so she must be sitting down. One foot reached for the pedal of the huge concert grand, and she tested the action. Quite mechanically. But the feel of the rounded brass pedal against the thin sole of her slipper was comforting. She pushed it down hard. Then let it come up. And she looked at her hands, as though surprised to find them still there at the ends of her arms. Frightened? Of course she was frightened. Who wouldn't be frightened to play for Leopold Goronoff? And especially here in the city of Philadelphia.

"An étude, perhaps?" he was saying. "Or a fugue that will show the fine training of my friend. Yes—that would be it—a fugue."

She didn't want to play a fugue. Not for Goronoff. Even though Professor Laudeutscher had worked for hours with her in preparation. No, she would not play a fugue. So she shook her head. And her bright yellow curls danced. And Goronoff laughed. A flare came into his eyes, and he stared at the color that was lifting in Myra's cheeks. Beautiful cheeks that were soft and round and new with the brightness of sixteen years.

"Bravo!" said Goronoff. "She tells her master to go to hell!"

In the city of Philadelphia! No one laughed. No one did anything. And Myra felt ashamed and very much to blame for the terrible thing the Russian had said. She was angry, too. People were looking at Professor Laudeutscher. It was as though he were to blame. And the poor professor was trying to smile, and making such a bad job of it. Myra looked right at the Russian. She wasn't frightened now.

"Because you are a guest," she said, "and because you come from St. Petersburg, my master has asked me to play Tchaikovsky—a solo from the B-flat concerto."

It was a lie. A terrible lie. Myra knew it; Professor Laudeutscher knew it; and, worse than all, Leopold Goronoff knew it. His eyes flared again, as a fire does when gunpowder is dropped into it. He looked right inside of Myra, and his eyes said, "I dare you!"

So she did. She played the cadenza that closes the first movement of the B-flat Tchaikovsky. Played it well and hurried the Bach-like voices into a crash-

ing finale. And when it was finished, and while the small audience was applauding and the good professor was coughing to keep from crying, Myra stood up and faced Goronoff. She looked at his round, white forehead, because she was afraid to look into his eyes. Then she felt the palms of his hands against her cheeks, and those short, strong fingers twisted her head down until their eyes met.

"Myra Hassman—beautiful child," he said. "You have a great talent." And it was all over. . . .

SO MANY things had happened in such a little time. Four short weeks ago Myra had played for Goronoff in the city of Philadelphia. Now he was a guest of the good Professor Laudeutscher in the brown house at the top of the hill. A terrible guest, to be sure. One who would howl at the neighbors when they came to pay their respects. One who would sleep most of the day and play most of the night. A mad Russian, the newspapers called him. But they took the bite from the words when they admitted genius had come to perch atop of Round Hill in the old Laudeutscher farmhouse.

And those hours at the professor's piano. Hours and hours and hours. Goronoff paced the floor and shouted the orchestral parts to the Brahms concerto, the Grieg concerto, that of Chopin, and the B-flat of Tchaikovsky. At times he ran to the second piano and boomed out the themes—hammered them from the keys with punishing fingers.

"Pick it up!" he cried. "Pick it up, Myra! Faster and faster and faster! Tchaikovsky was a Russian—he ran with the wind! Pick it up, pick it up!"

Myra's fingers and wrists and arms were strong. They didn't mind. But a round, hard ache grew in her back, and at night when she climbed onto the high mattress of goose feathers she said, "Damn, damn, it hurts!" because that pain in her back wouldn't let her stretch at all. And she had learned the word from Goronoff, who used it each time she blurred a run in the treble.

BUT lunchtime was fun. Goronoff came walking down the hill from the Laudeutscher farm, scuffing the dust of the road with his tiny foreign shoes while he gulped in great breaths of summertime. He would stop and gather a handful of wild flowers—daisies and dandelions, a few sprigs of clover, and sometimes a violet. He'd scrunch them all together and bind them with a strand of timothy to make a funny bouquet. And he'd present them to Myra, with a smile and a bow and some phrase he'd learned in Paris. Then Myra's father would wave from the hayfield and tell them not to wait lunch for him. So they'd sit at a table under the elm, and she'd play lady while the master played gallant.

Mrs. Sampter didn't approve. Myra's mother had died five years past, and Mrs. Sampter was a widow-woman from town who worked-out at the Hassman farm. Her biscuits were fluffy and crisp, and there was a dish of blackberry preserve on the tray she brought to the table. Even though she didn't approve of Goronoff and his ways, Mrs. Sampter was proud of her baking. When the musician would fill his mouth with a whole biscuit on which he had spread a spoonful of preserve, she would frown. But when he said, "Not in London or Prague or Vienna have I tasted such food. No—not even in Paris, madam!" then Mrs. Sampter would touch her cheeks with the edge of her starched apron and smile a little before she turned to shake an angry hand at George.

George was her son. A tall boy with a freckled nose and hands that were big for his sixteen years. During summer vacations and after school he worked at the Hassman farm. Myra's father liked him. Said he could do the work of any two men in the valley. Myra liked him, too. And she was proud when he came to the edge of the hayfield and rested his arms on the fence while he watched her at lunch with Goronoff. She was conscious of his eyes when she lifted the teapot as a lady should and poured for the master. And she always smiled when Mrs. Sampter shook her hand at George and chased him back to his work. He was such a youngster. And Myra was such a lady.

"Another cup of tea, Maestro?"

And the great man would answer, "If you please, my lady."

And she would pour quite daintily,

"My hands!" cried the maestro. "Stop—my hands!"

while out of the corners of her eyes she could see George, waist-deep in the gold-topped hay, watching as he worked. Her audience of one.

Oh, it was fun. And soon it was more than fun, for Myra, at least. Music does things to a girl-child. It makes her grow fast. It tumbles together all of her emotions and boils them around in a huge pot. Like a witch's caldron. It makes her cry when she should be laughing, and it makes her laugh when she shouldn't. And then she learns of a thing called love.

Myra's big moment had arrived. The applause thrilled her

Gently, at first, from Mozart and Mendelssohn. It's sweet and soft and pleasant to the touch. Then it grows and spreads with Brahms and Schumann, gathers fire and tempo from Saint-Saëns and Debussy, until at last it bursts into a rushing tempest of sound and fury and mad, mad melody as the Russians use it with pagan lavishness.

And so it grew with Myra, until one day when she sat with Goronoff at luncheon under the elm she knew she had become a woman. And she knew she loved the Russian.

It was then he said, "Myra, my beautiful—I am going away."

The day had been pleasant, but now it was dead. This day and her world had died together. She sat with her hands folded on the table edge, and she knew that nothing he could say would bring them alive. No praise nor flattery nor words of encouragement. Nothing. He was going away. That was all.

He stood up and came around the table. She felt his hand on her elbow, and soon she was standing to face him. Laughter was fingering the corners of his eyes and he made a round mouth in imitation of Myra's pout—the one she had used before she became a woman. For instance, when she had played a difficult passage, and played it well but not well enough to suit the maestro, then she would purse her lips and make them round. Oh, it was ages and ages ago—'way back at the beginning of the week. And he was doing that now.

"You hear me?" he asked. "I say I am going away. Going far away!"

"Yes, Master."

"Ho! That is all you can say? You can only say, 'Yes, Master,' when I tell you I am going away?"

She didn't answer, and he caught both of her cheeks in his hard, small hands. Shook her face and held it level with his own. "And," he said, "I take you with me, Myra Hassman. How you like that, eh?"

"Dear Lord," thought Myra, "it can't be. He can't mean it. He's laughing at me. Playing one of his crazy tricks."

But he did mean it. Every word. Oh, there was gossip in the village, and Peter Hassman, her father, came in for his share of criticism. That mad Russian—he was the talk of Europe! Scandalous affairs, some of them. Mixed up with a princess, and there was a rumor he was no longer welcome in St. Petersburg. He was a genius, and weren't all geniuses one step removed from the madhouse? And little Myra, not yet seventeen, gadding about the country with Goronoff!

SO IT went—talk and more talk. But Professor Laudeutscher pleaded and Peter Hassman listened. He sat with the Russian in the wide front room of the farmhouse. Talked to him for an hour behind closed doors, while Myra knelt beside her bed and prayed very hard. "Let me go, God," she said. "Let me go, and I'll work so hard. I'll take care of the maestro, too. I won't let him eat too much or drink too much. I'll make him go to bed."

Perhaps because it was her last little-girl's prayer, it was answered. Her square trunk with the oval top was strapped and loaded onto the carriage that took her to the station. Goronoff followed in Professor Laudeutscher's surrey, with bags and cases, and an umbrella clenched in one fist. He was asked by the delegation to say a few words at the station. He did. He said, "Good-by! Good-by!" and he grabbed Myra's hand and marched her into the coach.

Myra looked from the window. Her father was standing in the center of a group of neighbors, and the professor was at his side. They waved to Myra and she winked hard to keep back the tears. It was all so mixed and exciting. She wanted to go, but she was frightened to leave. This was her home and these were her friends. She knew everyone on the station platform, and she whispered their names as she picked out the faces. Then she saw George. He was a little apart from the others, dressed in his best clothes, and his shoes had been rubbed till they glistened like his cheeks. He was holding a bunch of garden flowers in one hand and rubbing his chin with the other.

That was like George. The flowers had been on the seat beside him when he

FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

Goronoff lifted the musical notes out of the horns and waved them toward the audience. Wood winds and violins joined them

drove her to town, but he hadn't mentioned them. Hadn't said anything at all. And when the neighbors gathered about her to say good-by he had been pushed into the background, and there he stood, still holding the flowers he had gathered that morning.

"Good-by," she said, making the words with her lips against the window. "I'll write to you, George. Honest, I will."

He waved then. He was a serious boy and he seldom smiled. He didn't smile now. And when the train started he walked beside it to the end of the station, increasing his pace as the train gathered speed. . . .

THEY met Mamma Goronoff in New York. Mamma spoke Russian and German and French and Spanish and a little Swedish, but "of English I have not much" she admitted. She boxed her son's ears in the lobby of the hotel, kissed his cheeks, and then looked at Myra Hassman.

"She is mine, Mamma," said Goronoff. "I found her down in Philadelphia."

"*Doorak, ty isbral jenoo vmesto eeskoosstva—vmesto moosykee!*" said Mamma in one breath. And later Myra learned she had said, "Fool, you chose a wife instead of art—instead of music!" But the maestro explained and the old lady bobbed her head. It was a huge head. Like a lion's, thought Myra. With a great mass of soft white hair and very black eyebrows. Her lips were full and soft. Her neck was short and thick. No taller than her son, she seemed to look

above the heads of every woman in the hotel lobby.

"Come, Butterball," she said to Myra. "You play for Mamma Goronoff. She tells then if Leopold hears music with his ears, or if he sees it with his eyes."

Myra played for Mamma Goronoff. And soon the maestro was playing. And the playing went on throughout the night. Two huge pianos that filled the hotel suite with sound. But there were no complaints. Not one. People stood in the corridors and listened. There were groups in the lobby and others on the stairs. Mamma Goronoff marched the length of the suite waving Myra's parasol as she shouted the themes that roared from the pianos. And at last it was over. Goronoff strutted and cried, "Did I tell you? Is she not wonderful?" And Mamma Goronoff nodded and looked at a clock.

"*Ach!* I do not like America! Daylight comes too soon!" And she turned to Myra, clucked her tongue, and started toward the bedrooms. "Come, Butterball; I rub your back and you go to sleep." . . .

There was Berlin, and Paris, and finally Vienna. A bewildering succession of glittering cities, and each one brought its letter from George. Short letters, but they told of the farm and the folks in the valley. Most of them waited for days for an answer. Myra was so busy. There was so much to do. Work, and more work, and hours of practice, first with the master and then with his mother. Mamma Goronoff might be gentle at times, but let Myra so much as pause in her practice and Mamma became a tartar.

"This thing—how you call him in English?" she would say. "This thing—ah, talent. That is it—talent!" And she would shake her fist at Myra. "Talent is work, Butterball! More talent is more work. And genius—ah, he is most work of all. Play, my pretty one! Play till you back is broke!"

MYRA played. She practiced in Prague and she practiced in Budapest, took lessons in Rome and more in St. Petersburg. And it was here Mamma Goronoff found her on a morning in spring at a desk in the music-room writing to George. His letter had come in the post that day and was open upon the desk. Mamma saw it, and took it and read it aloud, forming each word with her lips.

"Who is this George Sampter, eh?" she asked. "Who is it this man, Butterball? Why you write him, eh? Why you take time with a pen when it is a piano to be played, eh? Why? Tell me who is this man?"

"George?" said Myra. She put down her pen. "Just a neighbor, Mamma. He worked on the farm, and now he's in law school. I wanted to tell him I was glad—to encourage him."

"Why you glad, eh?"

"Because he's a nice boy and I like him. Isn't that all right, Mamma?"

"Like him is all right. Maybe you love him?"

Myra laughed. "Don't be silly, Mamma."

The old lady made her lips straight as she looked again at the letter. "He learns to be lawyer, eh? Pouff! Lawyer, doctor, fisherman—all the same. Only is music, Butterball. For you, only is music!"

Myra folded the unfinished letter and tucked it into one of the slots in the desk. She went to the piano and played. Played until a band and banners and marching men came swinging past her windows. Then the master came home, and his eyes were hard. It was war. The fools had set Europe afire, and the ears of the world wanted only music that blared from the mouth of a horn. Music that mingled with laughter and cheers and led men off to another place where guns played a thundering counter.

THEY left Mamma Goronoff in Odessa, and there might have been tears, for Myra had grown to love the fierce old gentlewoman. But Mamma stopped all that. "Dry you face, Butterball," she commanded. "Me—I am Russian. I stay in my country until we both die. But you go with Leopold; he is belong to the world. The whole world—all of it!"

"But the war," said Myra. "We can't leave you here, Mamma."

"War—*ach!* Leetle boys in soldier clothes! It is notheeng—notheeng! Already Peter the Great is Peter the Dead, but Tchaikovsky will live on and on and on—" She caught Myra's arm and walked with her along the station platform. They were waiting for the train, and it had been delayed because of troop movements. And when they had gone a little apart from the group that encircled Goronoff the old lioness looked long into Myra's eyes. "One theeng only, I tell you. *Ach!*—a music lesson in a station. Always remember, Butterball, in every concerto one theme must predominate, and that is the heroic—the male theme."

The train came then, and they left her. Goronoff waved and shouted and wept. Myra tried to smile. And Mamma Goronoff—oh, she was fine! She laughed and threw kisses and called, "Go on, go on, go on!" Then she turned away and walked majestically from the station. And three months later they learned the White Russians had killed her. It seems she had been smuggling food to the poor and reading to them from books that were banned.

But many were dying in Europe that year. It was no place for music or those who made music. Goronoff went to South America, played a little but spent most of his time at composition. Myra worked with him. She insisted upon that. Lessons were one thing, but food and clothes were something else again. And so she helped to score his works, answered the many letters that came to the master, and made his appointments. She made him eat, too. And made him go to bed when he should, instead of sitting throughout the night at a piano. She would have breathed for him if that were possible. For, you see, Myra loved the master.

It was a strange thing, this love. It hadn't all come suddenly. Rather, it had grown with her knowledge of music. At first it was merely the worship of a scholar who sits at the feet of learning. She didn't notice when his cheeks were unshaved, or when the heavy circles under his eyes brought a hard cruelness to his face that was matched by his words. Not at first. Like his music, Goronoff was perfection to Myra. And as the weeks grew into years, and she learned to see him as a man, her admiration for his talent allowed her to dismiss these things as less than nothing.

And Goronoff could teach. He would sit with her at the piano throughout the night, patiently alert to the faintest blur of a wrongly pedaled passage. He would tell her of Grieg, that man from the North who had caught the feel of tall mountains and transmuted it into music. He would whisper of Schumann and the loves of Liszt. Then he would play, and break off suddenly to march across the room waving his arms and shouting a theme.

"Play, Myra!" he would cry. "Play as I do! You are mine and I made you—play, play, play!"

And, because she was his and wanted him to be happy, Myra played. Her back was rounded and her bright blond hair was damp against her forehead. A flush that grew at her throat crept up to her cheeks and it throbbed with a rose-red glow. Her heart was pounding and her lungs were tight, but she played. And, caught up with her love, she poured all that was Myra Hassman into the music.

THEN Goronoff would lift a vase and smash it against the floor. "That's what you do, little fool! You make noise! You think you are Beethoven, eh?" He would run across the room, push her from the piano bench, and while he still screamed words his fingers would breathe against the keys. "Restraint, Myra! Always restraint! Think what you wish—say what you wish—but for music you must save restraint!"

Sometimes she cried. But Goronoff knew the answer. He leaped from the piano bench and capered about the floor like a great, black bear, or ran to the fruit bowl and pretended to juggle the apples. So Myra would laugh. So they both would laugh. Then a sip of wine, a bit of bread and cheese, and back to the piano for hours on end.

Love him? How could she help it? True, he did terrible things there in Rio de Janeiro. He found a woman, tall and dark, with cheeks the color of a coffee bean that has (*Continued on page 128*)

You don't have to ride to hounds to learn this about whiskey

HUNTSMEN TELL US that the traditional, last-minute "stirrup-cup" before the hunt starts is just about perfection when it's . . . *Four Roses.*

But you don't have to ride to hounds to discover that Four Roses is a whiskey endowed with every excellence a man could hope to find. There's a much easier way. . .

Simply choose any fine whiskey you can name. Taste this whiskey . . . then taste Four Roses. We're certain you'll agree that Four Roses simply can't be matched!

Four Roses, you see, is a superb combination of *several* fine straight whiskies . . . each outstanding for some special quality. All of these choice whiskies are *at least 4 years old*—old enough to be bottled in bond, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But we think it far better to combine these matchless whiskies into *one* whiskey that is *finer* still. Then, to make this *finer* whiskey lighter and milder, we *purposely* bottle it at 90 proof (instead of at the stronger 100 proof that all bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). And the result is *one magnificent* whiskey—Four Roses!

Today, buy a bottle of Four Roses and make the pleasant comparison we've suggested. Or do it at your favorite bar. *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old

"Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY

Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand,* in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

"Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Cigarettes were compared recently ...sixteen of the largest-selling brands... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*

FROM THIS DAY forward

(*Continued from page 27*)

days. "Why not stay here? We're a nice young couple. You'd like knowing us. We'd have you over for Christmas and . . ."

I didn't tell them why I was going away, because it was a silly question, in the first place. They knew why. Instead, I made some inane remark. I was going to live in sin and the newsreels with a native beauty. I felt a human-derelict spell coming on, something I picked up as a child. Instead of saying, "I'm going away because I can't stay here and watch this go on. I love you too much, Helen. And I love you too, Peter, in a way. I'm going to get the hell out before it goes phooey" . . . instead of saying that, that night in the smoky cabin, I made some bright crack, and we parted with laughter, the firm handclasp, the gay good-by.

When a boat sails at midnight, and there are only a few passengers on it, you talk to yourself. You stand alone at the rail, sea wind washing your face, watching the lighted piers move slowly by, studying the stars flung across the dark sky, flicking a cigarette to the black water far below, and saying, with a resigned bitterness, a dry, aching semihumor, "Well, it's ended. Good-by, Helen. Good-by, Peter. Hi ya, Johnny, old boy, old boy! Here we go. New sights to see. New worlds to conquer." . . .

SEVENTEEN months after I sailed from San Pedro, I met Helen on Post Street in San Francisco. I had spent the morning in my hotel room steaming the labels—the fantastic array of world-round labels—off my luggage, and even once or twice had thought of wiring her and Peter ("The prodigal returns. Prepare a wake," or, "Look what customs found going through my luggage," or even something standard, like, "Landed this morning. Fine trip. See you soon").

But I hadn't wired them, because—well, just because. News from them had come through spasmodically. Eleven riotous post cards from some Arizona Indian Reservation they had visited for no apparent reason, and then nothing for two months. A gay letter from Helen in Sydney, too gay a letter, too colorful, too falsely happy. Something from Peter I could scarcely make out, a sentence (illegible and indecent) scribbled on the back of a New York speak-easy menu and mailed to me in India. The cables about the baby.

And then that misty early-summer afternoon in San Francisco, so many months later, I walked directly into her in front of a Post Street art shop.

"Johnny!"

I said, "In the flesh. I got back this morning in a crate of bananas."

"You look grand!"

I said, "Let's talk about you. How . . . where . . . ?"

But I caught myself, which made it worse, and the faintest of smiles crossed her face as she shook her head a little. "Not how, Johnny. Not where. Why?"

IT TOLD itself over Temple Bar teacups. Told itself in the movement of her hands, the shadows of her lips, the vaguest of lines at the corners of her eyes, the way she held her head up and her neck up and her shoulders up. As if with effort. As if a weight were dragging them down. Why?

Why—because there were the nights when they would sit together before their fire, she and Peter, with everything warm and certain and happy. And then there were the nights he wouldn't come home at all.

There were days like the days at the races, gay days in their sunny clubhouse box, with Peter calling the winners and Helen's shoulder ablaze with orchids and people looking at them and talking about them and taking their pictures. And then there were days like the days at the races when people still talked but no pictures were taken; with Peter drunk, at the hundred-dollar window, the five-hundred, the thousand, stumbling back to their box in a daze, cursing ill luck in a violent rage that showered her with shame.

There was the quiet midnight when they talked about having a baby. There was the fantastic, shattering midnight twenty-four hours later when Peter and a carrot-topped number named Madelon le Fleur crashed into a fire truck at Sunset and La Cienga.

And then, more—much more—than the talking about having the baby, there was the having of the baby.

"You knew about Peter Junior?" Helen's question, over that Temple Bar table was guardedly gentle.

I said, "Yes. I knew."

The first cable (HURRY HOME CENSUS INCREASING) had reached me in Naples. The second cable (PETER JUNIOR ARRIVED YESTERDAY) I received months later in Paris.

I hadn't answered either of the messages. Not that I didn't try. I did. I tried to think of all the clever answers I could, but—written out—they were flat and lifeless and stupid, and after a little while, after the news grew cool, an answer didn't seem necessary.

To Helen, in San Francisco, I said, "Yes. I knew about Peter Junior." And then I said quickly, "What does Peter think?"

"I don't know."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean he just looks at the baby. Just looks, Johnny. There's nothing in his eyes, and yet there may be so much, I can't see any of it. Oh . . ."

I covered one of her hands on the cloth with mine. "I know, Helen. Men are clumsy." But I didn't think that, really, because I knew what was behind her words. I knew how Peter would be. Something inside of me said, "His eyes are so full when he looks at that kid, nobody can see what's in them."

I guess you would say that we talked around it, from then on, that day over the San Francisco teacups. I didn't say, "Well, I warned you, Helen. I told you so." I did say, "I'm sorry. Sorry as all hell."

An hour later I left her in the lobby of her hotel. She would go back, of course. "Everybody goes back to Peter, Johnny. He's got gravity beat a mile."

I pressed her hand again, and tried to smile. "You could do worse, Helen. He's a fancy guy." And then I turned and went through the revolving door and out into the crowds. I knew she'd go back, and I knew why. Again and again and again and again.

But she was only to go back that one time. Officers Mulligan and Jones, of the State Highway Patrol, found Peter's car a week from the following Sunday morning on the coast highway near Santa Monica. Their report was terse and concise. Peter had left his keys in the switch but the motor was dead. He had taken off his coat and hat and tie and left them on the seat with his wallet and the notes, but he evidently hadn't taken off his trousers or shoes until he reached the water. His trousers had been tossed up on the dry sand, and one of his shoes, water-soaked and soggy, came in with the first tide, but the other was never found.

I WAS eating a late breakfast in my hotel room in San Francisco when Helen's stark, lifeless call came through, and I tossed some things into a bag and took the next plane south. Somebody's cousin met me. I went first to the police station, and then out to the beach. I walked down the dirty sand and stood—as she must have stood such a short time before—looking out to sea, with all the wonder and the wondering, all the heartache and all the horror in the world, in my heart.

Then I went to Helen. Or, rather, then I went to Helen and Peter Junior. Because, in the fern-filled solarium where I met them, the boy who looked up at me wasn't Helen's boy or part of Helen, really, at all. Behind his wide child's eyes, gray and already so wise, lay all of Peter's humor and all of Peter's tragedy. In his close curly hair, his shy, twisted smile, the line of his chin, even, and the way he talked, he *was* Peter.

Remembering, it chokes in my throat, dampens the palms of my hands, dries upon my lips. We used words, but they had little meaning.

"Johnny!"

I said, "My dear . . ."

Her chin quivered, but she didn't take her eyes from mine or her hand from Peter Junior's shoulder. Painted, it would have hung in the Louvre. "I should have known."

I said, "This isn't the kind of thing anyone would know. Ever." I knelt down to the little boy, but he pulled against his mother, his wide eyes frightened.

I said, "Look, old man, don't be afraid of me. I'm your Uncle John." But a tiny fist, clenching on one of the folds of Helen's dress, was his silent answer.

The stuff has been long written and read and mulled over. The various handmaidens of our civilization permitted everyone to read the sentence which had been scribbled some dozen hours before in a car on a state highway on a California seashore. "Some

day, Johnny, you will see that this is the only way"—that sentence, intended for me; and then the words, because they were scarcely a sentence at all, which were meant for Helen: "Good-by, my dear. Forgive me."

There were the usual doubts, of course. You may remember, though eight years is a long time. The insurance investigation uncovered bad debts. Reporters unearthed a brunette named Thelma Pennoyer, whose carmined lips spewed a scandal-sheet story. The police discovered a valise, initialed "PS," a hundred yards down the beach from the car.

A hasher in a Kansas City hamburger stand waited on Peter one Tuesday night at 11:32. But, of course, the man wasn't Peter. An old lady in Lincoln, Nebraska, saw Peter in an elevator. But, since then, the same old lady has seen Judge Crater seven different times. For Helen and me, for everybody who knew Peter well, knew his moods, his depressions, knew his strength and his weaknesses, knew his mother before him and his father, there were no doubts. For us, the solution of it, the secret—if it was a secret, if it required a solution—was forever intermingled and entangled in the undertow of the Pacific, the channels, the offshore kelp beds, the secrets of the tides.

HELEN, her money gone, put Peter Junior in a day school and took a secretarial job downtown. We met often at lunch. Sometimes we had dinner together, and sometimes, after the first few months, we did a show or the night spots. She was very thin, then. And her eyes were haunted.

Sometimes on Sundays I would pick them up, her and Peter Junior, and we would drive into the valley or down the coast. Those were good days, in a way. They were empty days, but they were at least calm. Helen would wear gay colors, and Peter Junior would be full of questions, and we would stop in funny little places and eat—smoked swordfish at the Newport pier, hamburgers in a Laguna roadside stand, fried shrimps in La Jolla.

So the days passed and the weeks and the months, and soon, one by one, the years fell aside. And soon, too, because it seemed soon although it was five years, six, maybe seven, I was saying, "I may be older, Helen, but I'm still intact. I don't radiate youth any more, but I still have most of my hair. You could do better, perhaps, but you could do worse, too. Why . . . ?"

We had stopped in a gas station that hot August evening in 1935, and she smiled a little, on the seat beside me, and said, "This is a very neat spot for a proposal, Johnny. But it's—it's too soon to ask me."

I said, "That may be so, but I wanted you to get the idea. I've always loved you, Helen."

"I've always loved Peter, Johnny." Her voice was very gentle, but the words were just the same.

"When the time comes . . .?" I began, and she said, interrupting me, "When the time comes, I'll tell you."

When the time did come, however, it wasn't Helen who told me. It was Peter Junior. And it was also two years later.

We, the three of us, were in a toy department downtown. The stores were mobbed, ablaze with Christmas lights, green with pine wreaths, silver with tinfoil rain, white with cotton snow. I had just ordered a transformer and some track for Peter's electric train, and said, "Well, old man, now what? A station?" And he took my hand and looked up and said, out of a clear sky, "John, are you my dad?"

I glanced at Helen, who had become preoccupied with a little yellow freight car. Then I said, "No, Peter. I'm not your dad. . . . What kind of a station do you want?"

"Well, you're married to Mom, aren't you?"

PEOPLE didn't look at us. Nobody even heard Peter in that crowd, but I felt as though the whole world was watching. I felt my neck grow red, and I tried to laugh. "Nope, old man. Not married to Mom. . . . Hey, look! How about a signal?"

"Why aren't you married to Mom?"

Helen looked around then, but not at me. "Johnny's an old friend of mine, Peter. I've known him a long time."

I said, "Say, this is sure some signal! How about asking Santa to bring you one? Eh? Sure, a good signal . . ."

"Didn't I ever have a dad?"

I said, "Why all the questions, old man? . . . Look at that train coming through the tunnel! See it?"

He said, "I saw it. Why aren't you my dad, John?"

I gave up. I gave up completely. I looked down at him and then I looked at Helen, and her eyes met mine, and I said, "I don't know, Peter. I don't know why I'm not. How about you, Helen? Do you know?"

"John!"

"Well, do you?"

"Johnny, please!"

"Do you know why, Mom?"

There was no smile on her face then, at all. But somehow she *was* smiling, a little. It crossed her mouth. It moved in her eyes. She picked up a signal and handed it to the clerk, and she was very matter-of-fact when she said, "No, Peter. I guess Mom doesn't know, either."

Peter looked up at me. "Well, now let's go look at scooters." . . .

A month later we, Helen and I, walked out of that courtroom, leaving Peter Senior, dead forever, behind us. "Well, that's that, Johnny." I took her arm and steered her through the crowds. "That's that, all right," I said. "I'm—I'm sorry, Helen," and she looked up at me, her eyes tear-stained, and said flatly, "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

We were married in a little church in Pomona, about half past eleven one windy morning last February. It wasn't much of a wedding, as weddings go, but it was enough for me. It was enough for both of us. Helen wore something tailored and a little dark hat, and orchids, and I wore a gray suit and a rather sheepish smirk, I'm afraid, particu'arly when I commandeered two women passing by, for witnesses. ("How exciting! Are you the bride's father?") They fluttered a bit, and then they were extremely benign. If we hadn't been in our middle thirties, we would have felt like two eloping school kids.

But somehow it was sort of beautiful, that wedding that day in the cool, empty church. We had hamburgers and coffee and pie in a drive-in for our wedding breakfast. (Later, crowded against me for one moment at the reception, Helen said, "You see, Johnny? I told you." And I looked over people's heads at Peter, very tall and very lean and very smooth, and said, "You told me. Be happy!") And then we drove slowly back to town, our windshield rain-splattered, and it was all over.

That part of it. . . .

I SAW Peter Scott last night at seven minutes of six in the evening crowds on the corner of Sixth and Spring. I had called Helen, telling her to drive into town to the Bali Room and meet me, and was just turning out of the building when I saw Peter. He looked older, of course—eight years older, eight years and three months and two days—but otherwise he hadn't changed. He had on a dark gray topcoat and a dark gray Homburg and yellow gloves, and he looked very slick, as he always looked very slick. I saw him, and he saw me, our eyes meeting in the one uncanny instant, and then he was gone again, the vision blown away, and I was standing, frozen, in the crowds.

You say, "Eight years is a long time, Johnny. He's dead. You know that. Memory isn't a stable thing. You were mistaken"; and I say, "Hell, man, I know he's dead! But—but about last night, I wasn't mistaken. That was Peter Scott I saw. I don't just think so. I know!"

I don't drink much, and I never drink alone. But I had a drink by myself last night in a bar on Seventh Street—which was about as far as my legs would propel me. It had to be figured out, this. If Peter was alive Helen had a right to know it. And it put me on the spot. Should I tell her? What would I say?

The waiter gave me a very strange look before he took my order. "Heart trouble?" he asked. I said, "In a way." He shook his head: "Whisky won't help that any." And I said, "Never mind the obituary. I'm over twenty-one."

What if I hadn't lost Peter? Or perhaps "lost" isn't the word, because I hadn't gone after him. What if I hadn't let

Colin Allen

"Here's the five dollars I owe you"

WHY America IS Healthier...

AND HOW YOU CAN HELP TO KEEP IT THAT WAY

1909—Thirty years ago—in an average community such as illustrated above—tuberculosis was the leading cause of death. Such other diseases as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, and measles were also common causes of death. The annual toll of fatalities from preventable causes was entirely too high.

1939—During the past three decades, the death rate for tuberculosis, according to latest available figures, has declined more than 66%; for influenza and pneumonia, 24%; for measles, 87%; for whooping cough, 59%; for diphtheria, 90%; for scarlet fever, 87%.

AMERICANS BORN TODAY HAVE, on the average, a prospect of living ten years longer than those born a generation ago.

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▶ *Why* is America so much healthier today?

Because a tireless, eminently capable body of men and women—medical and public-health workers, and those engaged in safety work—have within one lifetime so brilliantly extended our defenses against disease and causes of death.

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▶ How can *you* help America to maintain its enviable health record?

First of all, by guarding your own health—by having regular medical check-ups and by seeing your doctor promptly in the event of sickness. Second, by concerning yourself actively with the efficient functioning of the health services of your community. And third, by giving your support, whenever you have the chance, to the cause of better local health conditions.

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him go? What if I'd grabbed his arm, turning him around to me quickly, so that all emotion would have drained out of his face in frightening surprise, and I would have said, "Come on, Pete. Let's have a drink," as natural as I could be, my voice controlled, my hand steady. Now I wouldn't be alone in this bare booth had I done so. Now he would be sitting across from me, his yellow gloves tossed casually beside his glass, his Homburg on the seat beside him.

HE WOULDN'T have changed very much. That easy breeziness wouldn't be gone, for all the drama of our meeting. "This is a great coincidence, Johnny! Of all people!"

I would push the ice around the top of my drink with my finger, searching for words. "Small world."

"How's Helen?"

"She's all right. We—we're married."

He would know that, of course. "I read about it. Almost sent you a wire from the—from the tomb, as it were. And the boy?"

"So like you, it's frightening."

For a moment, he probably wouldn't answer, and I would say, "Why'd you come back?" blurting out the sentence. "Why return to hound us, to haunt us . . ."

"Look," he'd say. "I loved Helen. Believe me. I loved her more than I could love anyone else in the world, and always will. But I wasn't the fellow for her. You knew that. You told me so. You were born to be her husband. I was born to be a bum. She was going to pieces, Johnny—because of me. The whole thing was going to pieces. I knew you could put those pieces together. But not with me around. Not with me any place at all, because Helen made a bargain when she married me, and she would have kept it, always. Maybe I didn't handle the fade-out with finesse, but you have to admit it was certain. Now, I just have to see my son—" I would probably interrupt there, but he would stop me: "You needn't worry. I won't ring the doorbell. I'll find a way. And—and that's all I want. I'll never come back again. Johnny—you understand?"

"'Nother drink, sir?"

I looked up, startled, into the waiter's wide face. My glass was empty. Around me people were talking and laughing. I took my hat, mumbled a blurred, "Thanks. That's all," and went out into the cool, windy night. Strangers brushed my shoulders. A chance acquaintance nodded at a corner. Ted, when I gave him the parking tag, tipped his hat and trotted down the lot for my car. The drink had warmed me, and yet left me cold. My hands were cold, and my feet were cold, but my forehead was warm and damp.

By now Helen would be waiting for me. We would have a quick dinner, and go on to meet the Andersons wherever we were going to meet the Andersons. Ahead of me lay the standard evening, a movie or bridge or poker, or perhaps the ice show. And behind me the scene had changed again, becoming standard, too; with other people—a couple perhaps, a stocking clerk and a bond-house runner, movie-bound and in love—sliding into that bare-tabled booth, ordering drinks and talking about Myrna Loy or Gene Krupa or Elmer Layden, just as I and the ghost of Peter Scott had slid into that booth such a short time before, playing with our damp glasses on the cardboard coasters and invoking the past in a series of sentences, swift and impersonal, conjured out of nothing more than the fleeting glimpse of a man's face in a crowd on a sidewalk.

I tossed Ted a quarter, switched on the car radio, and pulled out into the heavy evening traffic. . . .

HELEN was waiting for me, and I sat down across from her at one of those low, square tables. She was in black, a black suit with a fantastic little jeweled faun at her lapel and a little black hat with the briefest shadow of a veil over her eyes. She is older now, of course, but she is still very slim and quite lovely, I think. The years have been good. She has that easy grace which is so rare. Her eyes have it, and her hands, and it is in the way she does things.

"Sorry, darling."

She said, "It didn't matter, Johnny. I just got here. Peter didn't want his supper, and I had to stay to feed him. He gets so restless. . . ."

"He's like his dad." The words slipped out, though I hadn't meant to say them.

"Why'd you say that?" Her question was gentle, not a demand, but asked merely with a soft curiosity, and I said, not quite looking at her, "I don't know, Helen. He's—he's been on my mind."

She had ordered dinner, and the waiter brought our consommé, so for the minute he was serving us we were quiet. The blonde who sings there began to croon a love song into the microphone on the little raised stage.

"He's been on my mind, too," Helen said at last. "Funny thing."

"Helen . . ."

"Yes?"

"What—what would you do if he came back?"

SHE put her spoon down and covered my hand with hers, shaking her head and smiling just a little. "He can't come back, Johnny."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean he's gone, Johnny. Gone forever. Time is a great healer. We have each other now, and—well, I suppose this is how it should have been from the beginning. He was a fancy fellow, and you can't blame a girl. But the footprints in the sand have been washed away."

I said, "That's from a book."

And she smiled again. "That's from my heart, Johnny. The past is past. From this day forward . . ."

She touched her water glass to mine, our eyes meeting over the rims. Here was the answer to my question, the certain answer, for now and forever.

So it comes to an end, Helen and Peter Scott and Johnny. In the Bali Room her soft hand is in mine under the table, a wine cork pops, the girl in white sings a soft ballad to the color purple. At the beach the frame of lights along the dark water dances gaily in a great arc from Malibu to Palos Verdes. The curtain falls, and the music swells. These are the tag lines.

NEXT MONTH—a newcomer to our pages . . . Noel Pierce, who has written a brilliant story of the opera . . . ARIA to SUNSET.

DIME-A-DANCE GIRL

(*Continued from page 50*)

fool. He welched on a hundred-dollar bet, and if he doesn't raise the money in a week God only knows what they'll do to him."

"I take it," he said, "he expects you to back his play."

Her laugh was harsh. "Why not? I'm going to marry him when he gets a job."

"Yes, ma'am," he said. He raised two fingers at the waiter. "With times the way they are," he said, "that may take years."

She stood up from the table, and he rose to stand beside her. "I was just talking, ma'am. I didn't mean any offense."

"It wasn't that." She had produced a lipstick from some place and was using it expertly, drawing her mouth a dark red against the whiteness of her face. "I know all there is to know about Eddie," she said. "The trouble is I happen to be in love with him. . . . I have to go back. My time runs up into money when I'm away."

In fifteen minutes, he figured, you couldn't even get started with a girl, and he had the whole evening in front of him. The waiter put two drinks down on the table. Buck grinned at her. "Let's give him three, four more hours, and make sure of it. You don't need to worry about the money. This is my play from now on."

They made a curious couple. She was wearing a long dress with a cape across her shoulders, and he remarked the stares of the passers-by when they stepped out into the street. "They figure I'm a green hand on this range," he thought, "which makes them considerably more than half right."

The trouble was he had never learned to wear city clothes as though he belonged in them, the way Hugh McCarey could. His suit was good—he'd paid $60 for it over in Great Falls—and he was wearing a Northwest cattleman's hat with a narrow brim and a flat crown dented four times into a Montana peak, but he could never feel just right in a pair of shoes, so he still had his boots on.

He stood an even six feet one without the

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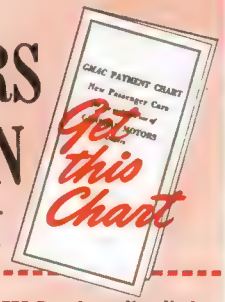

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*City*_____ *County*_____ *State*_____ *U.S.A.*

high heels, but in spite of that the girl's head came well above his shoulders. That was a part of the staring, he guessed, seeing two people as tall as that. But he didn't mind it, anyway. Not now. It made him feel pretty fine to be walking along with a girl as good-looking as she was. Gave him courage.

He had thought it would be the only time he'd ever see her. In the first place, he didn't like to try to jump another man's claim. In the second place, there wasn't anything there for him, and Hugh knew some girls that would be a lot more friendly for the same amount of money. But he went back, just the same. He was a fool to do it, and he knew it. And it didn't seem to make any difference, because four nights handrunning he showed up and took her out some place. It was adding up into money, and he wasn't showing any return on his investment.

BY THE time he had to go back home their friendship hadn't progressed much beyond what it had been in the beginning. A part of that was his fault. He didn't know a great deal about girls, and he was a little gun-shy after some of the stories he had heard.

It didn't do any harm just to think about it, though. He could imagine the look on Mr. Corbin's face if he showed back at the ranch with a bride on his arm. It would surprise him some, Buck guessed. But it wasn't as outlandish as it seemed. After all, it wasn't as if he couldn't support a wife. He had a good job as top hand with the Bearpaw outfit at $60 a month and found. He had some money put away in the bank. And, besides that, he had his own ranch, with a few head of stock and a good, sound three-room log house on it. Take it any way it came, no wife of his would ever starve. It wasn't luxury, maybe, but it was a long cry from poverty.

He had thought about it a lot, not really seriously, but just the way you think about things like that, remembering Lou Mellody. He wasn't in love with her, though. Or at least he didn't think he was, or wouldn't allow himself to be.

It was hard to tell exactly what he did feel about her. Part of it had been his own loneliness and a feeling of strangeness in a city, he knew, and part of it was a strong physical attraction, and part of it was an abstract pity for her, working up in a honky-tonk joint like that, where anybody on earth could buy the privilege of pawing her for a dime; and waiting for Eddie to make money enough to get her out of there. "I'd hate to hold my breath that long," he thought. . . .

That last night in town Buck was extra careful about having his hair slicked down and getting his boots shined. Lou had agreed the night before to meet him downtown early in the evening. It was the first time he had taken her out for dinner and he didn't want to miss anything. He had even bought a flower for her in the florist shop in the hotel lobby. When she pinned it on her coat he noticed she was looking at him curiously. Maybe it wasn't the right kind of flower, he guessed. It was something he didn't know much about. The only flowers he knew were cactus flowers, Indian paintbrush, wild roses, and loco weed. This was something they called an orchid, and the man in the shop had said any lady would like it.

It was sort of an occasion of hail and farewell, and he made the most of it. They had cocktails first, and after that they had a dinner which made him wonder how anybody could eat the food you got out of a chuck wagon. And after the dinner they had brandy and benedictine with their coffee. That was something he had learned from Hugh, and something Hugh had learned from putting in a couple of seasons riding herd on a bunch of lady dudes. "It ain't exactly firewater," Buck thought, "but it's all right for ladies."

Things had gone off pretty well, he thought, but Lou Mellody had been silent all through dinner, and that worried him. He didn't know what had gone wrong.

She looked at him suddenly. "Listen, cowboy," she said; "if my old man ever heard that I'd gone soft-hearted he'd beat me to death, but for once in my life I'm going to be honest, and may it be the last time, because if you're honest in my business you starve to death." The color had come up in her face, but her eyes were steady, looking at him. "I never met anybody like you before, and I hope I never do again, because it might ruin me. You've spent a lot of money on me," she said. "What do you expect to get out of it?"

He shook his head. "Not anything. I saved up a year's pay," he said, "to shine my buttons around this town for ten days. At ten o'clock tomorrow night I'll get on a train down in the station and forget about it. I never expected anything."

It was the truth, too. The trouble was he hadn't figured that things would happen quite the way they had. He didn't expect anything, but sitting there he suddenly realized that this was the last time he'd ever see her. It hit him pretty hard. "Ma'am," he said, "why don't we get married?"

"What do you mean?"

"I might mean let's get married," Buck said.

A WAITER came up to pour fresh coffee for them, and he ordered two more brandies. It wasn't the way he had meant to say it. Maybe he hadn't meant to say it at all, he guessed, but he had the job all done now. Lou Mellody wasn't looking at him.

Finally she said, "You better go back home before I forget my good resolutions . . . What do you know about me?"

He got the brandy down and it made him feel better, warming up his stomach. "That's a stand off," he said. "What do you know about me? I'm a gambler," he said, "and I only got one more day in town. I don't figure I got anything to lose."

She had to have time to think, naturally. He fished around in his pockets for cigarettes, and sat there staring out at the room and the people, recalling the O. K. Café back home, and the bar next door with the smell of oil on the floor and stale cigarette smoke. This was different, the way everything in his life would be different now. No matter what happened nothing would ever be the same again. He didn't have much hope, but there wasn't any law against trying.

"What if it didn't work out?" she said.

He felt his pulse jumping. It wasn't an acceptance, but it wasn't a refusal, either. And he thought he saw what was wrong. She didn't want to take a chance on getting stuck for the rest of her life in a country that she didn't know, and might not like. Or maybe she was thinking of something else. It was taking a gamble, and he knew it, but he put it right on the line. He got the bank roll out of his pocket and counted out five $20 bills in front of her. "You can always come back," he said.

It wasn't until after he'd left her that he had time to really think about it. She had $100 in good American currency. It occurred to him suddenly that the only thing he really knew about her was her name, and that he had no idea on earth where she lived or how to get in touch with her. . . .

Hugh McCarey had been out on a party and he was still a little better than half drunk. He was lying face down on the pillow, with his shoulders moving in convulsive

Priscilla

"I'm waiting for it to calm down—I've never painted anything but still life"

jerks, and Buck couldn't tell whether he was laughing or crying. He was still drunk enough to be doing either. He had his face down in the pillow, and his voice sounded like a mouthful of hot mush.

"I spend all my money," he said, "bein' a horrible example, and what good does it do? I was taking care of you like a father and you've broke my heart."

"Ah, for God's sake!" Buck said. It was his own fault, he guessed, for telling Hugh about it, knowing the way Hugh felt about women. He might've kept his mouth shut, though, instead of carrying on the way he was. "You wouldn't trust your own mother," he said.

"Nossir," Hugh said. "I sure wouldn't," he said. "She run off with a traveling fiddle player when I was risin' seven. Her least of all. My old man used to say, 'Hugh, boy, never marry a woman. You can't trust 'em.'"

Buck went over and looked out the window. All right, never put any faith in what Hugh had to say, especially when he was drunk. But it didn't help your state of mind any. Particularly when she had needed a hundred dollars, or might need it; although the money itself wasn't the important thing.

He sat down on the bed, and let his boots fall, and rolled in under the covers. Hugh didn't know her, or he wouldn't have said what he did, but he didn't feel as certain about it as he had an hour ago. He lay there in the dark, trying to keep his mind on what it would be like when he met her in the morning, the way they had agreed, and they went out scouting for a preacher.

By six o'clock in the afternoon he had to admit it was no good. Up to then he'd told himself she had been delayed, but she'd never be that late, and he couldn't rib himself up to it any longer. Spending the afternoon in the bar hadn't helped any, either. It wasn't the idea of the money that bothered him. And it wasn't the thought of the riding he'd get when the boys at home found out about it. He could take care of that. The thing that hurt was being cold-decked by somebody you'd thought was straight.

HE LEFT the bar and went up to his room. Hugh had gone out and hadn't come back yet. Buck packed his bag, trying to keep his thoughts on what he was doing, but he couldn't get Lou Mellody out of his mind. If he could talk to somebody it might help, he guessed, but Hugh was the only person he knew in town, and Hugh wouldn't be any help. If he could get mad it would be all right too, he guessed, but he couldn't even manage that. All he could do was feel sick.

It was almost a relief when he discovered that he'd be making the trip home alone. Hugh called in at eight o'clock, and the way his voice sounded you could tell he was tighter than a new boot. Some place along the line, though, he'd managed to talk a doctor out of a medical certificate saying he was sick, and that would give him an extension of the time limit on his ticket. He'd be home when his chips ran out, he said.

Buck put the phone down and sat for a minute staring at it. A week ago if somebody had told him this would happen he'd have said they were crazy. Maybe in a few weeks it wouldn't be too bad again. It was bad now, though.

He came out of the station into the train shed smelling the hot grease and the smoke. It was thirty minutes too soon, but they had the train made up, (*Continued on page 68*)

JUST A PEDDLER

BY PAUL JONES

THE word *courage* always reminds me of a little old man who used to come to our door every month or so, selling furniture polish and kitchen gadgets out of a black valise.

He was shabby, but only because he was so poor that he had to demand of his clothing an endurance equal to his own. His threadbare coat was clean and well brushed, and his trousers creased as well as trousers can be creased by putting them under your mattress and sleeping on them. The one extravagance he permitted himself was in the matter of neckties, for which he paid 25 cents apiece. He liked bold patterns and striking colors, and it seemed to me that he wore them as he might have carried a brilliant banner into battle. He was small, tough, and spry. Invariably shaven to a pink perfection, his seamed face expressed a resolute good humor that his years of misfortune had been unable to discourage.

Day in and day out, a good many peddlers come to our door, but he managed to set himself apart. For one thing, he kept to a regular schedule, so that you could count on seeing the old man at some time during a given week each month, and thus defer certain small purchases until he reappeared. For another, he studied his markets in a way worthy of many a larger enterprise. In the course of an early conversation, for instance, he found that I did some writing. On his next trip, he tempted me with a small supply of paper clips and erasers.

Business over, we used to talk, and, little by little, I learned something about his life. For 35 years he had been foreman of the brass foundry in a large industrial plant, and 10 years ago he retired. Not on a pension. The firm gave him, in its old-fashioned way, a sinecure as a sort of supernumerary watchman, free to come and go, but without any special duties. If he went to work, all right. And if he didn't, that was all right, too. He got his small salary anyhow.

"I liked it that way," he told me. "And I thought I was fixed for life. Who'd have ever thought a big place like that could go bust?" He fixed me with his blue eyes, bright as a gamecock's. "But it did, flatter than a pancake."

"Tough luck," I said.

"Sure. It was tough for everybody. One good thing, anyhow. My wife didn't live to see it. Funny," he reflected, "that's the first thing came into my head, the day I heard the news. I said to myself, well, anyhow, Mamie won't have to worry about it.

"Still and all," he went on rapidly, as if he were afraid that I might think he was inviting sympathy, "I wasn't as bad off as a lot of other people. I owned my own home, and my boy had a job, and he brought his wife and kid to live with me. Trouble was, he got sick and had to quit his work. Something wrong with his chest, but nothing a change of climate wouldn't cure, so the doc said. He was right, too. Harry's as fit as a fiddle since he moved out to Arizona. Wants me to go out and stay with him. You ever been to Arizona?"

"You'd like it," I told him.

"Maybe I would, but Harry hasn't got much of a job. He's got enough to think of with his wife and the little boy."

He said no more that time, but I knew, from a previous day, when, as two landless men, we had discussed real estate, that he had sold his house at a sacrifice, and now I knew why—to get the money to send his son and his family west.

The question of courage came up one day, when we were talking about a plane, lost at sea. He spoke as if courage were a quality apart from an everyday mortal like himself. "I don't know how some people have the nerve to do the things they do," he went on. "Take these fliers, people like Lindbergh and Wiley Post and Howard Hughes and that poor Earhart girl. Up there alone, in the dark and cold, never knowing what's going to happen to them next."

He shook his head. "You'd never get me up in one of those things. I'd be scared to death."

I doubted it, but I said nothing.

"Or take those fellows in the trenches during the war," he went on. "Imagine what they went through! Imagine plain, ordinary men like you and me walking forward with shells dropping all around them. I don't see how they did it. It's lucky I was too old to go. I'd have been running yet."

He stooped, and closed his valise. "Well, I better be getting back to work," he remarked. "Can't stand here gassing all day."

"So long," I said. "See you next month."

I WATCHED him go down the path, and out of sight, the wind whipping his blue and scarlet necktie over his shabby shoulder like a battle flag. The next month, and the next, he did not appear, and I have never seen his brisk figure since. Someone has heard, through the vague channels by which unimportant news filters into our neighborhood, that he is dead.

I am sorry to hear it, sorry to hear that the world's small stock of courage has been diminished by so much. The French have an expression—"*le courage de tous les jours*"—by which they mean the mute everyday heroism for which no medals are awarded and which no newspapers can report. My old friend would be puzzled to hear himself compared to the dauntless figures he admired, but I like to think that, when he walked into Valhalla, Lancelot and the Chevalier Bayard made a place for him without hesitation, and that his blue and scarlet necktie looked not out of key with the colors of Valley Forge or Chateau Thierry.

(*Continued from page 67*) and he couldn't stand being in that hotel room any longer. Ahead of him the redcap's shoulders strained under his coat. People passed them, turning to stare at the sound of his boot heels on the concrete. He felt suddenly self-conscious about it. "One thing," he thought, "I'll be back on my own range soon."

He passed a girl standing by a coach door. He was walking with his head up, not looking at her, and the familiar voice caught him unexpectedly: "Buck."

He came around on his heels, staring at her. Then he got his breath back and took his hat off. "I never figured it this way," he said. "It looks like we missed connections some place."

He made it as offhand as he could, and that puzzled her. "Maybe she figured I'd come after her with a bull whip," he thought. He got his cigarettes out and looked at her over the flare of the match.

"You know what I did with that money," she said.

"That was my play," he said. "You didn't ask for it."

"If you hadn't given it to me," she said, "I'd have tried to get it some other way."

"Maybe," he said. "I don't figure it matters any."

"It matters to me," she said. They had started moving now, following the porter now far ahead of them. "You don't have to believe me," she said, "but I wanted to tell you." She walked along beside him, not looking at him. "I wouldn't have taken it for myself," she said. "I took it for him."

HE KNEW what the setup was then. It was just what it had always been, and he'd been a fool to think it would change in a few days. She wanted Eddie, and she had him. It ruined whatever hope he'd ever had, but it made him feel better. It took some of the sickness away. Maybe she'd taken the money, but she'd been honest enough to come tell him. She hadn't just run out.

"I wanted you to know," she said. "I wouldn't have taken it for myself."

"There weren't any strings on it," Buck said. "I said I was a gambler. You got him back, anyway."

She walked along silently for a moment. Finally she said, "That's the funny part of it. . . . I don't want him any more."

He walked three steps before it hit him. He felt his knees go weak, but he didn't say anything. It was her play, he figured, and he couldn't help her with it.

"The thing is," she said, "I don't want anybody I have to buy. Any more," she said, "than I want anybody to buy me."

"It looks like we're beginning to get places now," he said. The trouble was the way he'd gone about it. She figured that hundred dollars was like somebody buying a horse.

"What I want," she said, "is somebody to take care of me. Not anybody for me to take care of."

"Sure," Buck said. He was thinking fast now. Maybe there was a shop in the station where they could buy the things she'd need on the trip, and they could get married just as well out there as they could here. "I guess that's what I'd like to do," he said. "I guess that's what I wanted, too."

He felt her hand in his, pressing hard. People were staring at them again, but it didn't matter now. He guessed that nothing would ever matter very much again.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Skimeister *Hannes Schneider executing a fast jump turn*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Amateurs Will Try Anything

Amateurs are aswarm in every trade, art, science, or sport you can name, and in some you can't. They discover comets, import pandas, play zithers, and knock each other stiff in the boxing ring. Of all their activities, fastest growing one today is skiing, with 1,000,000 U. S. amateurs in action wherever snow falls and the landscape stands on edge. Large credit for skiing's popularity belongs to Hannes (pronounced *Hah-ness*) Schneider, one of the greatest skiers in the world. Schneider developed the technique of swings and crouches basic in all modern skiing; men he taught now teach teachers. Nazis seized his great Alpine school at St. Anton am Arlberg when they took Austria, and arrested *Skimeister* Schneider. String-pulling by Harvey D. Gibson, New York banker, got him out of Germany. Schneider cabled *(Turn the page)*

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLA RUST FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

*(*SKIING, *Continued)* his rescuer: "May God and Hannes Schneider be with you in 1939." Today Schneider is safe in America, teaching in Banker Gibson's home town, North Conway, N. H. He and his aides will share in the $2,500,000 cake cut up yearly by railroads, hotels, instructors, and makers of skis and clothes. His English is now touched by New Hampshire's hard, flat speech; and his Yankee aides are acquiring his German accent. Primary ski instruction sometimes sounds like this: "*Ja, Ja,* dot's goot. Okay, now scootch down—*squat!*"

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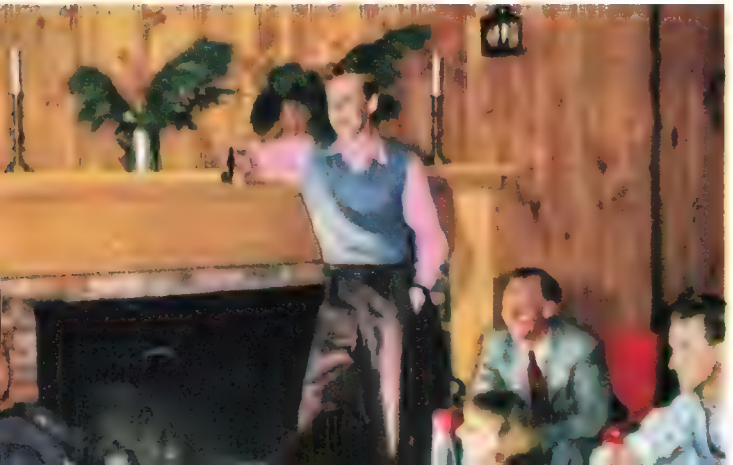
Above: Mrs. Brad Boynton learns the "snowplow," first ski maneuver. Below, left: After dinner at North Conway—Instructor Franz Koessler, Richard May, of Cohasset, Mass. (standing) Instructor Benno Rybizska, Brad Boynton; in center, Hannes Schneider's daughter, Herta, and Mrs. Boynton. Below, right: Typical amateur spills like this one are part of the fun.



AMATEURS: They Sing

Amateurs in Raleigh, N. C., now put on full-dress Grand Opera, although few of the singers have ever seen professional work. It's done this way: Take a meter-reader, some society women, a lot of clerks, stenographers, and school kids. Start them sewing spangles, whittling wooden swords, gilding cardboard helmets, building scenery. Then teach them to sing,

FULL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE ADAMS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

and rehearse them every night for six months. Raleigh's Opera Group-ers worked until they were as limp as wet spaghetti, but their Englished productions of Cavalleria Rusticana, Tales of Hoffman, and Martha play to standing room. Favorite with audience and singers is the clanging "Anvil Chorus" from Il Trovatore. Economy note: "Coats of mail" can be made of metallic scouring cloths from the dime store.

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At top: They all sing—Stenographer Juliet Steele, Meter-reader Ed Hill, Photo-finisher Mildred Harriman. Harriman and Hill (at left) rehearse Il Trovatore, a scene from which is above.

AMATEURS:

They Improvise

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSHALL PERHAM (FROM F.P.G.) FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Bobby and Bunny Boleky, on a homemade slip-slat, lag behind a real toboggan carrying Alberta Boquet, Lois Atkins, and Ursula Boleky. AT TOP: *Bunny seeks speed in a soapbox. (P. S. It didn't work.)*

ABOVE: *Sand tobogganing ends in sudden stops*
BELOW: *Lois Atkins gets off to a running start*

A little thing like a lack of snow and ice doesn't discourage amateur toboggan enthusiasts in southern California. They improvise toboggan courses with white sand, piled in giant, steep dunes. Best beach tobogganing for miles is on the Del Ray dunes, high overlooking the Pacific Ocean near El Segundo. Most of the slides have a 90-degree pitch, and many are 100 yards long. Your real sand-tobogganing damsel takes off in a run, hurls herself into space, and slams down the sand pile at 20 m.p.h. Toboggans become scarred, lose slats, and wear down quickly. Some are reinforced with metal. The girls lose skin from sand friction, and take falls when they come to sudden stops at the foot of the dunes. They don't mind, however. Remember, these are 90-degree slopes. And every time a girl goes whooping down dune she must walk laboriously up. And walking up through sand—uh—is good—whew—for the figure. Oof! They hope.

AMATEURS:

They Play Indian

Pavement-bred youngsters in American cities play a bang-you're-dead game called "Cops and Robbers." Out where the fresh air begins, the game has another name: "Cowboys and Indians." Stemming naturally from this unorganized play is the Koshare Club of La Junta, Colo.—forty husky youths, expert performers of tribal dance rituals. Koshare boys have danced to the thump of the Thunder Drum at 120 performances, from Cheyenne to Washington, D. C. The club organizer is Buck Burshears, authority on Indian lore. (Humorists call his dancers "Buck's Brats.") Burshears has

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE BY AL. G. RISLEY—EXCEPT LOWER LEFT: BY JERRY SHERIDAN

taught his troops the Devil Dance, Kiowa Shield Dance, Sun Dance, Navajo Yebitche, and the Pueblo Green Corn Dance, a peculiar, almost ballet-like routine. Club members must be Boy Scouts. Agile newcomers need about two years' training. The boys make their own costumes of colored cloth, leather, wood, hair, beads, and, most important, feathers. The feather situation is grave, with a feather famine always 'round the corner. "It's got to the point," says Buck Burshears, "where a bird with any common sense is afraid to 'light near La Junta."

1. *Spread in a "V," Koshare boys perform the Kiowa war dance*

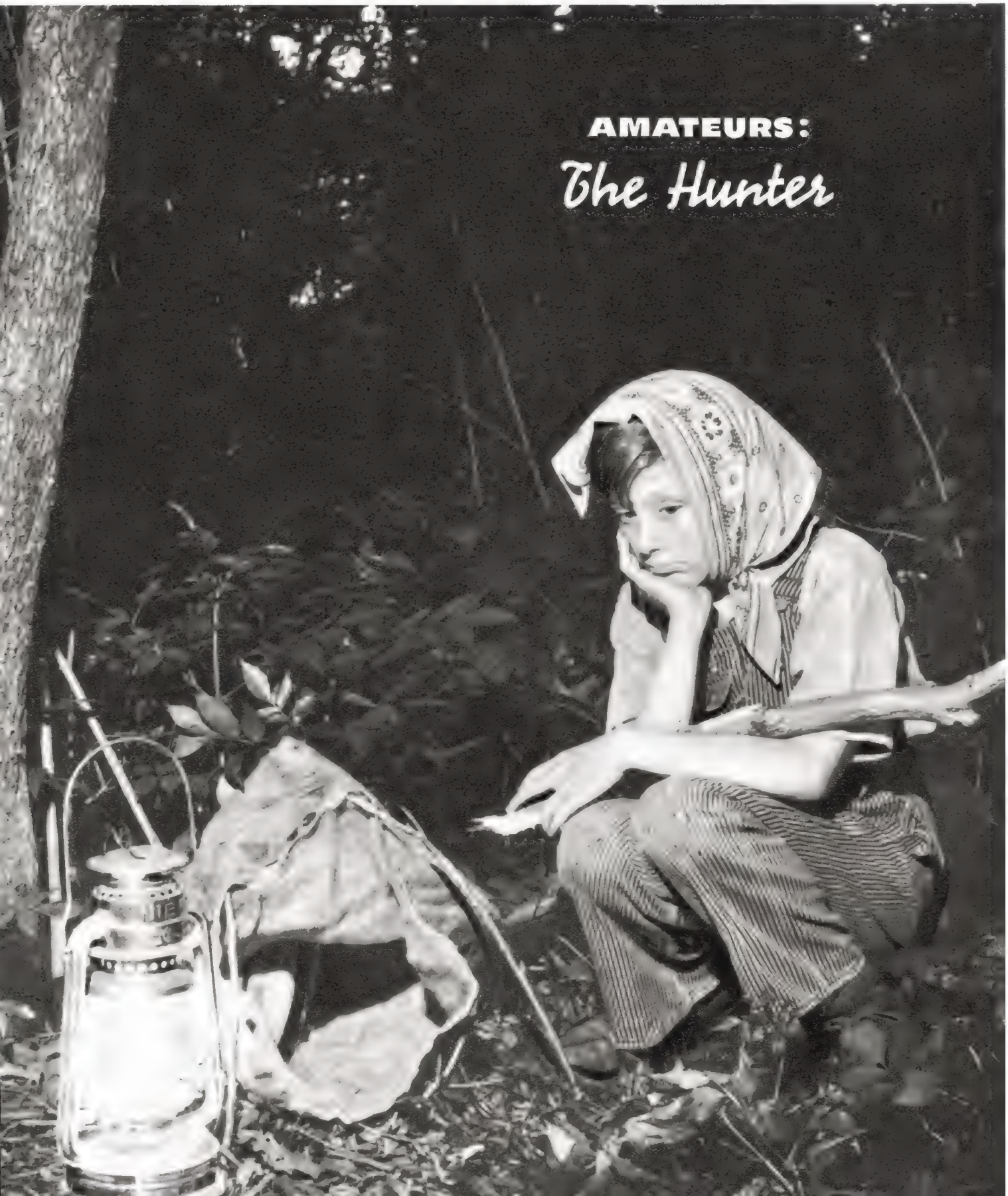
2. *No Indians these: Robert McNeal, Raymond Seal, Jr., and Leader Francis "Buck" Burshears*

3. *"Buck's Brats" make up with gaudy paint, some covering their entire bodies with bright color*

4. *In meditation before the Chief's Dance: Durwood White, Loren Ingersoll, and Vernon Konkel*

Generations of boys have organized "snipe hunts" as practical jokes. The plot: A trustful youngster is told to stay in one spot in the woods, with a lantern to draw the "snipes," and a bag propped open to catch them in. Meanwhile, the hunters explain, they will go far off and drive the snipes toward the bag. Hours later it dawns on the lonely victim that the "snipe" is an imaginary animal, that the hunters are not coming back, and that he is, literally, holding the bag. This snipe hunter is Don Kirkland, 12, Chicago. His father gave him a brief, painless initiation, did *not* leave him alone, took several pictures. Object: to make him a wise little man when he goes to camp. Papa Kirkland, with 25 years' experience in boys' camps, knows that some snipe hunts are harmless, that others end with a boy lost in the woods. He sees nothing funny about that.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE KIRKLAND FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



A NEW WAY TO GET A JOB

(*Continued from page 37*)

hopes to see about a dozen others under way before 1940. "In fact," he says, "I should like to see one in every city of the United States. They could be sponsored by chambers of commerce, service clubs, or individual groups of businessmen. The Sales Executive Club has a benevolent interest in our New York clinic, and we are always glad to help another group get started—provided no money is to be extracted from the job-hunters."

The idea came to Mr. Edlund about five years ago, after friends and chance acquaintances had been dropping into his office regularly to ask him to help them get jobs. He supplied leads, gave advice, wrote dozens of letters of introduction.

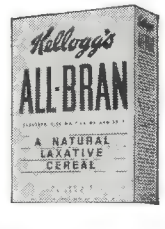
"Why not," he asked himself, "help these men and women organize to help themselves? They are hunting for jobs haphazardly, and I'm giving my time haphazardly. But if they could get together under experienced leaders and work out effective methods of selling themselves . . ."

STARTING off with 7 job-hunters under the leadership of Mr. Edlund, the clinic has grown, until today between 50 and 150 people attend each meeting. Three other sales and advertising executives now share with him the task of conducting the meetings. More than 12,000 men and women—janitors, professional dancers, salesmen, business executives, bookkeepers, stenographers, commercial artists, to name a few—have seized this opportunity to learn how to conduct a streamlined campaign to land a job.

And what do they teach each other? Principally, to look at themselves objectively, as if they were trying to sell a commercial product—a pencil or a refrigerator. The salesman analyzes his product, finds out exactly why it is different from other products on the market, and then tries to convince his customers that it will make money for them. The job-hunter, the members of the clinic have found, should adopt the same technique, regarding his background, experience, and special talents as the product he is trying to sell by appealing to the self-interest of the purchaser.

On the night I visited a meeting the leader was Edward B. Daniels, a genial fellow in his middle thirties whom everyone was soon calling by his first name. He set a tone of informality by perching on a table in front of his audience. About half the people there were smoking. Most of them were equipped with pencils and paper to take notes. Some of the men took off their coats, opened their collars. About a dozen, I was told, were graduates—they had already

WHY suffer those dull, lifeless days due to constipation? *Why bring on the need for emergency medicines?* Isn't it better to get at the cause? If it's common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp crunchy cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—goes straight to the cause by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"!



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Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

landed their jobs and were returning to help out the newcomers with advice.

Our meeting got under way promptly at 7 P. M., when Mr. Daniels read a sales "presentation" offered by a gray-haired man who was attending his fourth meeting. Everyone is urged to make up such a presentation—a portfolio containing his record of accomplishments, letters of recommendation, and summary of his qualifications for the particular job he is seeking. The first page is generally given over to a "cover letter," dramatizing the high points of his experience and pointing out how he could be of particular service to the potential employer.

Most members of the clinic send copies of these presentations to anywhere from 5 to 500 employers, an expense which, they find, is amply rewarded.

"You package yourself in a presentation," says Mr. Edlund, "and every salesman knows it is easier to sell a product in an attractive package."

WHEN Mr. Daniels finished reading the gray-haired man's presentation he called for criticisms from the audience. A young man jumped to his feet. He was a graduate of the clinic, I learned—now an executive of a cosmetics concern.

"In his cover letter he writes about *my broad experience, my success, my talents,*" said the graduate. "You can't boast like that; you just annoy the man who is reading your letter. Dramatize your record, so anyone will draw those implications."

Mr. Daniels nodded. "Anything else?"

"He says, *This broad experience has been of value to me,*" called a man in shirtsleeves from the back of the room. "An employer doesn't care who experience is valuable to—except himself."

A blue-eyed woman spoke up next: "He refers to his experience in production, sales, finance, and so forth. What does 'and so forth' mean? It just leaves everything up in the air."

And so it went, the whole group picking the man's presentation to pieces with—and here's the important point—constructive criticism. When they had finished, he stood up and faced the audience. "I thought I had it all in pretty good shape," he grinned, "but I guess I was wrong. You'll hear from me again next week."

The next presentation which Mr. Daniels read came from a mild-looking fellow with rimless glasses and a pale mustache. He wanted a salesman's job. His cover letter started off like this:

"Are your sales falling off? A man who has been assistant to a sales manager in an important concern for 24 years wants to know—and wants to help you."

Criticisms poured out from the audience: "That opening sentence would give any employer the willies." . . . "No one wants to be reminded that his sales are falling off." . . . "Anyone who reads it will ask, 'Why have you been an assistant for 24 years? Why weren't you ever made manager?'"

In another presentation, a potential salesman described himself as an "ambassador of good will." Criticism: "An ambassador of good will sounds like a luxury. Employers are interested in good will, but they are more interested in results."

Another presentation: "I should like anything in the secretarial line." Criticism: "Don't make the employer select a job for you. Give him qualifications for a particular job. Don't be a jack of all trades."

There was nothing vindictive or personal in any of these criticisms—just a desire to correct the mistakes of others and profit by them.

AFTER three hours of discussion and criticism Mr. Daniels called it an evening He asked how many people there had landed jobs since the previous meeting. Four men and one woman put up their hands. I buttonholed one of the men as everyone was departing in groups of twos and threes.

"I wouldn't have got it except for the clinic," the man told me. "I'm thirty-seven, and I've been a salesman all my life. But I guess I didn't have any idea of how to sell anything but shoes. After I lost my job, seven months ago, I tried all my friends, and then all the houses in my line. But there wasn't anything for me.

"Then a friend who'd heard about the clinic suggested I drop in. After the first meeting I made up a presentation and they read it at the next one. You should have heard everyone laugh. I must have broken every rule of salesmanship. I started off cataloguing my experience, and finished by saying how much I needed the job. Nothing about how I could help the man I was writing to. But I did it over three times along the lines suggested by the clinic. Then I had 40 copies made and mailed them to the biggest shoe distributors in town. I got 14 replies, 8 interviews, and 3 offers of jobs. I

MILLIONS REFUSE TO GAMBLE!

A NATIONALLY FAMOUS RESEARCH ORGANIZATION HAS FOUND THAT "PRESTONE" BRAND ANTI-FREEZE IS USED IN MORE MODERN* CARS THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED!

*Cars up to 5 years old

Could there be any more conclusive proof that when people have a *real automobile investment* to protect, they rely on "Prestone" anti-freeze?

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

NEW LOW PRICE $2.65 PER GALLON

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks and identify products of National Carbon Co., Inc.

started in on the one I selected this morning."

Among the many job-hunters who have landed positions through the clinic was a man of thirty, who, after seven years as a truck driver for a department store, had been laid off. In hunting another job, his first letter of application stated nothing more than his bare record.

"Isn't there something distinctive you could emphasize?" he was asked at the clinic.

"No," he replied bluntly. "What can there be distinctive in a truck driver's record?"

"Ever make a wrong delivery?"

"No."

"Ever have an accident?"

"No."

"Ever get in an argument with a customer?"

"No."

"Listen," said the leader that night. "You do have a distinctive record, regardless of what you think. Try emphasizing those facts in another letter."

NEXT week the man came back with a letter which he proposed sending to department stores. It started:

"Wouldn't you be interested in obtaining the services of a truck driver who is anxious and able to make friends for your store . . . who drives so expertly that he has never had an accident? I am that driver, and I can prove my value to you through my seven years' record with . . ."

The clinic gave its enthusiastic approval to this new version. Within three weeks the man was regularly employed, a graduate.

A middle-aged woman was able to turn her liabilities into assets through the advice of the clinic. She had five children when her husband committed suicide. She had to find a job quickly. When she appeared at the clinic she showed her letter of application. She wanted to be a saleswoman, but her letter was principally an appeal to sympathy.

The audience started questioning her. Didn't she have some business experience she could play up? She shook her head. All she had ever done to make money was to write a few verses for magazines in her spare time. It was a tough case, but finally one man stood up. "I think," he said, "that she should turn her lack of experience into a qualification. She doesn't know anything of the routine of merchandising, but she knows it from the other end. She knows what families need and buy. She knows what appeals and what doesn't. Why shouldn't she offer herself as an experienced consumer, instead of an experienced retailer?"

The woman was skeptical, but willing to try. She wrote a new letter, which was criticized at the next meeting. She amended it to include her fling at writing. Two weeks later her completed letter was sent out to 20 department stores. One of them, the largest, took her on in the copy-writing section of its advertising department.

Buoyant, effervescent, self-confident, Mr. Edlund started his merchandising life by running a sports and clothing store as a student at Cornell University, where he was graduated in 1913. He has managed several business firms, and now, in addition to consulting on merchandising problems, he is the head of a widely known firm's nation-wide organization for training its 8,000 salesmen. He and Mrs. Edlund, who have two chil-

Catching COLD? Sal Hepatica helps 2 ways

BUD: Gee, Sis, my name must be Jinx. With the South's cutest girl coming 300 miles to see me play football, I'm catching cold. I'll probably spend Saturday at the Infirmary instead of on the field!

SIS: Then it's time for quick action—with Sal Hepatica.

BUD: What do you mean—quick action?

SIS: I mean Sal Hepatica helps fast two ways. First, it's a quick yet gentle laxative. And speed is important in fighting off a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.

SIS: Buddy, you were marvelous! I . . . she . . . everyone's cheered till they're hoarse.

BUD: The cheering ought to be for you, Sis, for I might be in bed this minute, if you hadn't helped me ward off that cold with Sal Hepatica. But here she comes, Sis, and a wise little gal like you knows when to scram.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Hear Easily

Western Electric
HEARING AID
Ortho-technic Model

WHY resign yourself to being handicapped by poor hearing? Thousands who *were* handicapped *now hear clearly*—with the Western Electric Audiphone. They can now hold their own in group conversation—*hear at greater distances.*

The Audiphone—a product of Bell Telephone research—is based on a new technique in hearing aid design. It's non-positional in operation.

After Audiometric tests, your dealer will recommend the Audiphone best suited to your needs. Hearing aid service is available in all principal cities.

Try the Audiphone—hearing clearly is so important for living happily!

Accepted by American Medical Assn.

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Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone (Ortho-technic Model) and name of nearest dealer.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

dren, six and nine years old ("a well-planned family," he says with a smile), wrote together a book embodying many of the fundamentals of salesmanship worked out in the clinic.

"Don't," he says, "picture me as a philanthropist in this work. It doesn't cost me a penny, and I really started it in self-defense. The clinic is a hobby with me—an overgrown hobby, perhaps, but I hope it grows more."

Somewhere Mr. Edlund picked up the slogan, "There is somebody smarter than anybody—and that is everybody." He put it to work in the Man Marketing Clinic.

"When we conduct a meeting," he explains, "we aren't there to *tell* anybody anything. We pool our brains and experience for the benefit of everybody."

PRINCIPAL guidance Mr. Edlund gives the clinic is to emphasize the written approach for jobs—the portfolio presentation. He thinks job-hunters, when they first set out, would do better to spend 90 per cent of their time planning a campaign, and 10 per cent making visits.

"A portfolio presentation," he says, "clarifies a man's thoughts. It persuades the employer that the applicant is blessed with an orderly mind. And it can reach hundreds of prospective employers while the shoe-leather approach is reaching a dozen."

Into a typical portfolio, the clinic has found, should go the following items:

1. A cover letter bringing out exactly why you are the logical candidate for the job.

2. Illustrations of your work, and specific examples of what you have accomplished in other jobs.

3. Evidence of results in other jobs through letters of recommendation.

4. Personal data, such as education, training, special talents.

"Every word," says Mr. Edlund, "should be directed toward convincing the employer that you can be of value to him. Skim over the nonessentials. Don't include your entire record. It might make you sound like a floater. Don't bring up negatives. If you have been a secretary, don't leave it at that. Say—if you can truthfully—that you have handled confidential correspondence, that you specialize in business machines, anything to make yourself different.

"Don't apologize for anything. Prepare a simple, honest explanation of why you left your previous job."

THE clinic has discovered that most job-hunters spend much too little time on letters of recommendation. They are satisfied with innocuous letters from former employers, while they could often secure really effective ones with a little effort. A girl appeared at the clinic one night with this letter:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Miss Jane Smith worked in my office as a secretary for two years. I always found her dependable and industrious, and I am sure she would be capable of filling a secretarial position in any firm."

"Couldn't you," asked another job-hunter, "get a better letter than that?"

"I'll try," the girl said. The next week she was back with this:

"If every secretary had the capacity for work and sound judgment of Miss Jane Smith, we businessmen would lead much pleasanter lives. In her two years in my office, she transformed herself from a rou-

HOW TO SELL YOUR WARES

★

DURING his four years of experience with the Man Marketing Clinic, Sidney W. Edlund, its founder, has worked out seven fundamental principles of sound job-hunting technique. He has seen them work out successfully innumerable times at the clinic. Here they are:

1. *Consider yourself a merchandising problem.* Don't try to sell yourself—sell a service that will be valuable to your employer. Analyze yourself as objectively as possible.

2. *Write out your campaign in a portfolio presentation.* Include an appealing letter embracing the high points of your career, your record of accomplishments, and your letters of recommendation. Make your portfolio neat and attractive, and give it as much punch as you can.

3. *Have as many copies of your portfolio made as you can afford.* Send them to likely employers in your field. You can reach hundreds with a written presentation, while you reach a handful with personal visits.

4. *Shoot for a specific job.* Don't leave it up to the employer to decide where you might—or might not—fit.

5. *Try to secure distinctive letters of recommendation.* Remind your former employers by note or in person exactly what services you performed for them. Get your letters full of facts instead of empty phrases.

6. *Dramatize your assets.* If you are a salesgirl, for example, say—if you can truthfully—that you personalized relations with customers, that you made friends for the store, that you never had a complaint—anything to distinguish yourself from other salesgirls. Leave out negatives.

7. *Enter personal interviews with confidence*—or, at least, an appearance of confidence. If you don't respect yourself, nobody else will.

tine typist into a confidential assistant by her keen interest in our problems and her understanding of them. I hesitate to speak of her ability to take stenography faster than any girl I ever employed, or to handle business machines expertly. I have come to take such proficiency for granted with her. It was with great regret that I learned she was ending her associations with us for personal reasons, and I should like to congratulate the firm which employs her."

"Quite a difference," the clinic commented.

"Well," she said, "my old boss didn't understand what I wanted at first. But when I told him I'd appreciate it if he went to a little trouble in writing a letter for me, he started thinking about what I'd done for him, and this was the result."

ONE young man who returned, at the suggestion of the clinic, to the bank where he worked three years previously, enjoyed a pleasant surprise when he requested a stronger letter of recommendation. After explaining what he had done in his old job, he was asked to wait a moment.

The bank official left, and when he returned he said, "We'd forgotten all about you. It just happens that we need a man with your training right now. If you could drop back in the morning, we'd be glad to talk over an arrangement for rehiring you."

Of course, few job-hunters get such a lucky break as that. But the clinic has discovered, after four years of experience with thousands of job-hunters, that the man who conducts his self-selling campaign intelligently and industriously is sure to find a job.

MEETING THE CHALLENGE

(*Continued from page 52*)

points clearly, simply, and convincingly.

Don't use trite words and phrases. They are dull, and they offend the good taste of the reader.

Don't try to high-pressure the judges. Like all readers, they like simplicity, sincerity, and originality.

Don't fail to observe carefully the rules of the competition. If you do, your work may be eliminated, regardless of its merit.

• • •

IF YOU are a teacher or student interested in The American Youth Forum and its awards, and you have heard nothing about it in your school this year, we invite you to write to the Director of The American Youth Forum, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Be sure to furnish the name and address of your school and the name of your principal. Detailed information, posters, and other supplies will then be sent either to the principal or to the interested teacher.

(*Continued on page 82*)

You can know the taste of cool delight

It's tingling, it's cooling, it's refreshing . . . it's SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM quickening your taste senses, waking up your mouth!

There's cool, clear delight in the fragrant minty taste of it curling round your tongue . . . and there's the thrilling follow-through . . . that vitalizing, cleansing, marvelously refreshing sensation that leaves your mouth feeling new again, all sweet and clean and young again.

• There's an added delight in knowing that you couldn't be doing better for your teeth and gums. For Squibb is a name on dentifrices that stands for purity and safety in the care of even the softest teeth. Try SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM tonight and know the taste of cool delight.

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER also contains a new taste thrill and the same safe cleansing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia container.

★ Taste and feel the refreshing difference

SQUIBB Dental Cream

The "Old World" in MODERN AMERICA

NEW ORLEANS

WHERE PLEASURE REIGNS THE YEAR AROUND!

You'll find the thrills of foreign travel in America's most interesting city, with romance and history mingling in intriguing contrast with modern progress. Every itinerary should include New Orleans.

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New Orleans and the Deep South offer a wide variety of fascinating attractions. Look over this list. For fares, service and other information, check the features that interest you and fill in and mail coupon, or consult your travel agent.

- ☐ Free booklet on New Orleans.
- ☐ Hunting and Fishing.

Cruises via New Orleans:
☐ Caribbean ☐ South American
☐ Gulf ☐ Vagabond.

- ☐ Mexico via New Orleans.
- ☐ California or Florida via New Orleans.
- ☐ Mardi Gras in New Orleans—Unique low-cost "Comfy-Cabin" Tours. Also de luxe Mid-Winter Vacation Party—(Feb. 2-7).
- ☐ Spring Fiesta and Floral Trail in New Orleans.
- ☐ Natchez, Miss. Pilgrimages, including visits to the famous old plantation homes and ceremonies.
- ☐ All-Expense Garden Tours to the famous gardens of the South.
- ☐ Deep South Guest Plantation—Enjoy leisurely southern plantation life, 11,000 acres hunting preserves.

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Complete details of the 1939–40 American Youth Forum competition will be found in the following rules. All entrants should read them carefully:

1. Every student under twenty-one years of age who is regularly enrolled as an undergraduate in a junior or a senior high school or in a comparable grade or form in any public or private secondary school in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone is eligible to compete for The American Youth Forum awards. Excepted only are employees of The American Youth Forum and The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company (publishers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE), and members of their families.

2. The awards are as follows:

ARTICLE

$1,000 for the best article, not to exceed 1,500 words, on either of the two following subjects: *Today's Challenge to America's Youth;* or *How Much Security is Enough?*

$500 for the second best — $100 for the third best
$50 each for the 5 next best
$25 each for the 10 next best
$10 each for the 50 next best
$5 each for the 100 next best
500 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*

In addition to this choice of subjects, entrants may confine their discussions to single phases of the subjects, such as the following: Government, Education, or Personal Opportunities.

ART

$1,000 for the best painting, drawing, or photograph, NOT TO EXCEED 30 INCHES BY 40 INCHES in dimensions, on either of the two following subjects: *Today's Challenge to America's Youth;* or *My Community: Its Place in the Nation.*

$500 for the second best — $100 for the third best
$10 each for the 50 next best
$5 each for the 100 next best
500 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*

Each participant may limit himself to that part of the American scene which is most familiar to him or for which he feels most keenly. He may concentrate on the city, the village, the countryside, or the sea, as he may choose. On the other hand, he may treat the subject of his choice in a general way.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS

A week's trip to New York and the New York World's Fair of 1940 will be given the first-award winners in both divisions, at the expense of The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, the time to be designated later.

Sets of *The Harvard Classics* for the libraries of each of the following schools:

(a) The school having the highest number of its students to submit entries to The American Youth Forum.

(b) The two schools, with enrollments in excess of 500 students, having the highest percentage of their pupils to submit entries to the Forum.

(c) The twelve schools, with enrollments of 500 or fewer students, having the highest percentage of their pupils to submit entries to the Forum.

In case of ties, the principal of each of the tving schools will submit a letter of not more than 100 words giving the reasons why the effects of the competition will prove beneficial. The best letters will determine the winners. These books will not be delivered until September, 1940.

3. Each entry MUST BE CERTIFIED AS ORIGINAL by the principal or a teacher of the school regularly attended by the entrant. The principal or teacher sponsoring the winner of a first or second award in either division will be given an honorarium of $100. Sponsors of first-award winners will be invited to chaperon these successful entrants on the New York trip at the expense of the Forum. Sponsors of third-award winners will each receive an honorarium of $25. The principal or teacher certifying the entry is regarded as the sponsor of the student.

4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 22, 1940. They will be accepted at the offices of The American Youth Forum, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., at any time prior to the closing date. NO ACKNOWLEDGMENT CAN OR WILL BE MADE OF THE RECEIPT OF INDIVIDUAL ENTRIES.

5. Manuscripts must be written in ink or typewritten (if typewritten, double spaced) on regulation 8½"x 11" paper, and on one side only. In the upper left-hand corner of the first page there must appear the name of the competitor, his high-school grade, his age, his home address, the name and location of his school, and the handwritten signature of the principal or teacher sponsoring him. The same information required on manuscripts must appear on the reverse side of entries in the Art Division.

6. The results of this competition will be judged by two boards of three members each, appointed by the Director of the Forum, and their decision on awards will be final. All entries will be judged for their originality, sincerity, and clearness of thought. If there are ties for the student awards, each competitor will be given the full value of the award for which he is tied.

7. Since the Forum will return no manuscripts entered for the awards, competitors are advised to retain copies of their work. If an entrant in the Art Division desires the return of his work, and will accompany it by a letter containing sufficient funds in postage stamps or a money order to defray both the packing and return shipping costs (by either express or freight), The American Youth Forum will make every effort to return his entry after the completion of the judging. Excepted are art entries which win Forum money awards. The Forum does not assume responsibility for entries which might go astray en route to or from its offices.

8. The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE reserve the right to publish any entry winning a *Certificate of Honorable Mention,* and agree to pay space rates for any entry so used. All entries of students to whom money awards are made will become the outright property of The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Mischa Richter

Thanks TO BROTHER GUS ...

(Continued from page 43)

Cohens. Meanwhile, the short and stocky Wagner, unnoticed by the crowd, has been quietly bucking the line, picking up a yard here, two yards there, for enormous total gains. (Wagner used to be a star quarterback in the 1890's, when line-plunging was the game; he still sticks to that strategy.)

While many assail Wagner's laws, few suggest (out loud) that they be repealed. They urge amendments, changes of detail and administration. They no longer deny the principle of federal aid for the unemployed, federal guarantee of collective bargaining for labor, federal aid in clearing the slums, federal aid in Social Security and old-age pensions.

These are the principles which were regarded as political pipe dreams when Wagner went to the Senate. These are the principles which, aided by the tide of the times, he has written into the federal law. For weal or woe, they make Gus's brother Bob the foremost American legislator of today.

SO LET'S have a look at the small, stocky, inconspicuous, gray-haired senator who moves toward his objectives as irresistibly as a glacier. He is not brilliant; he is seldom eloquent; some others in the Senate excel him in mental capacity; he is not tricky in strategy; he lacks the holy fire of the reformer, the self-righteousness of the fanatic.

What baffles people about him is that while he is a liberal, or, if you please, a radical, in his principles, he is a conservative in personality, in his approach to a problem.

His qualities are steadfastness, sentiment, endurance, a zest for facts, untiring purpose, fearlessness—and all these mellowed but not softened by sympathy and good humor.

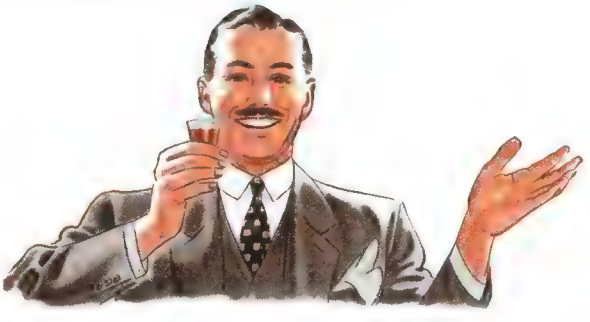
As far back as the records go, Wagner's forebears were German farmers and working people living in the Rhineland. His grandfather and great-grandfather were Lutheran ministers. (He, himself, is a Methodist, by accident of the fact that there was a Methodist Sunday school near his childhood home in the New York slums.)

If Wagner had been born in America he would now be a logical Democratic nominee for President. And Roosevelt, because of friendship and old association, might be inclined to step aside in his favor. But he is ineligible. He was born in the little German town of Nastätten, Hessen-Nassau, June 8, 1877, and our Constitution provides that only native-born Americans may become

3 answers to the question:

"What does Paul Jones' new low price mean to you?"

1 **"What does Paul Jones'** new low price mean to *me?"* Frankly, I'd buy it no matter what the price. I don't like sweet drinks—so to me, Paul Jones—a really *"dry"* whiskey—was always worth every penny it cost. The thing *I'm* glad to learn is that nothing about Paul Jones has been changed but its price.



2 **To me,** this new low price means I can enjoy Paul Jones *anytime.* I used to serve it only on special occasions when I knew its *"dry," all-whiskey* goodness would especially please my guests. Now I can make Paul Jones my *regular* whiskey and enjoy it whenever I like!

3 **That new low price** is certainly big news to *me!* I've always wanted to drink Paul Jones—*and now I can!* No more sweet drinks for me ... I've found the *"dry"* tang and briskness I want, at the popular price I want to pay. From now on—it's Paul Jones for *me!*

TRY

Paul Jones

AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

President. His father was a farmer, his mother a schoolteacher.

Eight years later, like millions of immigrants before and since, the family came steerage to America to seek freedom, prosperity, and the larger life. The larger life turned out to be the fetid basement of a slum tenement. The golden streets materialized as the $3.50 weekly wage which Papa Wagner received as janitor of the tenement house. Still, there was freedom, for those gifted to grapple it. Robert was one of these.

He was unable to speak a word of English, but he quickly established respect among his schoolmates by his athletic feats. Trained by the *Turnverein*, he could turn handsprings along the pavements almost as fast as the other kids could run. He mastered sidewalk baseball and was one of the gang. Within a year he had lost even a German accent, and talked pure New Yorkese. Nowadays, of course, he handles the English language vigorously, but there is still a tang of the Dead-End Kids in his accent.

The family income would not go 'round; Bob had to work. Before he was nine he was selling papers on the streets. Soon he had a newspaper route which got him up at 3 o'clock in the morning, and hustled him in the darkness through some of the toughest streets in New York. Yes, yes, I know, this out-Algers Alger—but that's the way it was.

By the time he was thirteen he had a choice newspaper location in City Hall Park, a block or so from where a somewhat older kid named Al Smith had recently had a stand. Now at last he made enough to buy himself some store clothes. Four years later he graduated from high school. He was valedictorian of his class. He delivered his speech proudly, but there was a cloud. His mother, his father, and Gus were not there to hear him: they did not have any clothes suitable for so grand an occasion.

Sometimes an editorial writer, or a tactless acquaintance, will suggest that Senator Wagner's career, with its hard boyhood and later success, is an argument in favor of child labor and the wholesome Spartan influence of slum poverty. Wagner does not anger easily, but that idea makes his blue eyes blaze.

"That," he says, "is the most god-awful bunk. I came through it, yes. That was luck, luck, luck! Think of the others."

And his mind goes back to some of those others. To schoolmates and playfellows of his, boys like himself, as good and gay and life-loving and full of hope as he. To boys who grew old before their time on starvation wages and the twelve-hour day; to girls who wore out their youth in the sweatshops; to men broken on the wheel of uncertain employment, hand-to-mouth job-jumping, foul living quarters, preventable disease—going down to defeat, despair, and death.

AT THE College of the City of New York young Wagner had the financial help of the devoted Brother Gus. He also helped himself by working nights as a bellhop and by tutoring his fellow students. He had enough energy left over to win Phi Beta Kappa in his studies and captain the football team. He then studied law at New York University, graduating in 1900.

He was a star debater. While still in law school, flushed with confidence, he walked into his local Democratic club and asked to be allowed to make a campaign speech. It went over, and he was a Democrat and a Tammany Brave. He still keeps most of his old Tammany friends, but they, conservative chaps, watch his activities with the mingled affection and terror with which the hen viewed her Ugly Duckling.

HE WAS elected to the State Assembly in 1904, to the State Senate in 1908. Meanwhile, he built a prosperous private law practice in New York City. In the Assembly he shared a hotel room with a promising young man named Al Smith. In 1911, the year Wagner became Democratic leader of the Senate, its membership was augmented by a magnetic Harvard graduate named Franklin D. Roosevelt. It tells something of Wagner's character that he has kept his friendship with both these men, though his political sympathies are with F. D. R.

Everybody knew that Robert Wagner, Senate leader at 34, was a strong, able, progressive legislator, a "comer." But in 1911 came another decisive turn in his life.

On March 25th, of that year, the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory, employing women workers, caught fire. Because the women would sometimes leave their machines and step to the doors of the interior fire escapes for a bit of fresh air, the management had thriftily locked these iron doors. One hundred and forty-nine of the women, trapped, were burned to death.

Horror gripped the state. Pale with anger, Wagner got up in the State Senate to demand an investigation of factory conditions. A committee was appointed, and Wagner was made chairman.

Wagner and his committee took along doctors, a stenographer, a photographer. They ranged quietly about the state, dropping in at factories unannounced. They got pictures, testimony, doctors' examinations—before any hush-up or cover-up could be organized.

They found abrasive factories where men worked in a blinding dust, which, as local doctors confirmed, gave the workers an average life expectancy of six years. They found canneries where children under ten worked fourteen hours a day. They found farm-implement factories where women worked in 12-hour day and night shifts with bone-jarring machinery.

Many a good citizen had complained of such things before, but the legislature did not believe them. "Reformers' tales," they thought. But when Wagner presented his report the whole state woke up. He had the photographs, the medical reports, the affidavits, the name, the date, the hour, and a crowd of witnesses.

From this came a series of laws which gave New York, a hitherto backward state, the factory laws which have served as a model to the country. And while he was about it Wagner brought in the first Workmen's Compensation Law, which has since been followed by most of the states of the Union.

There you see another secret of Wagner's legislative power. In 1913 he swept away the opposition with a flood of facts. He has done so ever since. That is why you don't hear much of Wagner making powerful, flowery orations on the floor of the Senate.

The place for shoveling in the facts is in the committee room, and there Wagner is at his best. He is affable, intent, patient, persuasive. He likes and respects his colleagues, and they return the compliment, which helps a lot. He never tires of answering questions, never impugns the motives of his opponents. At the same time, as fast as the committee's digestion permits, he pours in the facts.

But he never considers his laws the last word on the subject. Recently he said of the National Labor Relations Act:

"I do not say this law is perfect. . . . Any person who thinks that what he has done is perfect and can never be improved is just a fool."

He does not bring in legislation and say, "Here, take it or leave it." Nor does he expect to pass it in a hurry. His important laws have taken two, three, or four years to pass. His National Public Health Bill is now being hammered into shape, impressed into the consciousness of Congress and the people. That it will eventually go into our laws, in one form or another, I have no doubt. Old Glacier Wagner seems to be moving along as steadily as ever.

After serving in the New York State Senate until 1918, Wagner was elected to the New York Supreme Court. He was regarded as a sound and able judge, and many of his decisions, especially in labor law, are still cited in the courts. But Wagner is a fighter and lawmaker at heart, and his spirit grew restless in the calm of the courtroom. In 1926 he resigned his secure and highly paid position on the bench and hastened back into the arena. He ran against Senator James Wadsworth, strong and popular Republican incumbent, and defeated him.

IN THE Senate, he returned again to the subjects which really engage his heart—the rights, jobs, health, housing, and living conditions of working people. The results you have seen. He was easily re-elected in 1932. In 1938 he ran again. This time the Republican tide was beginning to flow powerfully once more, and many a leading Democrat and New Deal favorite was swept away. But Wagner won by half a million votes. He is in there, if his health holds, until 1944 at least.

Senator Wagner's wife died in 1918, leaving him a son, Robert F., Jr., who is his pride. After a fine record at Yale, Yale Law School, and the Harvard School of Business Administration, young Bob seems to be following his father's footsteps. Still in his twenties, he is in the New York State Legis-

VITAMIN LOVE

★

I MUST admit to feeling queer
Whenever, mister, you are near;
My heart begins to race, I know,
I have a touch of vertigo—
But once when things were so awry
The doctor simply said that I
Had definite deficiency
Of vitamins from A to D—
So maybe this is love, but, chum,
It could be lack of calcium.

ALYCE HAMILTON

lature. To his father's proud chagrin, the son carried their home district in the last election by a larger majority than the Old Man. In New York, father and son share an apartment near the old neighborhood.

In Washington, Senator Wagner gets his chief exercise by a morning plunge in the pool at his hotel. He is good company, and in his early years in Washington went out a lot socially. Nowadays he seldom goes out to dinner except as a matter of duty. For one thing, he works almost every night. For another, there is a limit on how many times a man can hear a hostess, however charming, say, "Now, Senator, we know you can't really *believe* in all these dreadful radical measures."

His chief worries are about the troubles of the underdog. He believes deeply in the American ideals of democracy and equality of opportunity. He worries about the Negroes. Every year he brings in an anti-lynching bill, but here his wizardry cannot prevail—the Southern senators leap up in relays and talk it to death. He worries about persecutions in his native land of Germany, and introduced a bill to admit 20,000 refugee children to this country. He regards the war between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. as a tragedy for all concerned.

But he does not worry about the massive social laws which he has built into our national structure. Even if the Republicans should win overwhelmingly, he believes they will not change these laws fundamentally. And with the passing years these laws will be improved and strengthened.

"You can't stop progress," he told me, and he banged his fist on the desk with a gesture which made me think—yes, of Gus, long ago.

Gentleman OF THE JUNGLE

(*Continued from page 33*)

most welcome sight I've ever seen. One minute more and that bunch of jackals would have been on us. You got us out of a bad fix."

"But what made them jump you? Were they just a drunken gang from the fruit boat?"

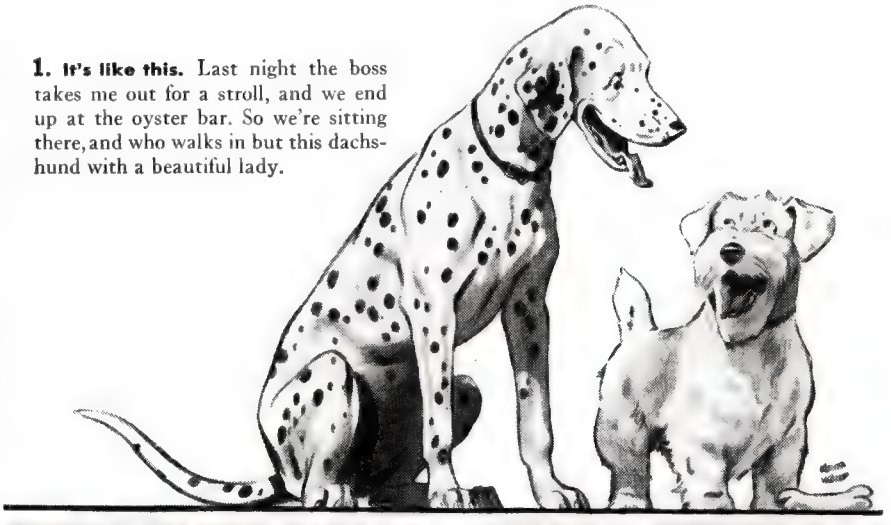
Dexter nodded. It was better to let it go at that for the present. But he saw that the pilot was not satisfied, and he added, "We'll talk about it later, old man."

"But is it safe for you and Flanders to ride back alone?"

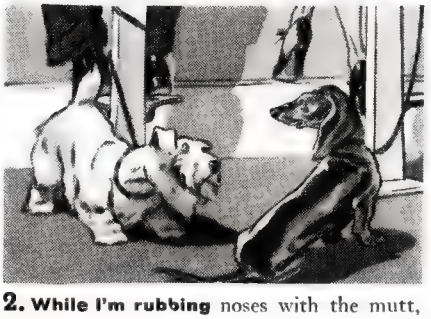
"Safer than any place else."

The two horses were already saddled when

"*Who was the Dachshund I saw you with Last Night?*"



1. It's like this. Last night the boss takes me out for a stroll, and we end up at the oyster bar. So we're sitting there, and who walks in but this dachshund with a beautiful lady.

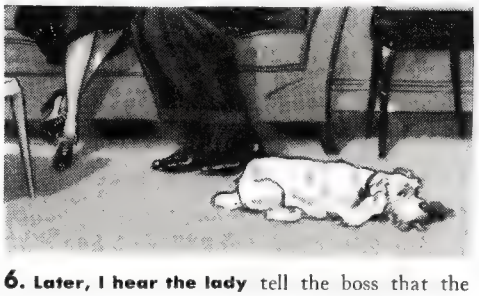


2. While I'm rubbing noses with the mutt, the boss is boasting to the lady about my carrying off the blue ribbon in last year's dog show. So then the waiter comes in with the boss's coffee.

3. "I bet I don't sleep two winks tonight," says the boss. "Caffein in coffee gets me, but boy, how I love the brew!" "You'd sleep like a kitten," says the lady, "if you'd send that back and order Sanka Coffee."

4. She tells him Sanka is REAL coffee...97% caffein-free, so it *can't* keep you awake. He tries it, and smacks his lips, saying: "They've taken the caffein out—but the flavor's sure left *in!*" And then, we all walk home together.

5. So this morning the boss says, "Come on, boy. We're going over to thank the beautiful lady who told us that Sanka Coffee *really* lets you sleep. And from now on, you'll probably be seeing *plenty* of that dachshund."



6. Later, I hear the lady tell the boss that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden." Then the talk gets more personal, and I cover my ears.

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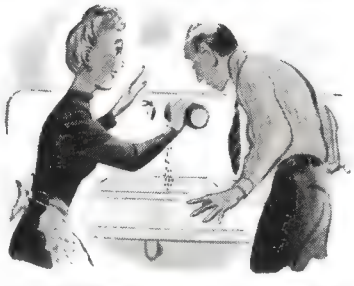
MR. HUNT GETS A LESSON !

1. **"Welcome home, honey!"** beams Mr. Hunt. "Everything's fine—except the kitchen drain got clogged, and I haven't washed the dishes for a week!"

2. **"A clogged drain—with Drāno in the house?"** explodes Mrs. Hunt. "Hand me that can of Drāno in the cupboard —and watch!"



3. **In the drain goes Drāno**—out goes the clogging muck! Drāno gets down deep and *digs out* all the grease, grounds and stoppage.

4. **"See, darling?"** smiles Mrs. Hunt. "Drāno *cleans* drains—and a teaspoonful each night helps *keep* them clean, free-flowing!"

P. S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

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Flanders returned, wearing a *waipele*—one of those gaily embroidered blouses the Mayan women weave of native linen.

"You look like a Maya maiden—about ten years old," Dexter smiled.

"And five minutes ago I looked like a Bali beach girl."

Leading the way, he took the jungle trail. The wound in Dexter's side soon began aching with the motion of the horse, and he was glad to reach the bungalow.

Stiffly he dismounted, and, watching him, Flanders said, "I'll take the horses to the stable. But don't go to bed yet. I want to see you."

She was back at his shack in less than five minutes, with gauze bandages and a bowl of warm water. "Come closer to the light." She pulled a chair beneath the electric bulb. "That wound must be all dirty. Sit down and let me clean it."

"I tell you I'm all right."

"Sit down!" She stamped her foot.

Obediently he seated himself beneath the light, and with a pair of scissors she cut away the few shreds of shirt that remained, then rolled up the undershirt beneath his arms. "I'll try not to hurt." Soaking a piece of gauze, she very carefully cleaned the wound. It was only a long, jagged cut, but it began bleeding a little again, and he saw her hand tremble.

"The sight of blood disturbs you. Why don't you let me do it?"

"Be quiet," she whispered through tight lips. "I'm not afraid of blood."

Then what was she afraid of? All color had gone from her cheeks, and he could hear her quickened breathing. Yet she worked rapidly and surely, and with a gentleness that made him look at her with new eyes. Was this the girl he had thought so self-centered and ineffectual? His earlier ideas of her were being revised with a vengeance.

Reaching about him with both arms, she began winding a bandage over the wound.

"You're better than any nurse—even a blond one from Detroit," he said.

INTENT on her task, she knelt close to his side. Her face touched his shoulder, her hair was brushing his cheek. Dexter turned toward her. He was conscious of the great stillness of night about him, an expectant, questioning hush; then suddenly he realized they were looking into each other's eyes. Neither moved.

Then abruptly the spell was broken. With a quick intake of breath Flanders started back. Dexter saw that her eyes were closed. In alarm he grasped her by the wrists. "Look here—are you hurt?"

She shook her head. She smiled the merest ghost of a smile. Then, after a moment, she whispered, "I can't finish this job while you hold my arms." But when the last pin had been fastened she raised both hands to her face, and a long shudder racked her body.

He steadied her, puzzled and ill at ease, not knowing what to say. "You'll feel better tomorrow," he murmured.

Quickly as it had begun, the trembling ceased. "Sorry. It's silly—I just couldn't help it."

"I know. It's been a big evening."

"I'm dead." Unsteadily she rose to her feet. "Come to the office first thing in the morning. I'll want to talk about what happened tonight." She picked up the flashlight and left him.

Pulling off his clothes, Dexter lay down on his cot. But he could not sleep. Like a

swarm of insects a host of unanswerable questions descended on him. Why had Hogan done it? And what would Hogan do when he learned that Dexter had helped Flanders? Resolutely Dexter shut his eyes, but his thoughts went swirling on. His side was throbbing. No position was comfortable. Before morning he got up twice for water, but when day dawned the fever was gone from his wound.

An hour later he heard Nelson ride out toward the plantation. Quickly he dressed and walked to the office.

Flanders was already at her desk, talking to her uncle. "How's the sick man?" she asked as Dexter entered.

He pretended to look about him. "What sick man?"

She laughed. "Don't try to be so noble. Come in and sit down." She had never seemed so friendly. The barrier between employer and employee seemed to have vanished.

Stockton came forward. "Flanders has been telling me about what happened last night. Was that just chance?"

"No."

"I thought not."

Dexter turned toward the girl. "Miss White—"

"You called me 'Flanders' last night," she said, smiling.

But he did not smile in return; his face had gone suddenly grave. "I want to talk to you about last night. That fight was planned. Do you know who was behind it?"

"Who?"

"Hogan."

SHE had half risen from her chair, and now she sank back, her eyes big with incredulous surprise. "But—I don't— What would he do it for?"

"To make things harder for you. Here's what I think happened: He fixed it with one of his men to take that gang of stevedores up to the labor camp to start a fight and wreck the powerhouse. The whole idea was to make it look unpremeditated. If you and I hadn't been there it could easily have worked out just that way. Hogan's gang would have said the workers jumped them, and the thing would have looked like too much booze and too much fiesta. There might have been a fine or two, and the whole thing would have been forgotten. But," Dexter added slowly, "they'd have gutted the powerhouse, and ruined your dynamo and machinery. You'd have been without power and light for weeks. The water pumps would have been out of commission. You'd have been crippled—and that's exactly what Hogan wanted."

"But I still don't understand."

Dexter hesitated, then plunged: "Do you know why I came here looking for a job?"

"Because you wanted work, I suppose."

"It was because Hogan made me come."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe to act as his spy here. Maybe to get your confidence and sell you out to him."

"And you came here to do that to me?" Her eyes told him she was trying not to believe him. "How could he make you?"

"He gave me the choice of doing what he said or going to jail—or worse."

"Worse?"

"A firing squad is worse." The words hovered like a drawn sword between them. Fear lay in her eyes now, and Dexter went rapidly on: "At first I thought I'd go

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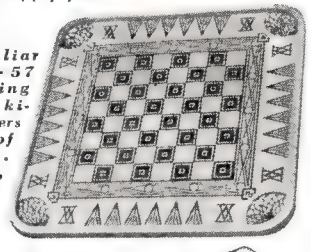

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through with it—later I knew I couldn't. I intended to stay until I found out what Hogan was after, and warn you—and go."

Stockton leaned back against the safe. "Wouldn't it be better to tell us just what happened, Dexter?"

So, briefly, omitting all details, Dexter told them of the night Hogan sent for him after seeing his fight with the drunk at the casino. He repeated Hogan's threats to charge him with the death of a bum whose body had been found in an alley. Then he went on to their strange compact. "I didn't know his reasons," Dexter ended. "I don't know them now."

"I know what he's after," Flanders answered quickly. "It's my plantation."

"Has he ever tried to buy you out?"

"Twice. Each time, I've refused to sell."

"Was the price too low?"

She flushed. "Any price he offered would be too low. No, it had nothing to do with price. I wouldn't sell out to Hogan because he'd wreck everything my father and I have been trying to do. He'd lay off half my workers and cut wages down to his own wage scale. Life wouldn't be very pleasant on the White plantation if Hogan owned it."

She looked toward her uncle. "But I never dreamed he'd try to ruin me."

"I don't think it's you he wants to ruin," Dexter answered. "It's what you represent. Hogan is thoroughly worried over the government's recent interest in the welfare of the peons. He probably feels that if you make a success of your undertaking the government will have good precedent for forcing him to treat his own workers as you do. That would cost Hogan money he can't afford to spend. He'd lose all the advantage his present wage scale gives him over you and the Amalgamated. But if he can make you sell out, or wreck you, it will be proof that your plan isn't workable.

"Hogan can't afford to let the White plantation be a success. You're a real menace to him. You know he called me back last night and told me to keep you from going to the labor camp."

"Why didn't he want me there?"

"Your testimony might have been dangerous. Hogan doesn't want to show his hand."

FLANDERS did not answer. She sat drawing little circles on the blotter. "And, instead of helping Hogan, you helped me. What will he do when he hears that?"

"I spent a good part of last night wondering, and I'm only sure of one thing—if he thinks I double-crossed him he'll get me before another day is gone. There are just two things I can do: The first is to hide out until a banana boat comes in, and try to stow away on it. That's almost hopeless, for he'd be sure to have men on the lookout."

"And the second?"

"The second is to bluff Hogan out."

With one accord they both looked toward Stockton. He was shaking his head. "Men like Hogan do not bluff easily," he suggested. "The sensible thing for you to do is to put just as much distance between yourself and Hogan as you can." He saw the gathering frown on Dexter's face, and added, "I don't expect you to do that. Very few people do the sensible thing." He rose. "I think I'll go down to the village."

Flanders waited until the tall figure disappeared down the path. "I think Uncle's right. You couldn't fool Hogan very long. Why take the chance?"

"God knows. Probably because I hate his kind."

"Is that the only reason?"

He was standing before the desk, and now he looked down. "You know it isn't. It's because I'd give my right arm to see you succeed in what you're doing here. The things you stand for are the things I believe are precious in the world, and I don't want you to fail."

His voice lowered: "Even if I stay I may not be able to help you. But, if you think you can trust me, I'll go down to face Hogan tonight. It's either that, or make a run for it. You're the one to decide."

Flanders dropped her pencil, and looked up at him like a frightened child. "Please don't make me decide," she begged. "Whatever I'd say, it might mean your death. I want you so much to stay—you know that. I'm so terribly alone. But I can't ask you to risk your life for me again—the way you did last night."

He covered her hand with his own. "I stay," he said simply. Then very casually he asked, "Do you have a revolver?"

"There's one in the safe."

"Could I borrow it, just for tonight?" He saw the fear return to her eyes. "I don't expect to use it—unless I have to."

She opened the safe and drew out a .38 automatic in a shoulder holster. "It was my father's." She laid it in his hand. . . .

THAT night Cloud rode down through the plantation and over the back road to town. Outside the casino he dismounted and climbed the steps. A few planters stood around one of the roulette tables, drinking and placing desultory bets, and at the farther end of the room the Japanese attendant sat talking to a croupier.

Dexter walked forward. "I want to see Señor Hogan."

Surprise showed for an instant in the Oriental's eyes. Then he bowed. "If the señor will wait." He hurried out.

Conscious of the quickened beating of his heart, Dexter approached the roulette table. Automatically his eyes followed the revolving ball, but his thoughts were in the closed office upstairs. The air seemed close and humid. That Japanese was taking a long time. Longer than it took to climb the stairs and come down again. Had Hogan already phoned the *comandante?*

Then the Japanese was beside him. "Will the señor follow me?" He led the way up the stairs and pushed open the office door.

Dexter entered. The door closed behind him, but the Japanese remained inside, arms folded.

Hogan was seated behind his desk. He looked up and said softly, "Weren't you just a little foolish to come here, Mr. Cloud?" Very slowly he opened the desk drawer. Dexter stiffened, every sense alert. He heard behind him the gentle rustle of the Japanese's sleeve, but he did not turn. His eyes were on Hogan's right hand.

But that hand did not move. For a long time Hogan sat with eyes fixed on the contents of the drawer, then he pushed it closed. Dexter allowed himself to breathe.

Hogan looked up again. "I scarcely expected to see you. It seemed to me that after last night you would make for the jungle."

"You mean because I didn't keep Flanders White away from her labor camp?"

"That, among other things. Let's not forget the very gallant fight you put up for her,

and that little inspiration of telephoning the Amalgamated people for help. Yes, you were a great help to me last night, and I assume you have come down for your reward."

"What is the reward for not doing the impossible?"

For the first time Hogan betrayed impatience. "Let's put an end to this farce. Your usefulness to me ended last night."

Amazement registered on Dexter's face. "My usefulness ended! It's only just begun."

"Let's not—"

But Dexter cut him off: "Let me talk. How did you expect me to keep her from going up to the labor camp? Kidnap her? I did everything I could, except that, and when I found I couldn't change her mind I went with her. Why didn't you let me know you were sending those stevedores to tear things up? I could have told them to hold off until I got her away. Your trouble is you're too busy keeping the right hand from knowing what the left hand's doing. Your passion for secrecy sent everything haywire."

"Was it absolutely necessary for you to start a fight with those men?"

"Start a fight? The fight had already started. They began roughing up those Guaturans almost as soon as they got there, and the next minute Flanders White was in the middle of it. Suppose I had cleared out and left her? That would have boosted my usefulness to you, wouldn't it? She'd have thrown me off the plantation."

DEXTER laid both hands on the desk. "Hogan, I did the one thing that could be done. And, whether you like it or not, I'll tell you something else. If it happened again, I'd do exactly the same thing. I won't run from a pack of mongrels that pulls a girl down from her horse—not even for you."

Dexter stopped. Was he getting anywhere? If he could instill just enough doubt to make Hogan hesitate he would at least gain time.

"When I came down here"—he spoke more slowly now—"I thought you would see all this. I thought you'd see that what happened last night gave me more influence with Flanders White than anything else could have done. Today she believes in me; she's grateful. And, if you had half the brains men say you have, you wouldn't need me to point it out to you. Do you think for one minute I'd have come down here if I had thought you wouldn't understand all this? I'd have been off in the jungle hours ago."

The voice, with its overtone of tired contempt, ceased. Hogan, drumming with his fingers on the desk, seemed to be lost in thought. Once his eyes moved toward the telephone, and the skin on Dexter's hands began tingling. Then Hogan leaned back.

"Sooner or later men have to come out of the jungle," he observed. "But you are very plausible, Mr. Cloud—almost too plausible. It would irritate me considerably to have you outmaneuver me. Take a cigarette."

Only strength of will kept Dexter from breathing his relief. He glanced toward the Japanese. The man had not moved from the door.

"But you have stated one truth that can't be denied." Hogan brought his finger tips together. "After last night you must have the complete confidence of Flanders White. How you intend to use that confidence is something only you can tell, but I have an urge to take a chance. I seldom deal in hunches, but if I'm wrong tonight I'll know

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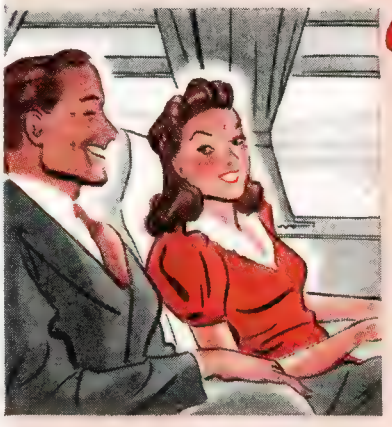

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soon enough—and so will you. Meanwhile, sit down." Hogan waved his hand, and the Japanese went out.

"The proof of the pudding, Mr. Cloud, is in the eating. Let us put Flanders' newly won trust in you to the test. Is Nelson hampering you?"

"He's not helping me."

"I'll see that he's kept full of booze. Now, tell me, is she still sharing her irrigation water with the planters down in the valley?"

"Yes."

"Even through this drought?"

Dexter nodded. "Yesterday I heard Nelson complain that we're not getting enough water ourselves."

"Good. I want you to persuade her that she needs every drop herself. See that she cuts off those other farms."

"That may not be so easy. She has her own ideas when it comes to dealing with the other planters."

"Lay it on thick about permanent injury to her own plantation. Tell her the fruit will never fill out until it gets more moisture. Tell her anything you want, but have that water cut off before the week is out. Do I make myself clear?"

"All except why."

The expressionless eyes moved slowly over Dexter's face. "You wouldn't have me tell you everything, would you, Mr. Cloud?" Hogan rose, as if to end the interview; then added, "And if by any chance you are congratulating yourself on having talked me into something, remember that I choose to be amiable because you cannot do me much harm, and you may do me real good. Time, as usual, will tell. But, if you fail me, don't bother coming down again to explain."

Dexter was halfway to the door when he heard again the slightly amused voice: "By the way, Mr. Cloud, why do you carry a gun under your coat?"

With difficulty Dexter suppressed a start of surprise. "It's just possible," he answered easily, "that I made a few enemies among your tame jackals last night."

Hogan nodded. "Ah, yes. Of course—of course."

Dexter realized that he hadn't really convinced Hogan of anything. But he had gained time. And that at least was something. . . .

A LIGHT was burning in Flanders's office and she was sitting at her desk. At the sound of Dexter's step she looked up and cried, "Thank God, you're back! What luck?"

"I don't know. He hasn't decided what to believe. I told him I could twist you around my finger after last night."

"You almost could. But what happened?"

"He wants you to shut off the irrigation water from the farms below."

"Why?"

"I thought perhaps you'd know. He may want to involve you in litigation with the planters."

"But they have no legal right to the water. When Father built the irrigation ditch he simply let them have the overflow."

"Was there any agreement, any written or verbal obligation?"

"Not a thing. Father just began giving it to them, because—well, because they needed it in times of drought—like now."

Dexter walked about the office in puzzled silence. Was this intended merely as a test of his influence over Flanders? Did Hogan mean nothing more than that?

Suddenly Flanders cut in on his thoughts: "Dexter, I'm going to do what Hogan wants. I'll shut that water off."

Dexter's eyes were dubious. "It's playing into his hands."

"Maybe. But it's also putting the next move up to him. And it may restore his confidence in you."

"What about the planters?

"I can tell them I need the water—and that's true enough. Then we'll see what happens."

He still looked doubtful. "You may be letting yourself in for touble."

"I'm up to my chin in trouble now." She laid a hand on his arm. "Don't you see it's the only way you can stay?"

"It may be an expensive way for you." Again he walked the length of the office. "I wish to God I knew what to do," he burst out. "If I stay here I may be doing you endless harm, and, rather than do that, I'd leave now—this minute—for the jungle." He faced her. "I can't bear to think of anything hurting you."

"Then don't leave me. That would hurt more than anything else." Her eyes, watching his lips, were like a caress. With an effort she rose. "We'll turn off the water tomorrow," she said in a voice not quite steady. "Maybe I'm a jellyfish, Dexter, but I can't face the thought of your going." . . .

At least one person approved her decision. Bert Nelson was jubilant when Flanders sent him down the valley next morning to tell the five planters along the irrigation ditch that because of the drought she needed all her water. Nelson voiced wholehearted approval. "You should of been doin' this ever since the drought started," he said.

The day passed quietly. Too quietly for Dexter. All morning he labored, laying track for a narrow-gauge tramway that was to run through the center of the plantation and pick up the stems of fruit brought down by the mules. It was hot, dry work.

Twice during the morning Flanders rode out to talk with him, and he was astonished at her seeming lack of anxiety. Instead, it was as if the presence of danger excited her.

"Sam's coming up for a swim late this afternoon," she told him, "and I asked him to bring Elena." Her eyes searched his. "Does that please you?" Without waiting for him to answer, she asked, "You're very fond of Elena, aren't you Dexter?"

"Yes."

Flanders nodded. "She told me you were." . . .

WHEN Dexter rode down to the swimming pool late that afternoon he found Sam and Elena already there. Flanders looked more than ever like a child in her brief bathing suit, and Elena, stretched out full-length on the flagstones, was blowing cigarette smoke over the surface of the water.

Sam saw him first. "How are the old ribs?" he called.

"Still a little stiff. What's new?"

Sam grinned. "We hauled three of those roughnecks down to jail last night, and this morning the *comandante* released every one of them in time to catch Hogan's boat." Sam shifted his cigar. "All of which makes me plenty doubtful if that fight was just a lighthearted frolic of Hogan's seagoing gentlemen. But, just the same, it doesn't make sense. Hogan's too smooth an actor to go in for strong-arm stuff like that. He wouldn't lay himself open that way."

"Maybe that's the answer," Dexter suggested. "The time to use strong-arm methods is when nobody believes you capable of them."

Sam said, "Personally, nothing he could do would surprise me—except to see him take a chance. Ever heard that favorite phrase of his—'I try to be logical'?" He looked over at Elena. "Not that I'd dream of knocking your boss beyond saying I'd rather trust a rattlesnake."

Elena turned lazily on her back. "Don't mind me," she answered. "Say anything you want about the old so-and-so. Down at the casino they told me that what happened last night was Miss White's fault. They say a few sailors went up to the village to see the circus. They began joking with a native girl, not meaning any harm, and Miss White lost her temper and beat one of them with a riding crop. Then"—she nodded to Dexter—"you got tough, and the sailors chased you into the powerhouse." She slipped her hand through his. "Just so you're not hurt, who cares what they say?"

Sam said curiously, "Last night, while that scrap was going on, I kept wondering what Elena would do to Hogan if Dexter got his head cracked."

Elena blew a smoke ring. "Kill him," she answered.

Both men laughed; she had spoken so quietly, as if the answer were a matter of course. "I believe you would," Sam agreed.

WORD MAZE

By Harold Hart

L	N	X	O	F
Y	E	V	R	S
R	N	M	A	E
K	I	P	B	L

THERE are at least ten kinds of furs which can be spelled out in this word maze. How many can you find?

Directions: You may commence in any square. You spell out a word by proceeding from one square to an adjacent one in any direction—upward, downward, sideways, or diagonally—until a word is completely spelled out. You may not enter the same square twice while forming any single word. You may begin each new word in any square you choose; but remember, *don't jump squares while spelling out a word.* Obsoletes, variants, or plurals are not valid.

Par: Six words in five minutes. *Medal Score:* Nine words in ten minutes. Check your answers on page 141.

"How did a hothead like you ever get to be a great dancer?"

"My head had nothing to do with it. It's legs. That's what makes dancers." And with effortless grace she raised both sun-browned legs straight into the air, then swung forward in a flashing arc until she was sitting cross-legged by Dexter's side. She looked up at Flanders. "Could you kill someone if he threatened your happiness?" She was smiling, yet Dexter recognized in her voice a very special overtone.

For a moment Flanders seemed to consider. "I'm not so sure. Maybe everyone has a right to protect his own happiness at any cost—against man or woman." She spoke quite seriously, weighing her words.

Watching her, Dexter wondered if he knew this girl at all. He saw Elena give a quick nod of understanding; then after a moment Flanders rose and walked with Sam to the other side of the pool.

Alone with Dexter, Elena puffed silently on her cigarette. Still wet from the swim, her skin held a sheen that reminded him of fine-textured silk. He found himself smiling down at her eyelashes, where drops of water glistened. "Why all this bloodthirsty conversation?" he asked.

"I just wanted to be a hellcat." Her eyes searched his face. "You laughed when I said I would kill Hogan if he ever harmed you. But you knew I meant it, didn't you?"

"He hasn't harmed me yet, dear."

"No. But last night—Dex, you're in danger here. I know more about Hogan than you do—you haven't a thing to gain by bucking him. Listen, Dex. Soon I'm going to Panama for a month's engagement. Why don't you come away, too? I can get you out of here, and down there you'd be safe."

"I've got a job here, Elena *mia*."

"A job that may—" She broke off and looked across the pool toward Flanders. "Dex, do you ever ask yourself if she isn't just using you?"

"Better to be used than wasted."

"Men don't know much. Especially if the girl is pretty—and she is damned pretty."

THE sound of Nelson's voice caused Dexter to look up. The overseer was standing before Flanders, his face red and wet with perspiration. "Hell's popping because we cut the water off last night, Miss Flanders," Dexter heard him say angrily. "Two planters complained to the *comandante*, and he's out in your office now. Wants to see you."

Dexter went hurrying over to them.

"Did you explain to the planters why we were doing it?" Flanders asked Nelson.

"Sure, I did."

"What did they say?"

"Nothin' much. What could they say? It's your water." He laughed. "I'd tell 'em all to go to hell, and the *comandante*, too. Give me the word, and I'll throw him out on his neck."

Flanders turned to Dexter. "What would you do?"

"See the *comandante*. Get to the bottom of this."

She nodded, then spoke again to Nelson: "Bert, I want you to go back and talk to those planters again. Find out who made the complaint, and why. And, Bert, be friendly with them. Don't try to bully them."

He laughed. "I won't, if you say so. But I'd like to wring their lousy necks. That's what comes of babyin' 'em."

He lumbered off, and Flanders turned

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wearily to Dexter. "Do you mind coming, too?"

He helped her put a bathrobe on over her bathing suit.

"Keep things on a friendly basis as long as you can," Dexter said as they walked toward the office. "Don't let it come to an open break. Remember, Hogan has this *comandante* in his pocket."

She looked up at him. "I'm frightened," she said, and for an instant he felt the touch of her hand.

IT WAS a short interview, and to Dexter a puzzling one. The *comandante* bowed urbanely when they entered. He began at once. He was desolate to be of annoyance to the señorita. Their relationships had always been of the best. Guaturas was proud of the White plantation. But—a slight raising of the shoulders—things had happened. In this time of drought he sympathized with her need for water when there was not enough water to go around. But other planters in the valley needed water no less. They had come to depend on it, through the years. It would work a hardship to have it cut off.

"But, you see—" Flanders began.

"*Un momentito,*" he interrupted, with another bow. The señorita was about to tell him that there was no legal necessity for her to share that water. He realized that. There was no contract, but she and her father had created a responsibility that could not be disregarded. Further, the new law provided that no Guaturan could have his livelihood endangered by the act of any alien. That law gave him wide latitude. It also gave him responsibilities, and if he allowed his fellow citizens to go waterless in this time of drought, it might be hard to explain at the capital. He must insist that for the present their water be restored. If the señorita wished, she could institute legal proceedings. But in the meantime the plantations of his countrymen must not suffer. Had he made himself clear?

Flanders looked at Dexter, and almost imperceptibly he nodded. With instant understanding, she gave the *comandante* her most friendly smile. "The water will be turned on at once," she said, "and will remain on all night. What little is left we will share as we have before. Is that satisfactory?"

"Most satisfactory. The señorita places me in her debt." A final bow, a clink of spurs on the tiled floor, and he was gone, leaving Dexter and Flanders with the same question in their eyes— What now?

It was getting dark in the office, and Dexter turned on the lights. "You handled that well," he said. "The next move is up to Hogan. So far as he knows I've done what he asked—persuaded you to turn off the water. He can't blame me if the *comandante* made you turn it on again." He stopped. "But there's more to it than that."

"What?"

"I wish I knew."

Flanders opened the safe and took from it the master key that unlocked the irrigation wheel. She was smiling to herself, and Dexter realized that the *comandante* had ordered her to do the very thing she most wanted—give back the water to the valley people.

"All right, Good Neighbor," he smiled. "Let's turn your precious water on now. But won't Nelson be disgusted!"

Together they walked along the path to the great irrigation ditch. Mounting the grill, Dexter unlocked the steel wheel that diverted the water from the White plantation to the lower farms. For a time they watched the yellow stream swirling between the banks of the ditch, making its way down the long valley, where, in smaller ditches, it would find its way to the thirsty roots of a million banana plants.

It grew darker. The water lost outline and became only a rustle of movement in the dark. A bat began flying back and forth.

"You know something?" She came close to him, her head barely reaching to his shoulder. "I'm just about scared to death. I've been terrified for months that I may not make a go of this plantation. And now that I know Hogan is against me—" She looked up at him. "What am I going to do, Dexter? What are *we* going to do?"

"If you weren't my boss, I'd do this." He laid both hands on her shoulders and shook her gently to and fro. "I'd say, 'Buck up!' Whatever you do in life, it's a fight, and maybe it's the fight that counts. Anyway, we're not licked yet, you and I."

Abruptly he broke off, as if regretting his own sudden vehemence. His hands still clasped her shoulders. She did not move. It was as if she did not breathe, as if the deepening night itself and all the jungle world about them waited in a hushed expectancy. Never before had she seemed so close, so yieldingly close to him—or so beyond the reach and need of words.

"*Flanders.*" Something impelled him to speak her name. Beneath his hands he felt her body tremble, and he released her. "I don't know how much I can help you," he said slowly. "Perhaps not at all. I may not even be here. But, while I'm here, you can count on me."

"I do—you don't know how much."

Side by side they walked down the darkening jungle trail. They had almost reached the house when he heard her whisper, "I wonder when the next blow will fall?" . . .

IT FELL the following morning.

Dexter and a small crew had begun fertilizing the middle plantation, when he was summoned down to the office, where Flanders stood waiting by the door, her face white.

"The *comandante* phoned me," she told him. "He said the other planters got no water last night. He accused me of breaking my word."

"I opened the wheel and locked it. You saw me do it."

"I know. I've just been up there. The lock was broken. The water had been turned back into our own farm."

Dexter led her inside, out of the sun. "Hogan would have made a good chess player," he said. "What else?"

"Yesterday Bert got drunk and threatened some of the native planters. The *comandante* has him in jail." She opened and closed her hands. "It's coming thick and fast now, isn't it?"

"What's the *comandante* going to do?"

"I'm to be at his office at eleven."

Dexter looked at the clock. "I'll drive you down."

Inside his office, the *comandante* was just a shade less cordial than the day before. He had Nelson brought in, looking much the worse for wear and trying unsuccessfully to carry the whole thing off with an air. The *comandante* viewed him with ill-concealed dislike.

"Because he is your employee, señorita, I am releasing him into your care. But we do not like to have men come to the homes of our citizens, drunk and threatening. As to the water—"

She interrupted: "Señor Comandante, we had nothing to do with that. Someone broke the lock. I give you my word."

He shrugged. "That is as may be, señorita. Unfortunately, the lock might be found broken every night, and the water would never reach the lower plantations. To avoid that unhappy circumstance I am imposing a fine upon you. And it is only fair to warn you that any further evasions may put you in danger of expropriation. We mean what we say, señorita. We want your good will, but not at the expense of

Fred Balk

our people." He picked up a pen. "For the loss of water and for the actions of your overseer, the fine will be one thousand pesos gold."

"One thousand pesos!" Flanders gasped.

"Payable tomorrow at this office."

"But—"

"Tomorrow, señorita—at eleven."

Dexter saw the girl's eyes fill with tears, and to prevent the outburst that seemed imminent he led her out into the blinding sunlight. Too angry to speak, he helped her into the car and, taking the wheel, waited for Nelson to climb into the back seat. He did not start the engine, but sat looking down the empty street.

Hogan must own the *comandante*, body and soul. A thousand pesos! It was so wildly unfair! He wondered how much that fine would cripple Flanders financially. He turned his head and saw her fighting for self-control.

Feeling his eyes on her, she raised her head. "You don't happen to have a thousand pesos in your pocket, do you, Mr. Cloud?"

He shook his head, his heart warming to her courage.

Her small fingers began twisting at a handkerchief. "Neither have I. That's the funny part of it. The famous White plantation hasn't a thousand pesos to pay a fine with."

CLOUD was stunned. Flanders could not raise a thousand pesos! There had been no suspicion in his mind that she was so close to failure.

From the back seat Nelson lurched forward. "Let'm whistle for thousand pesos." His speech was fuzzy, his breath heavy with stale rum. "Perfec' nonsense. Nobody pays fine around here."

Throwing the car into gear, Dexter started down the road, and Nelson subsided in a rumble of invective.

They drove through the dust in silence.

"What if I do refuse to pay it?" Flanders asked.

"I think that's what Hogan wants you to do."

"But what can they do to me?"

"Shut you down and drag you through the courts. These are bad times to buck them, with the threat of expropriation in the air. Can you borrow that money?"

She shook her head. "I'm in debt up to the hilt. It's only been in the last few months that I've been able to pay anything off. I can't even go to Uncle Harry."

Dexter drove on. Money. There didn't seem to be any substitute for money. Suddenly he remembered the little canvas bags of gold that came up every two weeks from the bank. "What about the pay roll?"

She looked up, startled. "I couldn't use that. I'll need it to pay off the men next Saturday. They've earned that money—it's theirs."

"Just the same, you'll have six days' grace before payday, and the fine is due tomorrow. How much is in the safe?"

"Twelve hundred pesos."

"I'd use it, then."

Nelson wobbled forward. "Tha's jus' cold feet. Yellow streak. Tell 'em go to hell. Pay roll's a pay roll."

Dexter stepped on the gas, and Nelson found himself hurled back onto the seat.

Dexter turned again to Flanders. "What have you to lose? If that fine isn't paid tomorrow the *comandante* will crack down. They may even sell some of your equipment, or may condemn your land. Whatever hap-

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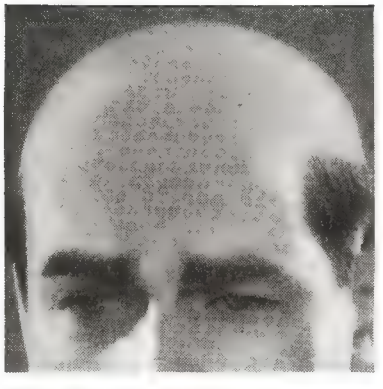

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pens, you've got to avoid expropriation."

She did not answer. She sat looking straight before her, while his heart ached for her. She was so tremendously alone, so like a child brought face to face with forces too stealthy and malignant for her to cope with. The forces of greed, the power of vested things. Dexter thought of Hogan, and his eyes became unpleasant to look at.

When they drew up before the office she had made her decision: "We'll pay that fine out of the pay roll, and God help us all if I don't find some way to put it back."

Nelson climbed unsteadily from the car. "You're crazy." From the pocket of his jacket a half-pint bottle dropped and crashed to pieces on the running board. He began cursing, but with a gesture Flanders stopped him.

"Bert, there will be enough left over next Saturday to pay you off. It's done no good to warn you. No other plantation on the coast would have stood your drinking as long as I have. You've made enemies of people who have always been our friends. You haven't been really sober for the past two months. Now you're through."

It took a full minute for the import of that message to sink in on Nelson's brain, then he took an unsteady step forward. "You can't—" Anger choked him. For a moment he stood glaring down at her, towering over her, so close that Dexter moved a pace forward. Then suddenly he began laughing his jangling laugh, and shuffled down the path to his shack.

ALL AFTERNOON Dexter worked steadily to drive away thought. But that night sleep would not come. He lay puzzling over the past, trying to come to grips with the future. It looked so black, so utterly devoid of hope. Was there no place in the world for people who tried to live out a dream? Flanders's was as brave a dream and as courageous a heart as he had ever known, yet she was being ground down beneath the things that Hogan stood for. And she hadn't a chance. Everything conspired against her—a stupid overseer, kept drunk by Hogan; three years of falling prices and mounting costs; the ever-present threat of expropriation. What chance did she have?

Tomorrow she would have to rob her own pay roll to meet that crippling fine, and then have only a few days' grace in which to hope for some miracle to restore it.

He didn't fall asleep until dawn.

Bright sunlight was slanting through the window when he awoke, with a start, conscious that something was wrong. Had there been a scream? He sat up in bed, his heart pounding wildly. Then, unmistakably this time, he heard a woman's cry. Dexter's feet struck the floor. It was Flanders's voice—coming from the office.

Barefooted, he bolted down the path and cut across the lawn. The door of the office stood open, but the shutters were still closed, and the hot, dry air of yesterday filled the place. Dexter burst into the inner room.

There, in the very center Flanders knelt, face buried in her hands.

Instantly he was at her side. "You're hurt. What is it? For God's sake, tell me!"

She could not speak. She only nodded toward the farther wall.

Dexter whirled. The door of the safe was open. Yellowing papers lay scattered across the floor. Every bag of gold pesos was gone.

(To be Continued)

AMERICA'S *Interesting People*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Colleen

SHE calls herself a "fat Irishwoman," but she's American to the core. She's Charlotte Carr, head of America's far-famed settlement house, Chicago's Hull-House. After the death of Jane Addams, its former head, five years ago, the trustees needed a live wire to carry on the Hull-House tradition. They turned to the woman who had been a policewoman on a night beat under New York's Brooklyn Bridge, Secretary of Labor for the State of Pennsylvania, and Director of Relief for New York City—Charlotte Carr. She moved in with enthusiasm. First step was toward elimination of national and racial barriers. She asked social workers of various races and nationalities to live at Hull-House and set up educational programs for their people. Second step was to organize classes in adult education, primarily for industrial workers of the lowest wage group, to help them better to understand the problems of industry, and to solve their own problems by organization. Such organization, she says, is a modern bulwark of democracy. And today, with democracy in danger, Miss Carr says her job, and everyone's, is to keep it working harder than ever.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WARD ARMSTRONG FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Doctor

VANEZ T. WILSON, superintendent of the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge at Brigham, Utah, is one doctor who knows all the "quacks." As head of one of Uncle Sam's largest bird sanctuaries, Wilson has annually cured thousands of migratory ducks of their most deadly disease, Western Duck Sickness. For centuries the mouth of the Bear River, which pours into Great Salt Lake in Utah, has been a favorite stopover for birds flying south from northwestern U. S. and Canada. About fifteen years ago so much of the river water was diverted for irrigation that the ducks' favorite marshlands began to dry up, causing this duck disease. Millions of birds died of it. Several years ago the U. S. Biological Survey stepped in with plans for a cure. Under Wilson's supervision water conditions at the river have been improved, lessening the sickness; floating duck ambulances have scoured the marshes daily during the summer months, rescuing sick ducks. About 70 per cent of them have been cured by prompt administration of epsom salts and distilled water. About 6,000 cases used to be treated a year, but last summer only 1,800 birds needed treatment. Our pictures show Wilson giving two recovered inmates their hospital discharge, while two very sick ducks below await the cure.

THE young lady in the striped pajamas about to open fire with a pillow is Elfrieda Skaggs, of Des Moines, Iowa, president of the Titianettes, said to be America's only organization of redheaded girls. Founded a year ago by Elfrieda and two friends, the club now has branches in several cities over the country. Meetings are held twice a month—one for business and one for pleasure. Our photographer caught the parent chapter of Titianettes off guard at one of their social meetings—at what they call a "slumber party." Members hire a hotel room for the night, pack in as many cots as it will hold, tell stories, sing songs, and wind up with a pillow fight before falling asleep exhausted. If it's not a slumber party, Elfrieda says, it's a picnic, skating party, scavenger hunt, or something equally strenuous. Business meetings consist of plans for the next social meeting and a discussion of redheads. Prime purpose of the club is to study redheads and find out what characteristics they have in common besides red hair. Verdict to date—nothing. Requisites for membership are red hair, a sense of humor, good sportsmanship, and a redheaded friend to bring along to swell the numbers. Outside the Titianettes, Elfrieda's main interest is in the boy-friend she is about to marry. He has brown hair.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WOLTZ STUDIO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Titianettes

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN FISHER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Gasoleer

A THOUSAND model aviation clubs have been organized in the last five years, with members ranging in age from 6 to 60. During the last year alone they've challenged one another to over 900 official contests. Top gasoleer (their name for a model contest winner) among these hobbyists is 26-year-old Ben Shereshaw, of Newark, N. J. Under his piloting, one of the nation's largest clubs, sponsored by a Newark department store, won the Twelfth National Championship Model Airplane Meet last summer in Detroit. Besides being the club's director, he designed the motors for two of the winning planes. Club numbers almost 3,500 members, who meet every Saturday. Ben's hobby started when he was 14. Designed countless rubber-band models, then five years ago built 15 engines before he could make one go. Since then he's successfully designed 21. His latest engine weighs only 2½ ounces, has one-seventh horsepower, and drives a 10-inch propeller. Plane and engine together weigh less than a pound. A former horn player, Ben likes to design his engines to symphony music. Says he can concentrate better that way.

Gilder

TO PAINT a movie star is to gild the lily. But that's the job of Helen Carlton, who paints most of the official portraits of the movie stars. When the script calls for a heroine's portrait to hang on the walls of the hero's home, chances are that Helen paints it. In our photograph she is putting the finishing touches on her portrait of Vivian Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara, which will appear in the picture, "Gone with the Wind." Equally important part of Helen's work is painting portraits of actors and actresses as they will look in their make-up for historical character roles. These portraits are used as guides by the make-up department. Though Helen has painted more portraits than she can remember, including ones of Paul Muni, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Olivia de Havilland, and Bing Crosby, she never had an art lesson in her life. Started sketching several years ago when she was a New York chorus girl. A producer saw her sketches and on the spot commissioned 25 large portraits of showfolk for lobby display. And she has been at it ever since.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD JORDAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY KNOPF-PIX FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Waterbabies

PROBABLY no waterbabies in any pool make a faster swimming pair than these 18-year-old twins from Los Angeles, California—Virginia (left) and Marian (right) Chapman. Between them they claim 12 important women's swimming championships, and both are members of the winning national 400-meter free-style relay team. Marian led the two to swimming fame when she won the Florida state championship six years ago at the age of 12. Alike as two peas in a pod, Virginia and Marian are inseparable, and they say their two biggest kicks are in fooling their boy friends and in swimming to victory together on the same relay team. Favorite hobby is doing a rhythmic "water waltz" to the music of their swimming club orchestra.

LATEST wrinkle in modern education is a course at Columbia University, New York, in how to sweep floors, wash windows, and stoke furnaces, started last year by Dr. H. H. Linn, of Teachers College. An expert in building management, with a string of university degrees to his credit, Linn felt that janitors of public buildings, particularly schools, ought to be taught more efficient and economical ways of doing their jobs. Gathering a corps of expert building superintendents and contracting engineers to assist him, he offered a series of courses. More than 300 janitors from schools, churches, and apartment houses within 50 miles of Manhattan signed up. Helpful hints: a long dry mop like the one he is using above is better than a broom for sweeping the floor; a little ammonia in the water will clean windows more easily. Each janitorial semester lasts three days. Linn says he can clean any public building but could never do his wife's housecleaning job. The job's too fussy.

Janitor

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. F. SOZIO

Streamliner

WHEN Munro Leaf tossed off a short story in 40 minutes one rainy Sunday afternoon in New York and called it "Ferdinand the Bull," he never dreamed that he had fathered one of the most popular characters of modern American literature. Leaf, shown in our picture with a friendly little Ferdinand, is still bewildered by it all, but he has a theory now. He thinks that what tickles everybody about Ferdinand is that he ridicules the stuffed shirt. Ferdinand, you remember, supposedly one of the most pompous and ferocious of creatures, vastly preferred smelling flowers to fighting in the bull ring. Now Leaf is continuing to remove stuffed shirts by streamlining the classics of literature for The American Magazine. He thinks that most people regard classic authors as terrible stuffed shirts, and that their works should be brought up to date to show that they really knew a thing or two about people. He does it in this issue with the tale of "Romeo and Juliet," popularized by that stuffed shirt, Shakespeare.

Golden Lady

(*Continued from page 41*)

him pause and heard him speak. "Hello, Elaine," he said.

Darnley saw the same slender, exact, metallic young woman who had spoken to her so ungraciously at the fashion show. Their eyes met, and the other woman's were puzzled for an instant.

"Do I know—?" she started to ask.

"Mrs. Sanson, Miss Carfax," De Groot said.

Elaine Sanson's eyes appraised Darnley in this new setting. She raised a slender, beautiful hand to her emeralds, and then said without a trace of inflection, "Ah, a sort of relative of mine, Adrian. My impressionable husband's latest heartthrob."

De Groot puffed out his cheeks comically. "Shall I slap her down, Darnley?"

"I'll attend to it, thank you," Darnley said in cold rage. "I have heard of Mrs. Sanson. Isn't she the woman who mistook her marriage certificate for a license to be promiscuous?"

De Groot cocked his great head to one side, as one who studies a matter critically. "Quite adequate," he said, nodding three times. "Quite, quite adequate. It would seem, Elaine, that you have failed to hide your lights o' love under a bushel."

HE PROPELLED Darnley adroitly past the spot and to their table, where she sat between him and Peter Orrick.

De Groot played for a moment with his fork. "Sometimes I make mistakes," he said.

"But never admit them," said Orrick.

"I couldn't be mistaken about you, could I, Darnley?"

"Meaning?"

"Why," he asked, "is Chico Sanson looking at expensive furnished apartments?"

"I didn't know he was," she said.

"How far," he asked, "would you go to win the Golden Blend contest?"

"Not that far," she said.

"And you haven't?"

"No." She paused and tried to define Chico Sanson. "I like him," she said. "He is a—a pathetic gentleman."

"Pathetic gentlemen are dangerous."

"Not to me," Darnley said.

De Groot's eyes strayed to Elaine. He nodded toward her. "*Cave canem!*" he said. "She's poison."

Adrian abandoned serious matters and talked, talked in his inimitable, omniscient way of men and (*Continued on page 104*)

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Oh, how grateful I am

BY OGDEN NASH

The world is so full of a number of things that are hateful
That sometimes it's pretty hard to find things for which to be grateful,
But I deprecate this defeatist attitude
Because I'm a fool for gratitude.

What though Fate be malicious, capricious, and prankful?
Surely a tolerable amount of ingenuity will uncover some excuse for being thankful.

There is a simple pleasure, for instance, that we all ought to be grateful for which,
And that is the simple pleasure of scratching when we itch.

Also I am grateful that my livelihood doesn't depend on selling brassières to the Balinese,
And I am more than grateful for the voluptuous satisfaction of the moment when after you have several times almost but not quite sneezed you finally sneeze.

DRAWINGS BY REA IRVIN

Though I, myself, prefer the East I am grateful for the California climate, because I think it is so nice for the people of California,
And, oh, how grateful I am that I have always been able to get up and go away when anybody sang Otchi Chornya.

"I prefer the East"

I feel that Lady Luck has harkened to my plea
When I gratefully consider that I am very lucky that I don't like onions, because I would be very unlucky if I did like onions, because onions don't like me.

Yes, when I think of all my blessings my heart becomes as soft and quivery as gelatin,
And I am so full of gratitude that I would need a year of Thanksgivings to tell it in;
And as a matter of fact I think it would be splendid if every day actually were Thanksgiving,
Because if every day were the last Thursday in November—(or should I say the next to last Thursday) why no day would be the fifteenth of March, and life would be less expensive living.

(*Continued from page 103*) events, past and present, of music, and art and poetry and scandal. He was a great conversationalist, one of the remaining few. At the end of the luncheon he asked her if he could take her to a picture, or to the Metropolitan Museum to show her the Chinese porcelains in the Altman Collection, or to a bench in the park.

"I'm a working girl," she said. "I'm posing for Mr. Farrish this afternoon."

"Farrish! Clyde Farrish! Not so useful to me as he was before he—er—became extinct. I must give him a thought."

"Extinct?" asked Darnley.

"There was a day," said De Groot, "when that volcano was in constant eruption."

"I can't believe it," said Darnley.

"I haven't had occasion to chronicle him for a year. Now, that's worth a paragraph! A nostalgic paragraph. What has become of the Clyde Farrish of yesteryear?"

"If," said Darnley, "you do mention him in your column could you refer to him as that eccentric genius with the camera?"

"Ah!" said De Groot. "And why?"

"Because," said Darnley, "if I get my way he is about to be very eccentric, and that's a sign of genius."

"What is here," asked De Groot, "that doesn't meet the eye?"

"Nothing," said Darnley.

"So the wind blows thus!" De Groot said, and whistled. "Do you take a cab or walk?"

"I'm saving my pennies," said Darnley. . . .

SHE had promised to help Farrish and Sam Britton with the work of preparing a presentation with which to solicit the Golden Blend account, upon which Britton's organization was working secretly day and night. She found Farrish in his office, with a look of greater animation on his face than she had seen for days.

"I've been with the fur people," he said abruptly. "They're being decent. They're going to give the police a chance before they push me around."

"That's something," she said.

"I'll be ready for you in a few minutes," he said. "I've a couple of three-cent jobs to do for the Jones Motor Sales Company."

"Who sell what?"

"Frontenacs," he said, naming one of the finer motorcars of the country.

He stepped out into the studio and she seated herself to wait. After a time the telephone rang, and she became officious and answered.

"Farrish Studio?" asked a voice.

"Yes."

"Jenks Agency. We've a little rush job. Will you send someone over?"

"What," asked Darnley, seized with sudden perverse inspiration, "is the nature of the work?"

"If," she thought, "I am going to meddle with Clyde Farrish's affairs, now is a good time to experiment."

"Couple of pieces of furniture," said the voice.

"Oh," answered Darnley, "I'm afraid Mr. Farrish would be unable to accommodate you."

"What?"

"Mr. Farrish," she said, elaborating upon the truth, "is engaged in making a series of important photographs for Frontenac Motors. You know, Mr. Farrish only does the smaller stuff as an accommodation occasionally. But he never accepts a rush order. We cannot send a photograph out of this

studio that does not carry Mr. Farrish's personality with it."

Clyde had come in silently and was staring at her open-mouthed. "Give me that telephone," he whispered savagely.

She motioned him away with an imperative palm. "Even," said Darnley, "if you were one of our most valued clients we could do nothing until this Frontenac series is out of the way. But you might try some of the ordinary photographers. You are aware, of course, that Mr. Farrish gives his personal attention only to commissions that appeal to him." She hung up the receiver.

"Are you crazy?" demanded Farrish.

"I'm not crazy," she said earnestly, "and if you're not crazy you'll agree. You don't want picayune work. You want big things."

"I want," he said, "to meet my pay roll."

SHE was excited. She felt she was right. Suddenly the studio had become her studio and she wanted acutely to turn it into a success. "Can't you take advice?" she demanded.

"Yes, from someone who knows what he's talking about."

"I do know. I know people want what is hard to get. You can't sell your work by ordinary means. You've proved it. You've failed that way. Why not try something else?"

"And go bust?"

"You're bust anyhow," she said sharply. "Now try being an eccentric genius. I know women. And men must be like women. If we think someone doesn't want us to have something we are simply wild to get it. I believe men—and businessmen—are the same. Please, please give it a try."

"Why are you so het up over it?"

"Because," she said, "it's impossible to put this business on its feet—and I'd love to do an impossible thing."

"The woman," said Farrish helplessly, "has blown her top. What do you want me to do—let you run this studio?"

"Oh, will you? Will you? I can. I can do things with it. Your way has failed. Won't you let me run it for just a month? It can't do any harm. Let me be boss for thirty days."

"So I'm eccentric, and a genius?" he asked, looking at her as if he would like to take her across his knee.

"That's part of it."

"All right," he said, "I'll begin now. The eccentric part, anyhow. Not to say lunatic. You boss the business end of this show for a month, and I'll take the pictures. Then we'll see who's crazy?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Do you mean it? Really?"

"Every man," said Farrish, "is entitled to be a damn' fool once."

Her eyes were alight. Elation possessed her. "Oh," she cried, "I could kiss you!"

"Nix," said Mr. Farrish. "The arrangement is for business only." . . .

DARNLEY CARFAX was in demand. This meant that, aside from being a beautiful girl, she was an efficient model. It is not enough to have a lovely face and a flawless body; it is not enough to be able to wear clothes with an air. To become a model of the first rank there must be something more—that indefinable thing known as color, and the ability to understand what the artist wants. In a small way a model must be an actress, capable of assuming a part. That it is a static part, unaided by

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dialogue, does not decrease its difficulties.

So Darnley caught on. Artists and photographers who used her found she gave something not specified in the agreement. She was so alive, so dynamic that they took something from her which, in a minor way, was inspiration.

Ambition fermented within her, and, as her lack of sophistication was daily remedied by contacts with the involved and artificial environment in which she moved, she increased the efficiency of her protective armor. She became wiser by experience and by listening to the experiences of other models she met in studios and at the agency. Her vanity told her that she was more beautiful than these other girls, and that she possessed attributes of intelligence and good taste which they did not own; therefore, she was more desirable to men, and consequently must present a more competent defense. She developed that defense adroitly.

"She looks," said an artist with a predatory reputation, "as if she'd melt that case off your watch, but make one pass, and icicles form. That gal is from the Arctic."

De Groot, that philosopher and observer, watched this development with some uneasiness. "Did you ever," he asked, "hear of fixations and inhibitions and cramps in the cosmic?"

"Only vaguely. Should I know about them?" she asked.

"They are easy to catch," said De Groot.

"What are you hinting?" Darnley asked.

"That sometimes we can pretend so hard that the thing becomes true. You are schooling yourself, Darnley, to indifference to men, even, it seems, to distaste for them."

"I don't like to be pawed."

"Naturally. But don't let it get inside you. Don't let distaste for the brashness of some men grow into a disgust for all men."

"Is that," asked Darnley, "what makes old maids?"

"A good many of them," De Groot said.

"This," she asked, with twinkling eyes, "wouldn't be your oblique way of making a pass at me?"

"God forbid!"

"Then," she told him, "I wouldn't worry. I shan't be an old maid. I'm not really disgusted with men, and certainly I'm not afraid of them. I'm simply putting my emotions in cold storage to keep them fresh and unspoiled until I want to use them."

"I hope so," he said, "but you make such a confoundedly thorough job of it that you may go too far." . . .

DARNLEY went about a great deal, but that was part of her career. She felt she must be seen and talked about. In the beginning she had anticipated glamorous studio parties, very gay and Bohemian. There were no studio parties. Artists did not seem to be in the humor of Bohemianism. All the Bohemianism was carried on after business hours by brokers or advertising agency executives or financiers who felt they were living the large, free life if they had for guests a couple of painters and actors and a handful of beautiful girls.

Darnley went to such affairs to further her ambition, but she was bored. Bohemianism, to be entertaining, must be genuine; or at least it must be the pretense of people with a flair for it. But at parties, at luncheons, she never lost sight of the main chance. She determinedly talked to people who could help her. And so her manner changed perceptibly. She no longer displayed that rather wide-eyed interest in people and things which had been so charming. She became intent. She walked down Park Avenue with staccato little steps and firm lips, as if she were always hurrying to an important destination. She was taking herself very seriously, and no politician ever studied more deeply how to acquire a public office than Darnley studied how to become the Golden Blend Girl.

To Clyde Farrish's surprise, and no little to his consternation, she took seriously his half-joking permission to guide the business side of his enterprise for thirty days. He could not understand it. Certainly she was not meddling to make money, for there was no money to be made. He did not see that it was an outlet for her energy and a means by which she might try the strength of her wings. She was determined to find out her own capacity, her own capabilities. But even Darnley did not see the significance of the fact that she had chosen Farrish's studio in which to work.

SHE worried him about the sable coat. "But how," she demanded, "could it have been taken out of the studio?"

"By stealth," he said.

"We know everybody who was present."

"We think so."

"The police are confident none of these people left before the loss was discovered."

"Then somebody else must have sneaked in and out."

"I don't believe so," Darnley said. "I don't like being under suspicion. I've laid awake nights thinking about it and trying to remember where everyone was and what he was doing. There are only two ways out of the studio—through the main entrance and to the freight elevators. Do you know what I think?"

Farrish grinned, "I'm beginning to believe nobody knows what you think."

"I believe," said Darnley, "the coat was here all the time—all the time the police were searching. And it was taken out later, when it was safe."

"Nonsense."

She nodded firmly. "And I'm sure," she said, "that the fur wasn't stolen for its value."

"Meaning what?"

"That it was taken to wreck this business."

"Pretty farfetched."

"Think back," she said. "Remember the things that have happened. Somebody wants you to fail."

"But why?"

"I don't know. But why have people broken in here at night?"

"To steal, obviously."

"Obviously not—because they didn't steal," she said. "They were looking for something."

"Your imagination," he said, "is galloping in all directions."

"There is something here," she insisted, "that someone has got to have. Whatever it is they want was here when you bought it. You wouldn't know about it."

"You've been reading mystery stories," he jeered.

With bewildering suddenness she changed the subject: "I haven't seen your salesman—the one who goes out and brings in business."

"Behold the man!" he said.

"You!"

"Why not?"

"We must have a solicitor," she said, with that odd, intent, absorbed manner. "Not

It takes ALL KINDS

WILLIAM DYCUS, a Taylorville, Ill., coal miner, whose hobby is collecting insects, keeps deadly black widow spiders as pets. As many as 700 scramble over his hands during the height of breeding season, he says. They eat one another, but never bite him, because, he thinks, his hands are "too tough."

LAWRENCE FERMAN, 13-year-old mascot of the No. 24 firehouse in Houston, Texas, has memorized the location of the 900-odd fire-alarm boxes in the city. He also knows the companies that answer the first, second, and third alarms in their proper order.

BAD weather doesn't keep William VanderLaan, 90, of Grand Rapids, Mich., from hearing church services. On stormy Sundays he listens to the sermon over a private telephone line he has installed between his house and the church pulpit.

FILMORE McINTOSH, of Hazard, Ky., campaigning recently for a seat on the state railroad commission, filed an expense statement including the following items: Grease for covered wagon, $1.50; ox shoes for Buck and Charlie, $1.75; nails for ox shoes, $0.20; currycomb for oxen, $0.25; shoeing oxen, $1.50; feed for oxen at various places, $45.00; and sandpaper for polishing ox horns, $0.10.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Donald L. Strike, a caddie of Butte, Mont., uses a small wheelbarrow for the golf bags and often caddies for three golfers at a time, collecting from each one.

TO KEEP his hair short, Jack Silver, of San Francisco, Calif., ruffles the hair until it stands on end; then simultaneously sets fire to it at both sides of his head. He controls the fire with a comb, and extinguishes the flames when they meet at the top of his head.

CLAYT ROSENCRANS, a barber of Plattsmouth, Nebr., has had his clock dial made with the numbers running backward, so that his customers can tell the time by looking in the mirror.

THE REV. G. E. BONNEY, of Randolph Centre, Vt., is a ventriloquist, and uses a dummy, "Jerry," to illustrate stories of the Bible and to drive home moral lessons.

JAMES SAXTON, of Kansas City, Mo., has equipped his fishing boat with a large umbrella, built into a revolving socket. He uses it as a sail and at the same time protects himself from the sun.

ALBERT BENJAMIN

We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

an order taker. My grandfather says salesmen are born—and not very often. You say there isn't enough business. There is always enough business for someone. The one who makes money is the one who knows how to get more than his share. We must find a man who can bring in more than his share of orders."

"I've not done so badly."

"Simply terribly," she said. "Your place is in the studio. You're art. You mustn't make yourself common by running around to offices. A salesman is necessary—the right kind."

"Can't afford it. When there's no work I might as well be out trying to get some. What will I do with my time?"

"Use it to build up a personality," she said.

"A what?"

"The sort of a personality that gets itself talked about. In your spare time practice being eccentric."

"But I'm not eccentric."

"Nobody is really," she said. "It's an act. It takes planning and thinking."

"Everyone knows I'm not eccentric," he said plaintively.

"They knew it yesterday. New York's memory is twenty-four hours long. Be eccentric today, and tomorrow New York will think you always were that way."

"My dear," he said, "you are a button short. You tried the eccentricity dodge on the Jenks Agency—and I lost a job that would have helped pay wages."

"I was right," she said stubbornly. "Wait and see."

THE telephone rang and, having preempted Farrish's desk, she put the receiver to her ear. "Farrish Studio," she said.

"Jenks Agency," said a voice. Darnley clapped her hand over the transmitter. Her eyes were dancing with sudden excitement. "It's the Jenks Agency," she said to Farrish; then into the telephone, "Yes?"

"Listen," said the voice; "we're in a jam."

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I explained to you the other day. Mr. Farrish—"

"But this isn't a little odd job that's got us down. Will you tell Mr. Farrish that Schwartz & Cramer have just laid an egg with a color job for Pleiades Silk. It's been turned down flat. Let me speak to Farrish."

"He can't be disturbed," said Darnley promptly. "He—he is in the warm bath."

"What's that?" demanded Farrish in a harsh whisper.

"Mr. Farrish always works out his intricate problems in color blending in the warm bath."

Darnley gathered from stifled profanity that the voice on the other end of the wire was exasperated. "Damn these temperamental jitterbugs," it said finally. Then, pleadingly: "This is a big job and a rush job. We're over a barrel. It's the cover for Pleiades' annual catalogue, and it's damned important. If Farrish will help us out we won't forget it."

"I'll see if he'll let me speak to him," said Darnley, and now her eyes were full of scintillating jewels. She pressed her palm firmly over the transmitter and waited a couple of minutes, while Farrish almost jumped up and down, reaching futilely for the instrument, which she perversely kept out of his reach. Presently she spoke again. "I succeeded in reaching Mr. Farrish," she said ruefully, "and I almost got my hair torn

"Now I'm a guest at my own party!"

"BOB does *like good-looking eatables after bridge. And how I used to slave! Just about broke up the game, while I took time out to fix things.*"

"SO *I struck—for a Toastmaster Hospitality Set. And* now *I slip away after the last hand. I've got the appetizer dishes all arranged in advance—and in less than* no time . . .

"BACK *I march with the nicest spread you ever saw . . . we all help ourselves . . . and I bask in the compliments. Actually, I'm a* guest *at my own party!*"

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out. It's lucky he seems to have a friendly feeling for your agency."

"Then he'll do it?"

"How soon can you have all materials and data here?"

"Twenty minutes."

"It is ten-seventeen," Darnley said. "If you can have your stuff here by ten-forty Mr. Farrish will make time for you. He will give you the usual preview at two-thirty this afternoon."

"Preview?"

"Oh," said Darnley, "you have never worked with Mr. Farrish? He insists on the preview. It saves time and uncertainty. At two-thirty. But, one moment—you are familiar with his schedule of prices?"

"Five hundred for a full-color job, isn't it?"

"You never got a Farrish for five hundred." It was true. Nobody had ever paid Farrish that sum for a photograph. "Seven hundred and fifty is his minimum."

There was an instant's hesitation, and Darnley held her breath.

"Okay," said the voice. "The silks will be there in twenty minutes."

"Very well," she said, and replaced the instrument. Then, tingling, exultant, aflame, she turned upon Farrish: "I've done it! I've done it! I've proved it!" She forgot Farrish in contemplation of herself. "I can do things," she almost sang. "I'm—I'm smarter than other people. Oh, I did it. I, Darnley Carfax!"

"LIGHT on something," snapped Farrish. "What is a preview?"

"You ought to know. You invented it."

"Yes, but remind me. I'm so forgetful."

"To take a color photograph," Darnley said, "you have to pose your model and your materials, and throw your lights on them. Like a living picture. You have to make your composition, and then take a photograph of it?"

"Naturally."

"A preview," said Darnley, "is letting the customer see the actual thing, lighted, posed. He sees what he is going to get in his photographs. You do it on a little stage, like in a little theater, with a curtain and doodads."

"A theater?"

"About seventy cents' worth of draped black cloth enclosing just enough space. You can throw together a temporary stage and rig a curtain on wires. There'll have to be a frame, of course. Your men can do it in an hour. I'll go out and get the cloth."

He sat back in his chair, his boyish face wearing an expression which was midway between exasperation and bafflement.

She went to the door, but paused on the threshold. "You've got to play up," she said firmly.

"As how?"

"The Jenks Agency expect their money's worth of eccentricity," Darnley said.

"I," said Farrish, "will not make an ass of myself."

She ignored that saying. "And make it good," she said imperatively. "I thought this up. I've done it. I've pulled it off. If you spoil it I'll—I'll tear your eyes out."

Farrish stared at the door when it closed behind her. "How," he asked aloud of the room, "did I catch hold of this buzz saw?" . . .

DARNLEY, as she walked up the street with concise, staccato little steps, was pondering the subject of salesmanship. She had heard the thing discussed, and her experience, slight though it had been, with the Farrish Studio had taught her its importance. No matter how excellent your product, it had to be sold, and selling seemed to be a highly specialized art. People were born with the ability. It was indefinable, but it was vastly important. Clearly, it was the thing that Clyde Farrish lacked. Also, clearly, if the studio were to emerge from its doldrums into success it must equip itself with salesmanship.

At the next corner was a little crowd, and Darnley's curiosity halted her. The knot of people surrounded a sidewalk hawker—a young man of girth and flashing teeth and an agile smile—who was selling cheap tin cameras for 49 cents. She listened for a moment, and remained, fascinated. She knew she was listening to jargon, but the rotund young man made it convincing jargon. His talk was larded with dubious science, with humor, with personal allusions to members of his audience. But underlying it all was something plausible and convincing—something that made men reach into their pockets for 50-cent pieces. Darnley even found her fingers on the fastening of her handbag. She frowned a little and bit her underlip. Here was salesmanship.

She edged her way through the knot of people, and he smiled at her amiably. "Do you," she asked, "really know anything about photography?"

He lowered his voice to a confidential whisper: "Not a blasted thing, lady. But, lady, don't I sound as if I was Old Man Camera himself?"

"Do you make much money at this?" she asked.

"Not enough. I eat. I sleep. I smoke."

"Would you," she asked, "like a regular job?"

Cause for DIVORCE

BY WM. STEIG

Mrs. Raymond Heberer of San Mateo, California, interviews Mr. E. N. Thayer, Sales Manager of the California Prune and Apricot Growers Association . . . on behalf of women everywhere who want the facts about advertising.

Frankly, Mr. Thayer... what have we consumers *ever gained from* Advertising ?

MR. THAYER: "Well, when you went to market this morning, Mrs. Heberer, did they sell you sugar from an open bin, and flour from an open barrel? Did you have to worry whether the coffee was full weight?"

MRS. HEBERER: **"Why no, Mr. Thayer . . . nowadays, most everything comes in packages."**

MR. THAYER: "And isn't that largely due to advertising? When we prune growers decided to advertise, for example, one of the first changes we made was to pack our prunes in sanitary cartons. Why? So people would get our product in the finest possible condition. Also so they could identify our brand. And that's the way it has worked with many, many products.

"Indirectly, you see, advertising gave modern packaging to the consumer . . . with all its cleanliness, convenience and confidence."

MRS. HEBERER: **"Gave it to us, Mr. Thayer? I thought we paid plenty for the packages."**

MR. THAYER: "In most cases, Mrs. Heberer, the advertiser can afford to put his product in better and better containers without it costing the consumer a single extra penny. Just as he can improve the product itself without increasing the price. As sales go up, the advertiser's resources increase. He can either give you a better product for your money, or take less profit and lower the price. Usually both things happen. 'Sunsweet Prunes' are a good example. As a result of advertising, we've been able to give even greater protection to the flavor, moisture and sugar of our product by going from the plain cardboard carton to the expensive foil wrapped carton, *without increasing the price.* And far more important, we've been able to develop the costly tenderizing process which leaves more natural sugar and moisture in the fruit . . . also at no extra cost."

MRS. HEBERER: **"But surely the advertising adds to the price of the prunes?"**

MR. THAYER: "The average cost over the past five years is 7/100 of one cent per pound . . . a fraction so tiny that it's almost impossible to grasp."

To give you the truth about advertising . . . and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, will appear in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, and The Country Home Magazine—published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

"Lady," he said, bending forward with the air of one imparting a secret of moment, "there ain't no such animal."

"If you would like one," she said, "come to the Farrish Studio in half an hour." She gave him the address.

"Lady," he replied, "you've hired you a boy."

It was absurd. It was ridiculous. Clyde Farrish would have a fit. But, she told herself, it was an experiment worth trying. It could do no harm—and it might be one of those strokes of genius.

She made her purchases and returned to the studio. The hawker stood outside the door, his face rueful. "A man cast me forth," he said.

She opened the door and motioned him in. Farrish was in the studio supervising the erection of the makeshift exhibition-room. Darnley drew him aside. "This," she said, indicating the fat young man, "is our new salesman."

"He is not," said Clyde.

"He is going to be tried. What is your name?" she asked.

"Terence Random."

"Your job," she said, "is to sell genius. The point is to convince advertising agencies and what not that Mr. Farrish is the greatest photographer of the age. If you can sell tin cameras you can sell anything. How much money you make is up to you, and it can be a lot. While we're making the experiment you will have a guarantee of twenty-five dollars a week."

"Darnley," said Farrish, "you've lost your mind."

"It will cost twenty-five dollars to try it a week," she said. "Mr. Random, you will stay in the studio this afternoon and watch."

"I'm a quick study," said Random.

"Then," she said, "start in to do it. Mr. Farrish and I are going to be busy. . . . Have the silks come?" she asked Clyde.

"Yes."

"Mr. Farrish," she said, "please try Mr. Random. Please."

He shrugged. "In for a penny, in for a pound," he said.

"And play up this afternoon when the Jenks people come. They're all set to expect a performance. Won't you give it to them?"

"As a special favor," he said, "you may call me 'Clyde.' Now go and annoy someone else. I'm busy."

THEY had coffee, sandwiches, and a newspaper in Farrish's office at one o'clock. Clyde turned to Mr. Manhattan's column, and presently whistled. "Your friend Gorse," he said, "seems to have done pretty well for himself."

"Now what?"

"De Groot announces that he is about to marry Mrs. Dion Van Houten."

"Is that something?"

"She rates ten millions and the most beautiful back in New York."

"The second most beautiful," retorted Darnley. "Ten millions. Maybe he'll lose his interest in the photographic business."

"Gorse," said Farrish, "is moving up. He used to work for the people I bought this studio and equipment from."

Little wrinkles appeared at the corners of Darnley's eyes. "He used to work here?"

"For sixty dollars a week."

"Why," she asked, "does he hate you?"

"I've never been able to guess that one. He's been that way ever since I refused to sell out to him."

"Do you mean Lacey Gorse tried to buy this studio?"

"He tried hard," said Farrish.

"When?"

"Off and on."

"Before he started going around with this Mrs. Van Houten?"

"I wouldn't know. Why?"

"I don't know exactly," said Darnley. "It just seemed like a nice thing to know." She changed the subject: "You're going to be nice about my salesman?"

"A pitchman selling high art will be a novelty."

"We need novelties." She was severe. "As a salesman you've been a complete flop. This studio must get a reputation for being cockeyed—but with the cockeyedness that comes from genius. Please try him."

"Sold," said Farrish, with the air of one who has been pestered into making a decision contrary to his judgment.

"Are you going to use me in this Pleiades Silk picture?"

"Yes. You are here and handy."

"CLYDE," she said, and it was the first time she had used his given name, "these agency people have got to have something to talk about when they leave. You've got to put on a show. If it's good, the news of it will travel like wildfire. Such things do."

"In my youth," he said wryly, "I used to be considered quite barmy. When I came into places they used to send in a call for the cops—just in case. That was before old age and responsibilities quenched the flame."

"I don't believe it," she said, "but if it happens to be true please light the fire again."

Suddenly he grinned. His face became very boyish indeed, and carefree and debonair. She never had seen him so before.

"Off comes the strait jacket," he said. "Let the chips fall where they will. . . . Come on, let's get this composition set."

They went out into the hastily constructed preview-room. Darnley mounted the little stage and was immediately surrounded by electrical equipment, spotlights, bunch lights, colored gelatins. Clyde stood frowning on the floor below her, staring first at her and then at a great heap of colored fabrics which the picture was to advertise. He was unaware of her as a human being, but saw in her only material for building an effect.

"Take off that dress," he snapped. "It's terrible."

She obeyed, standing in a little slip of white, startlingly lovely, slender, vivid, alluring. Her shoulders were bare, her exquisite legs in sheer stockings visible to the knee. Farrish sprang upon the stage and commenced to drape and arrange fabrics, so that, presently, Darnley seemed to be engulfed in a foaming wave of silks. Then hot lights beat upon her.

"Crimson in the baby spot," Farrish said tensely. "Just let it touch that right shoulder."

Beams of colored light mingled, crossed, blended, touching her and the foam of fabrics as if they were paints from the palette of an artist.

"Mister," said a voice from the rear, "you know your stuff."

It was the pitchman, Terence Random. Clyde, preoccupied, made no rejoinder.

"Save 'em," Clyde called presently to the electricians, and the lights clicked off. He glanced at his watch. "They're due," he said to Darnley. "It's tough, but can you hold it? As nearly as possible?"

"Don't worry," she said. "Do the curtains pull?"

They slid to with a little singing of rings upon wire, and then opened again.

"Mister," said the pitchman, "if I can't sell this chow then I'm a cluck."

"When the agency people get here," Darnley said, "play up to Mr. Farrish."

"Leave it to me, lady. Leave it to me."

"Go to the office and wait for Mr. Jenks," said Darnley. "Let us know when they come."

THE curtains closed in readiness. Darnley rested as much of her weight as possible against the support beside which she stood, and she waited. She had a feeling that so much depended upon this afternoon. It was her idea; it was she who had brought Jenks to the studio. Now it was in Clyde Farrish's hands to make success or failure of it. It did not occur to her that, really, it was none of her business; that she was simply a hired model who had chosen to intrude into the affairs of a young man with whom she was but slightly acquainted. It did not occur to her to ask why his success or failure had become of so much importance to her.

There was another factor which she did not take into consideration, and that was a restless, urging energy which compelled her to be doing something, trying something, reaching for something. That explained a part of it. Clyde Farrish had happened to be handy when the urge was upon her. But it did not explain all. It failed utterly to account for the breathless, blissful sensation she had experienced but a moment before when she had seen Clyde's face come to life and his youth assert itself, and that puckish creature who had been hidden under his worried exterior peep through his brown eyes. That was a thing she did not explain,

For Friends
Like Yourself

You may choose a business associate for opposite qualities, but the chances are you pick as friends those whose tastes are similar to your own.

You like reading, for instance—and your friends (at least, many of them) do too. It's fun to read the same thing.

So give them, this Christmas, what you like for yourself—let them join you in reading the next twelve issues of The American Magazine.

There's a special price this month for two or more subscriptions. They can both be gifts, or one can be for yourself. For details of this special offer—

See page 126

and would not admit, even to herself.

Before her back commenced to ache she heard her pitchman's voice. "Mr. Jenks and some men are here," he said.

"Let them," Farrish said, with a curious lilt in his voice, "enter the presence."

Then she heard movement and voices. Jenks's voice, familiar to her over the telephone, was speaking. "Farrish, we appreciate this," Darnley heard him say. "This is Mr. Jameson, president of Pleiades Silk."

"Did it for you," said Clyde. "Don't know Jameson. Dr. Random, ask these people to sit and keep from under my feet."

DARNLEY smiled. Farrish had promoted the pitchman to a doctorate—she wondered in what branch of learning.

"Gentlemen," said Random in a deep, sonorous voice which would have been impressive before a side show, "will you select seats. I beg of you to refrain from conversation. The time has been short. Mr. Farrish is near the point of exhaustion." He lowered his voice to a confidential tone: "You notice him! You see how he is! Gentlemen, you're in luck. Out of these moods come masterpieces."

"Silence!" snapped Farrish. "Curtain."

The curtain parted, and Darnley looked into a room of velvety blackness. Upon herself and the billows of silk was only a feeble light.

Farrish's voice said words which she recognized:

"'When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I, all alone, bewail my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries . . .' Number Two Amber."

A golden glow played upon Darnley as the electrician turned on an amber bunch light.

"When," she heard the pitchman say, "his soul's really in a job, he recites poetry. He claims beauty begets beauty, gentlemen. You were, but now, listening to the immortal words of Shakespeare's Twenty-ninth Sonnet."

"'And look upon myself and curse my fate,'" Clyde continued. "'Bewailing this man's art and that man's scope.' Magenta on the left breast. Lower! Lower!"

His voice was rising as if with excitement. A note of triumph crept into it: "Now the Number Six green—smoothly, smoothly. The Number Four yellow! . . . 'And then my state,'" his voice rang out dramatically, victoriously. "The red, the Number Twelve red, as if it were glancing over the wavelets of silk. There! There! '—Like to the lark at break of day arising from sullen earth!'"

He was standing now, in a very paroxysm of emotion. His voice was happy, thrilled, a very song of triumph: "'Sings songs at heaven's gate. For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings—' Blue waisthigh. Green spot—there! Above the crimson. 'That when I scorn to change my state with kings.'" His voice reached a climax.

He stood for an instant, and then sank into his chair. "There," he said wearily. "There it is. There it is. I've done my best."

"Gentlemen," said the new salesman solemnly, "there's your masterpiece!"

"Can he reproduce that in a color photograph?" asked Jenks.

"What you see," said Random, "is what you get."

"Ahem!" It must have been President Jameson speaking. "Remarkable. Er—remarkable."

"What do you mean remarkable?" snapped Farrish savagely.

"I mean," said the important gentleman, in the voice of one who is taken aback, "I mean—er—remarkable!"

"Why don't you say what you mean?" demanded Farrish. "Take him away, Jenks. He doesn't understand."

"I'm quite sure he understands," Jenks said placatingly. "I know he is delighted—as I am. It has been a privilege."

"A privilege enjoyed by few," said Random.

"When can I have delivery?" asked Jenks.

"Tell him tomorrow, Dr. Random," said Clyde. "Tell him tomorrow. Now, please, everyone go away."

"I would like to shake hands, Mr. Farrish," said Jameson, "and thank you for—for helping in an emergency."

"Anything. Anything—even this—even this!—for a friend like Jenks. Lucky Jenks was your agent." His voice sank to a whisper and then rose suddenly, almost shrilly: "My God, can't I be alone!"

RANDOM shooed the purchasers out of the room. "Now," he told them confidentially, "we'll catch hell around here for an hour. Then he'll be as sweet as pie. A remarkable man—Farrish. An authentic genius!"

"He—er—seems to be," said Mr. Jameson. "No commercial sense. He didn't seem to get the idea that I am paying for this."

"He wouldn't care," said the pitchman, "if nobody paid for it—so long as it came out as he wanted it. (*Continued on page 112*)

AROUND THE HOUSE

with ROGER B. WHITMAN

WAR is raging in the George H. family, of Trenton, N. J. Mr. H. wants the heater thermostat turned down from 70 to 60 degrees every night (says the oil burner operates more economically that way). Mrs. H. says the thermostat should be set at 70 and *remain* there. . . . Sorry, Mr. and Mrs. H., but I disagree with you both. As a general rule, maximum economy in fuel will be had by turning the thermostat down 5 degrees at night. If turned lower than this, an excess of fuel will be burned in the morning in bringing the house up to 70 degrees.

COVERED radiators may be more pleasing to the eye, K. G., Albany, N. Y., but inevitably they cut down the heating efficiency to some extent. In fact, I have seen enclosures that reduced the efficiency of a radiator by as much as 50 per cent. An enclosure that reduces it only 15 per cent is usually satisfactory. You should compensate for this reduction by using a larger radiator than is actually called for.

MILDEW is a problem which seems to be troubling many of our readers. Mrs. W. B. C., of Dallas, Texas, wants to know how to make prepared paint resistant against mildew. . . . Here's how: Upon opening the can, without stirring the paint, pour off some of the liquid, in the proportion of one pint to a gallon of paint. Replace this with one-half pint of turpentine. Stir into the paint, and, when thoroughly mixed, add an ounce of powdered calomel to the gallon.

STICKY raincoats are most unpleasant. . . . Yours can be fixed, S. C. W., of Elmwood, Nebr., by rubbing it with plenty of talcum powder. The cheapest kind will do.

NOW Mr. A. B. W. has a house on Mobile Bay in which the clothing hung in the closets acquires a nice coat of mildew in a few days. . . . Until you install a permanent method for reducing humidity, try the following remedy: Set an electric lamp on the floor of the clothes closet, so that the heat from it will rise and circulate throughout, and keep it burning continuously. The door should be kept closed as much as possible.

A typewriter-carrying case, belonging to Mr. B. H. R., of Louis, Miss., is subject to fits of mold. . . . A good scrubbing with soap and water is the first step in its rehabilitation, Mr. R. Then finish the case with a coat of quick-drying varnish. For further protection get your wife, or best girl, to make a bag of outing flannel in which to keep it when not in use.

AN OUTDOOR swimming pool which has to be protected against a possible winter temperature of 20° below zero is the problem of Mrs. A. M., of Claremont, N. H., and she wishes to know if it must be drained. . . .

My teeth chatter at the thought of 20° below. However, here's good news for you: It's not advisable to drain your pool. By floating logs of wood in it before the freezing occurs you will protect the pool against the pressure of the ice. The number of logs may be figured this way: Place a line of logs, end to end, from one end of the pool to the other; then double or triple the number.

MRS. E. K. G., Salem, Mass., is exasperated at the man who laid her cellar cement floor. From it, cement dust is tracked over the house because time was not taken to cure the cement properly. . . . But there is a silver lining to every cloud of cement dust. Make a mixture of one part waterglass and four parts of water. Pour it generously over the floor and spread it with a broom, letting it take up all that it will. Repeat this treatment in two days. This beauty treatment will not only lay the dust, but it will give the concrete surface a slight gloss.

A NUMBER of valuable phonograph records left in a hot attic by M. E. R., of Easton, Pa., resulted in their warping. . . . Cheer up, Mr. R., these can be put into shape without damaging the delicate grooves of the records. All you have to do is to subject them to gentle heat. Place them on top of a warm (not hot) radiator, supporting them on a flat surface of some kind. When they have been softened, a fairly heavy book will straighten out their bulges.

OLD THINGS AND NEW THAT SHOULD BE BETTER KNOWN: Linoleum tile with a waterproof foundation that protects against mildew and rotting when laid on a cellar floor. . . . Dressing for leather to revive old and worn book bindings, luggage, etc. . . . Weatherstrips of sponge rubber with metal edging to be nailed on; no tools needed but a hammer. . . . Space-saving metal cabinet to be hinged to a door as a broom closet; also made with shelves. . . . Bleaching liquid to take natural color out of wood; used for bleached and blond finishes.

HAVE you a problem in your home? Mr. Whitman will be glad to help you solve it. Just send your question to him in care of The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y., with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. But don't ask legal or financial questions, because he can't undertake to answer them.

(*Continued from page 111*) I'll call tomorrow."

Clyde helped Darnley out of her cocoon of silks and placed a chair for her. "Good performance?" he asked.

"You eat nothing but popcorn," she said.

"What?"

"Everybody's interested in what people eat. You live exclusively on popcorn. I'll get the story spread. You get the popcorn. You put on a good show. But Dr. Random helped."

A photographer named Reynolds rushed into the room. "Mr. Farrish! Mr. Farrish!" he called excitedly. "Come here! Quick! Somebody's smashed hell out of the color camera!"

CLYDE FARRISH stood looking at the demolished color camera. It had ceased to be. His face was not boyish now, but grim. For the first time Darnley noticed that he owned an admirable chin. It was the sort of chin that knew how to jut out belligerently.

"There," he said, "goes your ball game."

"Haven't you another?" she asked.

"Another! It broke the camel's back to get that one. With lens, it clawed the bank roll to the tune of thirteen hundred and fifty-seven dollars. That, my lovely child, is a Ludenheim, imported."

"Can't you get another one?"

"Using what for money?"

"Is there another to be had?" she asked.

"Probably. But it might as well be an extinct species. I haven't cash. I haven't credit. You don't just go out and pick a color camera as if it were a buttercup in a pasture."

"Come into the office," she said, and he followed her. She closed the door. "You've got to have a camera so that picture can be taken this afternoon," she said severely.

"You get it," he said ironically. "I've got another chore."

"What chore?"

He grinned crookedly. "I'm going to step out presently," he said, "and get arrested for felonious assault. I'm going to do it on speculation. As a sort of grand finale. I shall lock the door behind me and toss the key down a sewer."

"You're quitting!"

"I haven't a scrap of evidence. I'm going to commit this mayhem on speculation. I can't prove anything. Any more than I can about the sable. I've discovered that we underbid Gorse, to get that fur job, you know. And if Mrs. Van Houten marries Lacey Gorse within thirty days the nuptials will be celebrated in a hospital."

"Not only a quitter," she said savagely, "but a stupid quitter! Stupid," she went on, "because you'll be doing exactly what Gorse, or somebody, is trying to make you do. If you go all yellow now and quit, how will you ever catch them at it? Or find out the why of all these things? *Why* that model, the first day I saw you, pretended to sprain her ankle. *Why* the fur coat was stolen. *Why* this place has been broken into more than once. *Why* the camera was smashed. There's only one place you can find out those things, and that is *here*."

"I just told you I was attending to that."

"Don't you think Gorse would be willing to trade a couple of black eyes for this studio? It looks like a bargain price to me."

"I mean to be very thorough," said Clyde.

"And I," said Darnley, "mean to be the Golden Blend Girl. Do you think I'm going to let you collapse and ruin my chances? I'm not. I'm using you and the Britton Agency

to get what I want. Maybe I can do it anyhow, but I've started this way, and you're not going to ruin it all! You are not going to thrash Lacey Gorse. You are going out to get a new Ludenheim camera, and you're going to take this silk picture before dinnertime. You're going to! You're going to!"

He sat down heavily. "Darnley," he said, "no man likes to be a quitter. I don't think I am a quitter. But no amount of courage or determination can do a darn' bit of good when you're up against a total absence of cash. If you're in a battle you can fight on till you're abolished. If you're in a fist fight you can stick it till you are carried out. But when you haven't a cent—you haven't a cent. And that's that."

"I've some money," she said abruptly.

"Eh?"

"When I left home Grandpa Carfax gave me plenty of money. I've enough left. I've done very well as a model and I've lived economically. I haven't any fear of the future. I know I can make a living."

He was leaning forward and scanning her face intently. His brow was wrinkled. His eyes were rather surprised and unbelieving. "So what?" he asked.

"So," she said, "I'll give you a check, and you must hustle out and get your camera and get this job done."

"Let's get this sorted out," he said in a queer, dry voice. "Sometimes my hearing isn't so good. Did you, by any chance, offer to give me the money to buy a Ludenheim camera?"

"I thought I was being explicit."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "I want to be the Golden Blend Girl, and my best chance is through you."

"Motive purely selfish?"

"Yes."

"You wouldn't lie to a lad?"

"Will you stop acting like an idiot and go get that camera?"

HE WALKED to a calendar on the wall and made a cross through the date. "Later," he said, "I'm going to color that. In red. It marks an epoch. It celebrates a great scientific discovery."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"The world-shaking discovery that a girl can be beautiful and not a gold-digger."

Darnley frowned. "Will you take this check?"

"Miss Carfax," he said gravely, "I think you're a gentleman. Which is a nice thing to say to a lady. I think you are a very neat and considerate little liar. Also, I like your looks. But up to now I haven't borrowed money from women."

"Then," she said desperately, "sell me an interest in this studio."

"Neither," he said; "and if you'll excuse me I think I shall ramble out and get me a Ludenheim. I think I can be back in an hour. Can you wait?"

"You can do it?"

"I hope so."

"If you can't," she said, "will you please, please take my check?"

"If I can't manage it myself," he said gravely, "I won't deprive you of the chance to do a very fine thing. The hell with self-respect in the presence of a miracle." He walked to the door, and paused. "The Farrish Studio," he said, "will continue to do business at the old stand."

Darnley went out into the studio, where the employees stood whispering in a little

Quick Starts? SURE!

But Don't Sacrifice Engine Protection after the Warm-up! Get Both Now with MOBILOIL ARCTIC

WATCH OUT FOR OIL that gives quick starts—then lets you down! For *Balanced Protection*, your engine needs oil that flows fast for easy starts on cold mornings, yet retains its body *after* the warm-up...resists heat, wear, carbon, sludge!

Depend on "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic (SAE 20-20W) for normally cold weather...Mobiloil Arctic Special (SAE 10-10W) where *sub-zero* weather is usual! SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

How an Expert "Winterproofs" Your Car →

1. **ENGINE PROTECTED!** Crankcase is flushed...refilled with "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic for *Balanced Protection*.

2. **RADIATOR MADE SAFE!** Cleaned with Mobil Radiator Flush; refilled; protected against rust by Mobil Freezone.

3. **GEARS SHIFT EASILY!** Thick summer gear oil replaced with the right grade of Mobiloil Winter Gear Oil.

4. **CHASSIS PARTS PROTECTED!** Winter Mobilgrease helps protect every vital part against winter-weather wear.

WINTERPROOF TODAY AND CHANGE TO

MOBILOIL ARCTIC

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SOCONY-VACUUM

knot. "Mr. Farrish," she said, "has stepped out to get another camera. Please have everything ready so we can make the picture as soon as he gets back."

"Lady," asked the newly hired pitchman, "what goes on around here?"

"War," said Darnley, "and you want to keep your powder dry."

"I knew I was going to cotton to this job," he said genially. "What I say, lady, is, the hell with a dull life."

FOUR o'clock arrived, and half past four; then, just before the clock announced five, Clyde arrived and with him a crated camera.

"You did it!" Darnley cried in elation. "How?"

"Simple," answered Farrish. "I just got the money and bought it."

"But where did you get the money?"

"I found it," said Farrish, "under a cabbage leaf." He paused, and his brows lifted as he made a grimace signifying distaste. "But don't ask me to do it again."

That was all she could get out of him. But Clyde urged her into the studio, made her reassume the pose, and went about the intricate business of taking the picture. It was nearly seven when he finished.

"Get into your dress," he said, "and we'll celebrate. I've enough left to buy two dinners."

"Can't," she said. "All engaged for the evening. Do I get to know where you got the money?"

"No," he said decisively, and turned abruptly and walked away.

Darnley was not pleased. She was even apprehensive. And she was hurt. She felt she should have been taken into Clyde's confidence. Why should he not tell her where the money came from? Unless it had been acquired in some manner not creditable which he dared not disclose.

So it was in no pleasant frame of mind that she went to her apartment, dressed, and waited for Chico Sanson to call for her. In the half-hour before he rang the bell she sat and took stock of herself.

She had ample reason to be content with the success she had made as a model—the financial success. Leaving out of consideration those dubious sums she had received from Lacey Gorse for becoming Chico Sanson's companion, her earnings had been most satisfactory. She had been right when, before her mirror in Grandpa Carfax's home, she had reached the conclusion that her beauty was the asset upon which she could and must realize. It was, indeed, a merchandisable commodity. With beauty alone one could travel a certain distance in the world. But not to the point Darnley wished to reach. To climb higher, one must supplement one's beauty. It all depended upon what one desired. If ease and comfort were all, then it would be easy to attain. There was marriage. Girls far less lovely than Darnley had married riches and position. Somehow that idea was abhorrent. Money and social position were not her goals.

There was something else she desired. Not only did she want to be successful; she wanted to be the most successful. She wanted to be pre-eminent in some field. Just what field she did not know. But modeling was only a steppingstone. The most beautiful model in America, the most famous model, ought to be able with ease to step from that pedestal into something quite splendid. Therefore, the thing to do was to become first in this business, and then to choose.

She must become the Golden Blend Girl. That would be the first great advance.

She had arrived at this point in her reflections when Chico arrived. They went to a quiet place where Chico, always meticulous as to detail, had ordered in advance. Flowers dressed the table. It was evident to Darnley that elaborate pains had been taken to make this a very special dinner.

"It's lovely, Chico," Darnley said.

"Not lovely enough," he answered.

"Your eyes are tired."

"It has been a hard, rather quarrelsome day. We're making an important change, and the news has rather leaked out. The advertising of Golden Blend."

He veered quickly away from that subject which he believed to be of no interest to Darnley, and talked easily, entertainingly, graciously. But as Darnley looked across the table at him he gave the impression of weariness and loneliness. He was unhappy. That was evident to the discerning eye. Darnley liked him and gave him her sympathy—which was a dangerous thing to do.

"I've told you something about my wife," he said suddenly.

"A little."

"It doesn't seem fair," he said, "that a woman should vindictively shut happiness out of a man's life."

"Is there no way out of it?" she asked.

"I see none. She will not give me a divorce. I don't know why. And I? Well, I suppose I am too fastidious to apply for one and have my name dragged through courts and newspapers." He paused and stared into his glass. "Therefore," he said presently, "I seem to be sentenced to loneliness."

He did not refer to Mrs. Sanson again during the dinner. After coffee and liqueurs he smiled across at Darnley rather embarrassedly. "I half promised," he said, "to drop in with you at a party. The Saxons. Would you mind awfully? We don't have to stay."

"Of course," she assented. It was the least she could do—to allow him to show her off to his friends. It was a natural return for his consideration of her. She hesitated a moment. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him of her agreement with Gorse; to tell him she had accepted pay for being his companion. But she did not speak. Not because she was afraid of consequences to herself, or even because his honest eyes might show his scorn of her; but rather because she did not want to hurt him. It would wound his vanity deeply.

HIS car drove them up Park Avenue and stopped before a towering apartment house. They ascended in the luxurious elevator.

"Your friends," said Darnley, "like altitude."

"They have the penthouse," said Chico, "One of the loveliest views of New York. Nice young people. They are going to Europe next week."

They were shown into a spacious living-room, where a dozen people stood or sat about. Darnley was presented to her host and hostess.

"If you want to look around, Chico, help yourself," said young Mr. Saxon.

"Thanks, Paul."

For half an hour they chatted with one person and another; then Chico adroitly separated Darnley from the party. "Darnley," he said diffidently, "I had rather a special reason for asking you to come here."

"A special reason?"

"Yes. I wanted to talk with you seriously—and here."

"But why here, Chico?"

"Do you like the apartment?"

"It is very attractive."

"The furnishings seem to be comfortable and in excellent taste."

"It is lovely."

"Suppose we go out into the garden. The Saxons have made rather an exquisite garden on the roof outside."

Darnley followed him, rather puzzled at both his manner and his words. He led her into a small, quite unbelievable formal garden, a garden that grew hundreds of feet above the thoroughfares of New York,

Ed Nofziger

"Brush up on this list of cute remarks, dear. Mother's having guests this afternoon!"

and motioned with his hand to a bench.

"Every man," Chico said abruptly, "has a right to try for happiness. I have not been happy. I have been terribly lonely. I have been deprived of the things which make life endurable—and chief of these is love and the companionship of a woman I love. Who might even love me."

She stretched out her hand impulsively and touched his arm. "I'm sorry, Chico."

"It isn't wrong, is it, to try for contentment?"

"Why, no."

"You could give it to me, Darnley. Contentment, happiness, everything I hunger for. It was to tell you this that I brought you here. I feel I have come to know you very well. You have to offer everything that a man could desire to make him happy. Not your beauty alone, but charm, personality, intelligence—and somehow I am quite certain, character. You would always shoot straight. Which is a crude way of saying you have honor and loyalty."

"Why, Chico!" she exclaimed. "These things are very sweet to hear—"

"I am a cautious man," he said, "because I have suffered from lack of caution. But with you I am no longer cautious. I have studied for days how best to present this thing to you. How to do so without being ungentle or crude or offensive. And this seemed the better way. I brought you here, Darnley, to tell you I love you."

"Chico!"

"And," he said sadly, "that I cannot offer you marriage."

SHE did not stir. She was not shocked. She was not even affronted. She waited.

"You have," he said, "done nothing to justify my hopes. But I do hope. It is best to be frank. This penthouse—the Saxons go to Europe next week. They wish to lease it."

"You are offering it to me?"

"Yes—with my very real love." He paused, obviously embarrassed, reluctant to go on. "I dislike to mention money. But I am a rich man, Darnley. You are entitled, in such an arrangement, to security, to protection. I will put in trust for you—"

"Please, Chico," she said, not harshly but very gently.

"Have I affronted you?" he asked.

"No," she said softly. "I do not think this sort of offer could have been made more considerately. I am not offended or shocked or angry." She smiled wanly at him. "I am even sorry—a little sorry, Chico—that it can't be that way. Perhaps if I loved you—I don't know. If I truly loved you and marriage were impossible—I might have the courage." She stood upon her little feet. "No, Chico. No man must come between me and what I mean to do. No man shall."

"But, Darnley—"

She placed her hands upon his shoulders and spoke more softly: "You have been very sweet, Chico. And I am sorry." And so, in her compassion for his loneliness she raised her lips to his. For an instant he held her closely.

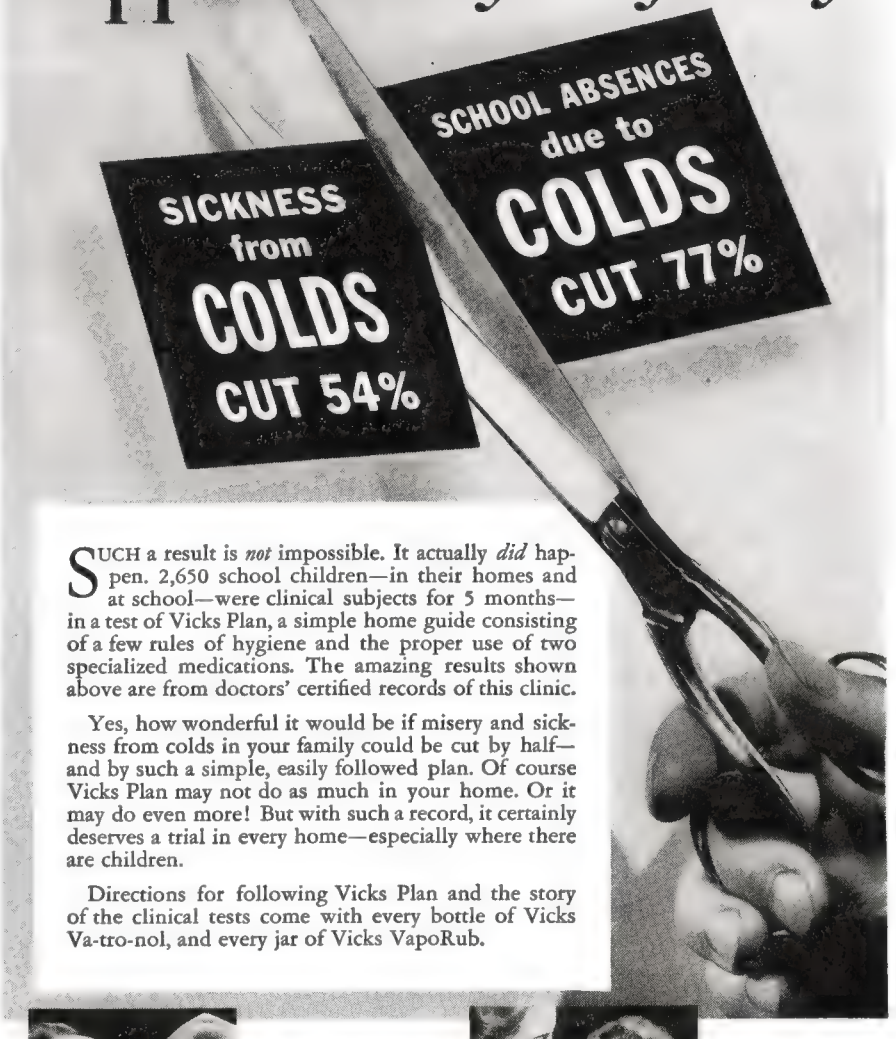
A voice, ironic, satisfied, jeering, spoke from the shadows. "Charming! Quite charming!" it said.

They turned, startled, to face Elaine Sanson. Behind her was Lacey Gorse. It was Gorse who had spoken. But Elaine supplemented his words.

"Charming," she said shrewishly, "but expensively indiscreet."

(To be Continued)

How wonderful—if this happened *in your family*



SUCH a result is *not* impossible. It actually *did* happen. 2,650 school children—in their homes and at school—were clinical subjects for 5 months—in a test of Vicks Plan, a simple home guide consisting of a few rules of hygiene and the proper use of two specialized medications. The amazing results shown above are from doctors' certified records of this clinic.

Yes, how wonderful it would be if misery and sickness from colds in your family could be cut by half—and by such a simple, easily followed plan. Of course Vicks Plan may not do as much in your home. Or it may do even more! But with such a record, it certainly deserves a trial in every home—especially where there are children.

Directions for following Vicks Plan and the story of the clinical tests come with every bottle of Vicks Va-tro-nol, and every jar of Vicks VapoRub.

When Colds Threaten—

To help keep colds from developing, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril at the first sneeze, sniffle or nasal irritation.

This specialized medication—containing several relief-giving agents plus ephedrine—is expressly designed for the nasal passages, where most colds start. Va-tro-nol stimulates Nature's own defenses to help *prevent the development* of many colds—to throw them off in their early stages.

When you see the results, you will understand why Vicks Va-tro-nol is America's favorite nasal medication.

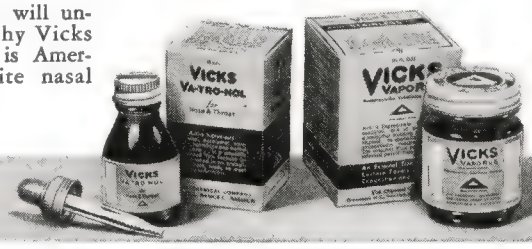
If a Cold Strikes—

To relieve discomforts and invite healing, restful sleep, rub throat, chest, and back with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime.

This specialized medication goes right to work to bring relief two ways at once. (1) It penetrates the surface skin and stimulates like a warming, comforting poultice. (2) Its medicinal vapors, released by body heat, are breathed into the cold-irritated air passages.

And when you see how distress of the cold is relieved, you will understand why Vicks VapoRub is a trusted, indispensable friend in 3 out of 5 homes.

The use of Va-tro-nol and VapoRub is an essential part of Vicks Plan



SHOWING UNCLE SAM THE WAY..

Parkchester, as it will appear when completed—a city within a city, with room for trees, playgrounds, lawns, and sunlight

The biggest housing project in history is going up near New York, and it won't cost the taxpayers a penny. . . . It's a streamlined, streetless town for 40,000 people, a preview of the way we may all be living in the future

by

JO CHAMBERLIN

IN NEW York City there is being built today the largest housing project in human history. A model city, within a city, to shelter over 40,000 people! More than the entire population of Orlando, Fla., or Lynchburg, Va. More people than live in Butte or Baton Rouge.

This development is not only gigantic; it gives us a preview of the future. We can see what living will be like in 1950 and 1960. Not as some wide-eyed architect dreams it, but as flesh-and-blood people will live it. People like you and me. Not the rich, not the poor, but the fellow in between.

For the first time the habits, whims, desires, and personalities of an entire city of people have been translated into wood, brick, stone, and steel. A tremendous job, accomplished after an exhaustive study of today's changing ways of life—how people eat, sleep, cook, have fun, raise children, and entertain their friends. How people do these things today, and how they will do them tomorrow.

This model city of "Parkchester" has been built with no help whatever from Uncle Sam. It pays taxes, and is entirely self-supporting. It is a private business venture which marks a turning point in the planning of our cities, perhaps an end of the jerry-building for quick sale which has thwarted civic progress. One observer told me that it marks a revolution in real estate, but it is not quite that: It is a bold step in the public interest which also makes hard business sense. Here is $50,000,000 invested in attractive, permanent dwellings rented to families of moderate income, with the entire community guarded against real estate booms and busts for years to come.

Undoubtedly there will be other communities like it, perhaps not so large, in other cities. So let's have a firsthand look at an enterprise of vital interest to every homeowner and renter in America. Hang onto my coattail while we wedge ourselves into the subway and ride up to the Bronx. We get off at East 177th Street, and from then on the scene speaks for itself.

You see an army of 3,500 men, transforming 130 rolling acres into a pulsing, breathing city for today and tomorrow. Your first view is of a sloping hillside, with deep-red brick buildings of simple design, and plenty of room between them for trees, shrubs, and lawns. One third of the 51 buildings are already up.

Close at hand you will see steam shovels clawing out the loose granite as husky men blast it from the earth. In a distant corner, men are driving steel piling deep into the once swampy land for foundations for houses in the sky. To your right, 200 steel workers throw up their girders, floor by floor. When the job is done, early in 1941, they will have used enough steel to build 120 miles of railroad. To your left, 350 bricklayers are laying enough brick to construct 10,000 small houses. The largest brick order in history! Everywhere you'll see hundreds of carpenters, steam fitters, plumbers, and electricians hurrying to finish the giant task—for 40,000 people need a lot of gadgets to keep them happy, and more than love to keep them warm.

Stroll on through Parkchester, and you will meet a surprise on every hand. Ideas of civic planning accepted for years have been scrapped. New ones, startling in their common sense, have taken their place. There are, for example, no back yards. The buildings cover only about one quarter of the land, al-

lowing plenty of sunlight, grass, and air. The average New York apartment covers three quarters of its land or *all* of it. The average Parkchester apartment has a view superior to the average Park Avenue apartment, because there are trees and lawns, the buildings rarely face each other, and are at least the width of a city street apart.

Only, there are no streets!

Two divided-lane boulevards wider than famous, fashionable Fifth Avenue separate the community into quarters. There are no traffic intersections for children to cross, because there is an accident-reducing traffic oval in the center. And other than the two boulevards there are no streets in the community. Short, strategically placed service drives provide necessary access to the apartments and the several community garages. No one need walk more than a few hundred feet at most from his garage to his home.

And this unique plan costs *less* than the typical gridiron pattern of our city streets. In an area about a half-mile square the municipality was saved nearly five miles of paving, sewer pipes, utility lines, and their upkeep for years to come!

THE visitor soon realizes he is walking in a city self-contained, with its own 2,000-seat movie theater, numerous restaurants, and 200 stores. It can go merrily on its way, protected against possible deterioration in the surrounding neighborhood. Owner-built and owner-managed, with heavy financial reserves, the community can be kept up in the lean years as well as the fat. The hard-times termites that cause blight in residential areas—distress sales, lack of repairs, and zoning lapses—will never get a chance. Property values can be maintained, no matter how the fellow outside fares.

In addition to the central business section, with double-plus parking space, there will be smaller business centers, throughout the community, where one can buy groceries, toothpaste, cigarettes, and the evening paper. Many of these regional stores can be reached without stepping outside the building, a welcome convenience in stormy weather. No one need look at a blatant sign projecting from a building. There are none.

The visitor soon realizes, too, that this modern city is built on the idea of the old-fashioned, friendly neighborhood. Most of the apartments are grouped around one of the dozen playgrounds for children, the open malls (each larger than a football field), the wading pools, the softball diamonds for youngsters, or the garden plots for those who grow their own flowers. There are bicycle paths, roller-skating rinks with trees to blanket the noise, and two dozen handball courts where men can strive to eliminate the "rubber tires" around their middles. Horseshoe pitching and shuffleboard for the oldsters. Supervised play for the youngsters.

Hundreds of full-sized trees are now being planted: red maples, oaks, sweet gums, thorns, crab apples, pines, and honey locusts. There are dogwood trees to blossom in spring, berried shrubs to attract the birds in summer, and four 64-foot Douglas firs to be lighted up at Christmas.

This dynamic community for streamlined living was not born yesterday or the day before—it had its unpublicized birth some years ago when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company began a national investigation of housing for moderate-income families. In the early nineteen-twenties,

When in Baltimore, many of America's busiest, most active people like to visit the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Nash. Mrs. Nash is the mother of two attractive daughters, entertains frequently, is known as a brilliant and considerate hostess

"Nowadays so many of my guests prefer Wine"

says **MRS. OGDEN NASH** of Baltimore

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or with refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

One of the best liked "table" wines is golden Sauterne, light-bodied, of distinctive flavor. Offer medium-size servings with any luncheon or dinner.

A superb "sweet" wine is Port, rich red in color, with smooth, full body. Serve in cocktail-size glasses with desserts or in the afternoon or evening.

"Friends come to our house to enjoy themselves and to relax. And they find it a good idea to be moderate"

"Even when I entertain very informally I give each guest a choice of beverages," says Mrs. Ogden Nash, "for many are certain to want wine. Active people especially — so often they wish to be moderate. It's the reason I myself prefer wine."

It's a gracious custom — no wonder it is spreading like wildfire throughout America today.

Afternoons so many women guests select small glasses of golden Muscatel, to be sipped slowly. Before dinner with the appetizers, a growing number of men now prefer Sherry in a cocktail-size glass.

And at table, careful hostesses are complementing main course dishes with wine. They like to set before each guest, in servings half water goblet size, a delicate Sauterne or ruby Burgundy. They find it makes for more genial, *leisurely* enjoyment.

You'll notice this yourself when you serve wine. It is not a beverage to toss down. You discover you want to sip wine slowly.

Try it at your house soon. Like Mrs. Ogden Nash, you will find more people at every party who like to make their beverage wine.

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 out of 10 hosts and hostesses are choosing wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

long before the government became so interested in housing, the Metropolitan pioneered with a moderate-rent apartment community in Long Island City. It had worked. Why not build one on a really gigantic scale?

Five years of intensive fact finding preceded the decision to build. Finally, seven men, all experts in housing, were hired on leave from their own companies. They would build the city; their decisions as a group would be binding and final. They would be called the Board of Design. In April, 1938, they sat down at a long mahogany table, rolled up their sleeves, and began to build—on paper. They met once a week in a high-ceilinged room whose green walls were soon plastered with charts, graphs, and blueprints.

AT THE head of the table was tall, gray-haired Richmond Shreve, an architect with a dry-champagne sense of humor, who has performed such chores as designing the Empire State Building, the world's tallest skyscraper, and helping to transform some dismal Long Island swamps into the New York World's Fair. Next to Mr. Shreve sat Andrew Eken, construction executive, who has built some of the biggest skyscrapers in New York and Chicago.

There was affable, able Gilmore Clarke, dean of the College of Architecture at Cornell University, and a national authority on city planning and landscaping, responsible for many landscaped highways. It was his job to see that Parkchester had plenty of trees, parks, and playgrounds for kids to fall down in.

Another member was Irwin "Red" Clavan, quiet-spoken young architect of thirty-nine, but a man with years of technical experience in housing. Under his charge was the production of endless blueprints—4,500 every week. Clavan saw to it that Bill Griffiths, the job superintendent, got his instructions on time. Next to Clavan at the table sat six-foot, black-haired Robert Dowling, an engineer, just turned forty. Bob's main jobs were conferring with municipal bigwigs, laying out and renting the business centers.

There was Henry Meyer, Jr., a fact-minded engineer who has designed the plumbing, heating, and wiring in offices, colleges, and churches throughout the country.

Finally there was George Gove, manager of housing projects for the Metropolitan, and general director of this vast new undertaking. For ten years he had served as secretary of the New York State Board of Housing, and had won national recognition as an outstanding authority on the planning and operation of large-scale, low-rental housing.

What these men accomplished is important because they accepted the conditions of real estate, business, traffic, and population shifts in an American city today—and they built a practical, workable city for tomorrow. One that would pay its own way.

"When you have been in this business for years," said Mr. Eken in describing the open-minded attitude of the board, "you naturally get certain ideas as to how things should be done. But none of us assumed that we knew anything. We started fresh."

Ordinary red building bricks, for example, were to be used for the outsides of the buildings. They were cheapest and best. But wouldn't some other color be easier on the eye? The result was that the company turning them out varied their color from a medium soft red to a deep purple-red, thus giving the buildings a variety of restful tones. "Do our elevators *have* to look like funeral parlors?" asked one of the board when a standard gray was suggested for the interiors. "Can't we have some bright red, green, and blue enamels? They wouldn't cost any more." A practical suggestion, and red, green, and blue they are.

The apartment buildings were planned from the inside out, tailored to fit the people of moderate incomes ($1,800 to $4,500) who were to live in them.

The layouts of the three-, four-, and five-room apartments were evolved after months of study as to how people liked to eat, cook, clean, sleep, and relax. The main thing was to provide the maximum amount of *livable, usable* space.

"An architect," said Mr. Shreve, with a smile, "has to know almost as much about human nature as a psychologist, and more about human comforts. We know, for example, that a man likes to read the paper where there is good light and no draft blowing down his neck, so we kept that in mind when planning the rooms, the positions of the electrical outlets, and the possible furniture arrangements. We know that no woman ever has enough closet space, so we made the closets larger than usual for apartments of this type. We devised a new and lower baseboard which won't let dust get underneath it. No man ever knows what to do with his old razor blades, so we provided a slot in the bathroom for just that purpose.

"Many mothers like to have the baby in the kitchen where they can keep an eye on His Eminence while getting supper, so many of the kitchens are purposely larger. The radio outlet is placed in an acoustically advantageous position. We know that each tenant will want about 80 gallons of water a day, one third of it piping hot. Weekdays he will want most of it at 8 A. M., but on Sundays he will dawdle from 10 A. M. on and use up twice as much. The maximum electricity is used at 7 P. M., when the family is gathered together, but it drops off thereafter until 10 P. M., when most people are on their way to bed, and practically all of them are asleep by midnight—unless they have had lobster for supper."

Mr. Shreve and his associates say that dining-rooms are definitely "out"—discarded as a waste of limited living space. A dining alcove or "L" makes the living-room larger and places the dining table near the kitchen for efficiency's sake. In many apartments the "L" dining space also serves as a foyer, for presumably they are not used at the same time. Halls and hallways are minimized or out; they cost too much for what they accomplish and use up too much space. Picture moldings are out, too. Apparently, people don't hang their pictures from moldings any more, and they're hanging fewer pictures.

INVESTIGATION shows that most people like to read in bed—so an outlet is convenient for that purpose. The bathroom fixture casts no shadows under a man's chin while he is shaving and also provides an outlet for an electric razor, curler, or warmer for baby's bottle. The bathroom tiles come in two tones—green and oatmeal—because surveys show those colors harmonize with most color schemes. Radiators are concealed, because today's housewife doesn't like to clean around them. The apartments are not air-conditioned but are designed to facilitate private installation of apparatus.

"Inquiry shows us that some women like the compact kitchen where everything is within arm's reach," said Mr. Shreve, "while other women prefer the larger type. So we offer both. All women insist on four things: ample storage space, labor-saving arrangement of equipment, easy-to-clean working surfaces at the right height, and plenty of light."

So, a continuous working surface is provided to form a production line for food; the stove, refrigerator, sink, and cabinets are carefully grouped. There is an electrical outlet for the toaster and food mixer. Deep drawers for pots and pans. Room in many kitchens for a table, play pen, or breakfast bar. The refrigerator is oversized, the storage closet is large enough to get the cleaner in without a tussle. The range offers automatic lighting, small gas consumption, giant and simmer burners, heat control, a quick-heating oven, and insulation which means a cool kitchen

Quiet is ensured in a hundred ingenious ways. As there are to be no regular streets,

PUZZLE POEM

★

HERE'S a new kind of game to test your vocabulary. Each line of the verses below refers to a word which ends in the letters *ary*. For example, the first line refers to *Apiary*. Give yourself five points for every word that you can ferret out. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 is excellent. If you get a 100, your name must be Webster. Turn to page 152 for the answers.

An ary for bees,
Another for birds,
An ary that's sacred,
And one full of words.

An ary that shines,
And an ary that gives,
An ary that's sent,
And one that receives.

There's one to keep peace,
And one to decide;
There's one that is modeled,
And one we can ride.

One ary's a druggist,
One houses the dead;
One interprets a subject,
One concerns what is fed.

One ary stands still,
One stirs up, overthrows;
One's exceptional, monstrous;
Last, the words a man knows.

FOREST A. DE BRA

there are no honking taxi horns. The boulevards have divided lanes for safety, with noise-blanketing trees planted between them. The children's play areas are similarly landscaped to cut down the cheery, youthful clatter. The distance between buildings is great enough to diminish a blaring radio or a child's wails.

For safety, the bathtubs have flatter bottoms than tubs used to have. A person can't slip so easily. The newer-style tub holds ten more gallons of water than the old, and, as Henry Meyer can tell you, heating extra water for 40,000 people will cost thousands of dollars in the course of a year. But it is figured in.

There are 66,000 windows, all told. They are designed for people allergic to drafts, and, however sleepy you are when you get up to close the bedroom window in a storm, you can't fall out. But the windows are oversized to let in more sunlight.

The seven experts have gone the last mile in the effort to simplify living and make matrimony practically painless. With the co-operation of leading department stores, three-room apartments will soon be shown in actual size, furnished in period styles at budget figures from $600 and up, so that the prospective tenant can see exactly what his home will be like. In fact, an impetuous young man might persuade his sweetheart to say "Yes," lease an apartment, select a decorative style, make a small down payment on the furniture, and carry his bride across the threshold of a completely furnished home.

Most residents will be in the $1,800 to $4,500 income class, but, unlike the government projects, no one will be kicked out when he raises his earnings.

Parkchester is not a slum-clearance project, but the same general conditions affect it which affect all building. And, with no tax exemption or subsidy of any kind, Parkchester has been built more economically than any large-scale government housing project to date. This low construction cost is likely to be reflected in correspondingly low rents for years to come. I have carefully examined the finest of the government projects, including the Williamsburg, Queensbridge, and Red Hook projects, in New York, and I am convinced that Parkchester offers far more than they in living and community advantages. In short, private enterprise has done the most effective housing job to date.

ONE trouble with the government program, according to many housing experts, is that, besides being costly, it generally throws the individual community out of balance. One section of the community carries the burdens of another in the form of tax-exemption, low-rate government loans, and indirect subsidies. Furthermore, the program takes up the problem of a minority, the lowest income group, and ignores the majority, the middle-income group of wage earners, "white-collar" workers, business and professional people.

Private industry, judging by our present case history, is capable of doing the housing job better for most of us. Parkchester, it seems to me, is the best answer yet to the problem of how to improve living conditions in our cities, not for all of us, but for the half of us who rent our homes. What has been done here can be done elsewhere by private enterprise, within the limits of our incomes today, yet fully anticipating the needs of tomorrow.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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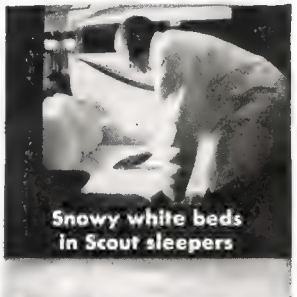
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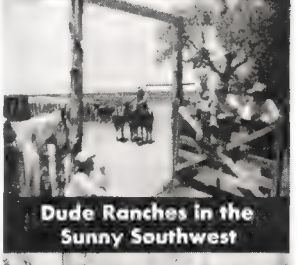
Low cost side-trips to Grand Canyon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Beautiful Yosemite for winter sports

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Good to go

(*Continued from page 21*)

much because Joan made it even clearer that she didn't like me. But I always went there every Friday before the Yale game. Dick and I would have a few quick ones at the club, and then we'd buy some liquor for the next day and take it to his place. I'd sleep on the couch, and then Saturday morning we'd take the special train to Princeton or New Haven, wherever the game might be.

I guess the biggest kick we ever got was during the years when Johnny, Dick's kid brother, played on the varsity. Johnny was hot his first two years, but in his senior year he began to blaze. He was a cinch for all-American. The sports experts compared him with Dick. They said he was even greater than Dick, because he was one of the best passers of all time. He looked like Dick . . . the way Dick used to look.

DICK and I got pretty high at the club the night before that Yale game Johnny's last year. All the old gang were congratulating Dick on Johnny. "Yale has never stopped a Landis yet," they said.

Dick felt good about that, of course.

"It's great about Johnny," Dick said to me later. "I saw Mal Granville at the club yesterday. He's got just the right slot for Johnny when he gets through in the spring." . . .

Joan was sewing a button on one of Dick's shirts when we got to their apartment on Horatio Street. Dick put his package down on a table by the door and went over and kissed her. "Hi, old girl!" he said.

"Hello, Dick."

"Here's Bud," Dick said.

"It's great to see you, Joan," I said.

Dick went back to the door and started unwrapping the parcel. I saw Joan frown when she saw the six bottles of Scotch.

"Oh, Dick, did you have to get so much?" she said. "A half case!"

"Don't be silly, old girl. Tomorrow's going to be one of the biggest days of our life. We'd better have a little drink now to celebrate."

"It's going to be one hell of a big day," I said. "The biggest day since the one when Dick was in there himself."

"Say, I'm going to get a bigger kick out of watching the kid take Yale apart than I did out of doing it myself," Dick said.

Joan didn't say anything. She got up and went into the kitchenette. I followed her. "Maybe I can help," I said.

Joan took a tray of ice cubes from the refrigerator. Then she looked at me. "There isn't any seltzer," she said, "because the grocer is asking for cash these days."

"Things are going to get better soon," I said. "Everyone says so."

SHE started to say something, and then didn't. I carried the glasses and ice back into the living-room for her.

"It's a great break for Johnny," Dick said as he poured out the drinks. "Mal Granville has a slot all ready for him."

"Dick, for God's sake!" Joan said sharply. She turned away and went back into the kitchenette as though she was in a hurry.

The three of us made one of the special trains for Princeton the next morning. Dick and I weren't feeling too good, because we had killed the quart of Scotch before we turned in the night before. Dick had a bottle in his overcoat pocket, and the other four were in a suitcase.

We were lucky enough to find a seat for Joan on the train, and we left the suitcase with her and did a little circulating. Naturally there were a flock of guys on the train we knew, and they were all glad to see Dick. They'd pound him on the back and ask him how things were.

"Swell, swell!" Dick would say. "Couldn't be better. How about a little nip? . . . No, no, help yourself. I'm dishing it out today."

They all asked him about Johnny and if he was in shape, and whether there was any truth in the story that he'd gone stale.

"There never was a Landis yet who couldn't take Yale apart."

Then somebody else would pass a bottle. It was really quite a trip. We were feeling plenty high when we finally rolled into Princeton. We'd got up into one of the forward cars somehow, and we had quite a time locating Joan on the platform, but we found her and started out for the club. There was going to be a big buffet luncheon before the game, and besides that we were to meet Dot Caldwell, Johnny's girl, there. She lived in Philadelphia, which is why we were meeting her in Princeton.

Dot was waiting on the terrace at the club. She and Joan made a great fuss over each other, the way women do, even if they aren't crazy about each other. Dick put his arms around Dot and gave her a brotherly hug.

"Great girl, isn't she, Bud?" he said to me.

"You bet," I said.

"She and Johnny are all set."

"You bet," I said.

Dick looked in through the French windows to the crowded room beyond. This was his stamping ground.

"Look, old girl," he said to Joan, "you and Dot won't mind if I do a little circulating. Bud will see that you get some lunch—won't you, Bud?"

"You bet," I said.

After a minute Dot reached out and took hold of Joan's arm. "I've got an awful case of jitters, Joan," she said. "Suppose Johnny isn't good."

"It wouldn't be the end of the world," Joan said.

"But, Joan, you know how much it means to him . . . to us!"

"Yes, I know."

"Don't worry about Johnny," I said. "The Landises don't have off days against Yale."

Then I saw Joan was staring past me with a kind of frozen look on her face. I turned around. A big, handsome guy with dark curly hair that was turning gray over the temples was coming toward us. He was dressed in Harris tweed, and he had a wide, friendly smile. It was Mal Granville.

"My dear Joan, it's great to see you!" he said. Mal has a kind of deep, resonant voice.

"Hello, Malcolm," Joan said.

"I got a glimpse of Dick inside," Malcolm said. "This is a big day for him."

"Yes," Joan said.

Mal was looking questioningly at Dot. Joan drew a deep breath: "Miss Caldwell . . . Mr. Granville."

"How do you do, Miss Caldwell."

"Dot is Johnny Landis's girl," I said. It was crazy of Joan not to let Mal know who she really was.

"Johnny's often spoken of you, Mr. Granville," Dot said.

"Not half so much as I've spoken of him," Mal said. "I guess every Princeton man in the country has been talking about Johnny for the last few weeks. A great boy . . . a great player." He dropped one of his brown hands on Dot's shoulder. "You'll probably see him before I do after the game, Miss Caldwell. Tell him I'll be looking for him at the club. I have something to tell him."

"Thanks, Mr. Granville," Dot said. "And he . . . we're both terribly grateful to you."

"It's nothing," Mal said. "You and Johnny are all set, my dear. I have just the right slot for Johnny. Don't forget to tell him I'm expecting to see him."

"I won't," Dot said, happy and excited.

MAL is certainly a great guy. He hadn't spoken to me, but then I guess he didn't remember me.

"Mr. Granville is very handsome, isn't he?" Dot said.

"If you like the type," said Joan. She opened her purse and took out a cigarette.

"What happened to Johnny's idea of becoming a lawyer?" she asked Dot.

"Well, we've talked it all out," Dot said. "We both think Johnny'd be crazy not to take up Mr. Granville's offer. Law's terribly overcrowded, Johnny says."

"So are the ranks of the unemployed," Joan said.

She flicked her cigarette over the stone wall. "Dick was going to be an engineer until Mal found a slot for him," she said.

"It's lucky he didn't," I said, burned up. "You've no business to talk about Dick. You make it sound as if he hadn't tried. The breaks have been against him."

Joan didn't look at me. "Then there's the problem of the camp followers, Dot."

I got what she meant, but there was no use starting a row, so I broke in before Dot could answer: "How would you and Dot like some lunch?" . . .

When the four of us went out to the

stadium, Dot seemed jittery. I gave her arm a little squeeze. "Don't worry," I said. "Johnny's going to be a bear cat."

It took time to get to our seats, because Dick kept meeting people he had to talk to, and in most cases he had a little drink with them. He was pretty well loaded, but why not? Your kid brother doesn't play the star part against Yale every day in the week.

The teams were on the field when we found our places, and the cheering sections were whooping it up. Johnny was the Princeton captain, and he went out to shake hands with Gibby Noyes of Yale and call the toss.

DICK was sitting in the aisle seat, with Dot next, me next, and Joan on the inside.

"You're going to see Johnny play some real football," I said to Joan.

"I hope he's terrible, Bud," she said. "I hope he's lousy!"

What can you say to a woman like that?

But Johnny wasn't lousy, as every Princeton man who saw that game can tell you. The game is a kind of blur to me, because after the first few plays, when Dick and I knew everything was going to be all right, we started passing the Scotch back and forth. But I remember the kickoff and one moment when everyone thought Johnny was going to break loose on that opening play for a score He went racing up the side lines and was suddenly in the clear except for Gibby Noyes of Yale. But Noyes made a great tackle and ended that.

"Did you see him go?" Dick shouted at a fat guy in the row in front of us. "That's my kid brother! Boy, oh, boy!"

You couldn't blame him for being proud. Johnny was hot. He ripped off a couple of yards on an off-tackle slant, and then he quick-kicked over Noyes's head, and the ball rolled out on the Yale fifteen-yard line. It was the first break of the game . . . and Johnny had forced it.

Gibby Noyes made a first down for Yale. But our gang stopped the Blue after that and Noyes had to kick. He got off a beauty that went spiraling down the field to Johnny. Johnny took it, side-stepped a Yale end, and started a twisting, hip-swiveling run that carried the ball into Yale territory. I couldn't help thinking how much he reminded me of Dick out there on the field. I glanced at Joan, and she was staring down at the field.

"Reminds you of Dick, doesn't he?" I said.

"He does. A lot," Joan said.

The experts had said Johnny was a great passer, and he proved it now. On a sweeping end run, he ducked back, and rifled one right into the arms of Baker, the Princeton left end. Baker almost made it, but he was finally thrown out of bounds on the five-yard line by Gibby Noyes. Two plays later Johnny cut his way through the Yale line for the first score of the game, and followed it up with a place kick for the extra point.

I guess Dick and I went crazy.

After that it was all kind of vague. But I've got to admit that those Yale boys never know when they're licked. They came back after that touchdown and began tearing our line to pieces. In the middle of the second quarter they pushed over a score, but missed the extra point. So we were still ahead when the half ended. All I remember about that march was Johnny's great tackling. He was the outstanding player on the field.

We left the girls and milled around some between the halves, but I can't tell you whom we saw or what we said. We figured Yale had shot her bolt. Johnny would mop up in the second half.

But it didn't work out that way. We couldn't seem to get rolling. The Yale team was fighting like a bunch of lunatics. Early in the third quarter this Noyes kicked a pretty field goal from a tough angle, and they went ahead 9–7.

JOHNNY played like crazy, but the Yale boys were smearing his interferers. He couldn't get going. Finally there were only a couple of minutes to play and it looked as if we were sunk. Johnny would have to call a few desperation passes, and with Yale expecting them there wasn't much hope. But I guess I was forgetting that there never was a Yale team could stop a Landis. A couple of passes flopped, and then Johnny faded back for what would be his last try. Back and back he went. The Yale line was charging him and there wasn't a Princeton receiver in the clear. Johnny raced diagonally across the field, with the Yale forwards thirsting for his blood. He stopped and cut back. A Yale tackler was clawing at his jersey, another had him by the leg. Yet Johnny kept his feet, wrenching and tugging to get free, his right arm still cocked.

Then I saw Baker, far down the field, unguarded. They had left him alone because they figured they had Johnny smeared. There were three of them on him now and it

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GETTING ALONG

★

Marty Gilman making one of his lifelike dummies

MARTY GILMAN, of Gilman, Conn., has sent more than 1,000 dummies to college, and they've all made good. When he became general manager of his father's cotton mills after finishing college a few years ago, Gilman noticed that waste cotton piled up around the plant and was never used. One Saturday afternoon he packed a few armfuls of it into an old canvas bag and improvised a football dummy. This he carried to the back yard and used it to practice blocking. As a former all-American football star, he still liked football as a week-end hobby.

His former coach from local high-school days happened to be passing at the moment and liked the idea of the cotton-filled dummy. Why not make one for the school? As a loyal alumnus Gilman stuffed one together and offered it to the team. To his surprise he was paid for it.

If it's that easy, he thought, why not cash in on the idea for other schools and colleges—and incidentally help solve the problem of the cotton waste? He made a few more dummies, but this time they didn't make the grade. Complaints came in that they fell over too easily. Couldn't he make them stand up?

Gilman recalled the weighted toys he once played with as a kid, the kind that always bobbed up after you knocked them down, and he hit on the idea of applying the same principle to football dummies. He molded a heavy, cast-iron base, covered it with sponge rubber, and set it in the bottom of a canvas covering. Then, with a filling of cotton waste, his dummy was complete, and he dubbed it the "Comeback."

Colleges everywhere got wind of it, and before it was even on the market Gilman was swamped with orders. Harvard, Dartmouth, Army, Navy, University of California, and dozens of others wanted Comebacks.

Today he has about 1,200 dummies doing their bit on college gridirons from coast to coast.

When not dummy-stuffing he keeps the peace of Gilman as the town's only constable. Still a bachelor at thirty, Gilman says his growing family of dummies is all he can handle at present.

THEODORE ADAMS

GLOBE PHOTOS

Tackling the dummy . . . It always comes back

didn't seem he could ever get that pass away. But he did! Somehow the ball shot from his fingers, wobbling slightly, but long and true. Baker took a couple of steps back to meet it, gathered it in, and then turned and scampered like a frightened rabbit for the goal line. The great Gibby Noyes made a despairing dive for him, but his fingers slipped off Baker's oil-silk pants.

That was that! I remember finding myself hugging Dot and hollering, "You're all set, baby! Mal'll buy him the World's Fair if he wants it now!"

Things were more of a haze after that. I know Dick and I were down on the field, whirling around in a big snake dance. After a while we went back to the club.

They were planning a big reception for Johnny. I saw that some of Johnny's pals had taken charge of Dot. She was dancing, and she looked excited and happy. Johnny was the hero, and she was the hero's girl. Naturally, they were all making a big fuss over her. They made a fuss over Dick, too. I started hunting for Joan. I had a notion it might be kind of fun to point out to her that Johnny hadn't been lousy, the way she'd hoped.

I spotted her after a while. She was on the terrace, watching the victory bonfire that was flaring up across the campus. I was just about to go out, when I saw Mal Granville come across the terrace to join her. I stayed where I was, just around the corner of the door, because I wanted to see what she'd do. I'd seen how she felt about Mal, and it was going to be tough for her to be nice to him. But she'd have to, because of Johnny. It would be a laugh.

"My dear Joan, congratulations!" Mal said. "A great game! A great player, that brother-in-law of yours! We'll never forget him down here."

Joan looked at Mal steadily. "I suppose you've got everything fixed for him, Mal."

Mal laughed. "You know I have. Johnny can have what he asks for. Gosh, what a thrill! The whole Yale team was on his back when he got that pass away. Dick was never better. He must be proud. '

"He is," Joan said. She half turned her head toward the main room. Dick was there with a crowd around him. I could hear his voice above everyone else's.

"It's like old times to see Dick the center of things," Mal said. He had followed Joan's glance "I'm fond of that husband of yours, Joan. Great guy. He and Johnny are off the same piece. Great guys, both of them."

"I've been meaning to speak to you about Dick," Joan said.

Mal hunched his shoulders a little under his brown tweed coat. "Things not going so hot, eh? Tough times for everyone, Joan."

"I know," Joan said. "Times are tough."

JOAN was silent, looking at him. His shoulders twisted again and he went on: "Look—tell Dick to come in and see me sometime."

"When?" Joan said steadily.

"I'm going to Carolina tomorrow, Joan, but I'll be back before Christmas. Have him come in then."

"Oh, Mal, that's swell! It's taken a load off my mind. You're always so good to us!"

I hardly believed my ears. Her voice had gone warm and friendly.

"This has been an elegant day for the Landises," Joan said. Then, believe it or not, she lifted both her arms, put them around Mal's neck, and kissed him.

Joan's not a bad-looking wench and I couldn't blame Mal when he put his arms around her and kissed her back. I got my laugh, all right. After all her cracks she could put on an act if it would help Dick—and herself.

Then things went screwy.

Suddenly Johnny Landis was standing with them on the terrace. His face was white, and he looked very clean from his shower.

Mal got himself untangled in a hurry. "Why . . . why, hello, Johnny!" he said.

Johnny came slowly forward. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Why, Johnny . . . great day for the Landises . . . Joan and I . . ."

"That's my brother's wife you're mauling," Johnny said.

There was a cold lump in the pit of my stomach. This was going to ruin everything. I looked at Joan. Why wasn't she explaining it all? I walked out from behind the door. "Don't be a sucker, Johnny," I said. "Joan put that act on for your benefit."

"Stay out of this, Bud," Johnny said.

"Joan's making a sucker out of you," I said.

"Shut up," Johnny said.

"Now, look here, Johnny . . ." Mal said.

"If Dick were here he'd knock your head off for this, Granville," Johnny said.

"Johnny, you damn' idiot!" I said. I grabbed his arm, because I thought he was going to take a sock at Mal.

"I've been wondering about you, Granville," Johnny said. "I've been wondering what's the catch in all these handouts of yours. Getting jobs for dumb athletes isn't just for dear old Nassau's sake. I get it now."

"Johnny," I said, "for God's sake!"

"Bud, get out of this, and stay out! I know what I'm doing." He stepped toward Mal. "It's no dice, Granville. I don't want your job."

"Let me explain, Johnny," Mal began.

JOHNNY ignored him. He turned to Joan and slipped his arm through hers. "I didn't know," he said unsteadily, "you had to put up with this for Dick. I . . ."

"Skip it, Johnny." I noticed she didn't meet his eyes.

"I've got to find Dot," he said. "She'll have to know."

"I'll be all right, darling," Joan said. "Find Dot . . . and hurry!"

He let go of her arm and turned to Mal, who was still standing there. "Well, what are you waiting for, Granville? If you'd like me to do a job on you I will!"

"You little twirp!" Mal said and he walked away.

Johnny watched him go and then hurried off into the club. I looked at Joan.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," I said, and I guess my voice was shaking. "You've ruined that boy's career. Mal won't do anything for him now!"

"That's just dandy," Joan said.

"What's Dick going to say about this?" I said. "You tricked Johnny. You saw him coming and you went into that clinch."

"I did that quite well, didn't I, Bud?" she said, cool as ice. "Want to tell Dick now?"

"You're damn' right I do! Maybe it can still be fixed up!"

"Let's go find him," Joan said.

"You can't talk your way out of this," I said. "I'm Dick's friend. I've stood by and watched you ball up his life, but now I'm going to give him the low-down."

"Let's find him," Joan said again. . . .

Well, the breaks have always been against Dick. When we got into the main room of the club Dick wasn't there any more. I collared Tony Ross. "Where's Dick?" I asked.

"He just made the winning touchdown against Yale and passed out," Tony grinned. "They took him into the library."

Joan and I went there. Dick was stretched out on the leather couch. I went over and shook him.

"Pull yourself together, Dick," I said. "Joan's been raising hell. You've got to do something."

"Joan!" he cried. "Where's Joan?" He always wants her when he goes into a dive.

She slipped past me and sat down on the edge of the couch. "Here, Dick," she said. She began loosening his collar and stroking his hair back from his forehead.

"Listen, Dick; you don't realize what's happened!" I said. "Johnny's smeared himself. Unless you do something . . ."

He turned over on his side. "Go 'way," he muttered. "Joan'll take care of everything. Go 'way." Then I guess something percolated, because he raised himself up on one elbow. "Wha's that about Johnny?"

"Everything's fine," Joan said. "Johnny's all right."

"Go 'way," Dick said. "Johnny's all right."

I left them. There wasn't anything I could do. Sometimes I think if I'd insisted I could have saved him . . . and Johnny, too. As it is—well, I guess they're both washed up.

JOAN had Johnny under her thumb after that, and between them they persuaded Dick to start running a filling station in Connecticut, for God's sake! Joan says it gives him a chance to fool around with engines, so when things pick up he can go back to his real profession. We haven't been to the Yale game for a couple of years, probably because there isn't any dough. It's pretty tough when you think of it. Dick tinkering with motors and Johnny eating in a one-arm lunch without cigarettes enough to get through the night.

Well, there was no way I could help them now. I'd tried, and it hadn't worked. I let myself into the furnished room where I live.

In the January issue, Old Bill, the north-woods bush pilot created by Jim Crang and Norman Winston, has a Christmas Day adventure.

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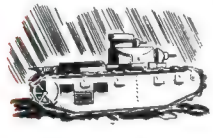

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TOO MUCH Kissing?

(*Continued from page 23*)

continued happiness of married couples? As a good businessman, would you rather write policies on those people who do all that promiscuous kissing or on couples who are so anxious to preserve their happiness that—"

"I get you," he said meekly. "You win."

Unless the marriage is already a failure, extramarital kissing that goes beyond the casual point is certain to cause jealousy, and a happy home can't exist with jealousy around. No matter how sure husbands and wives may be of each other, no matter how strong their love or how "liberal" their code, jealousy will come even when the conduct of the offended person is not so good. I have heard of a wife who jumped from the arms of a man to berate her husband, who was kissing another woman.

Undoubtedly, as they so often argue, these married folks are able to take care of themselves and are not going off the deep end. Nor, they assure you, is their love for their respective spouses any less. Suppose we grant these statements—which have nothing to do with the cases. The vital thing is that such conduct makes them less desirable to the person whose love they should want to retain. And to trade their desirability for a moment's thrill is not necessarily immoral—but it's just plain idiotic.

AND that brings me back to the subject of young people who pet passionately in parked cars.

Too much kissing is often to blame for mismating.

The old theory that a girl should not kiss a boy until she is engaged to him was sound stuff. It probably was seldom followed to the letter, but it was a social standard that was generally respected.

Even though many must have longed to break the conventions, in those days there were no automobiles to furnish a convenient retreat for long and uninterrupted petting. The porch hammock was about the only spot for spooning, and that was pretty public, with the electric light on the corner, the glow from the living-room window behind the hammock, and the fact that somebody was likely to come up on the porch or out of the front door any moment. That may be one reason why mothers are able to boast, "I never did such things when *I* was a girl." Perhaps they didn't have an opportunity.

In those days, before they became engaged, boys and girls were well acquainted with each other, they had not used petting as a substitute for conversation and could decide uninfluenced by a surge of sexual emotion whether they really were meant to be companions for life. It's sometimes different now.

Time and again, young, unhappy wives have told me of their troubles, and I have asked, "But why did you marry this man? You must have known he was a brute and stupid and a philanderer."

Almost invariably they answer, "I didn't even try to find out. His kisses were divine! I felt that I never could bear to leave him!" Or, "When he held me in his arms I forgot all his faults."

Because kisses had destroyed the capacity for sound judgment, these girls had been tricked by biological reactions, which say definitely, but often falsely, "Here, my dear, at last is true love!"

Boys who have become engaged to the wrong girls have sometimes told me it was all the girl's fault. Perhaps they were not telling the truth. Anyway, "I've been hot-petting," a boy told me, "with a girl I met only a month ago. I liked her and was having fun, and had no thought of marriage, and maybe you think I wasn't surprised and scared when I found we were engaged! I'm not exactly sure how it happened, but she asked me if I would love her forever, and I said, 'Sure, honey,' and she said, 'I suppose we can't be married for a long time,' and I said, 'I suppose not,' and she said she knew I couldn't afford a ring but that my fraternity pin would do, so I gave it to her." He moaned, "Gee, Dr. Groves, I don't want to marry her! She trapped me. What do I do?"

I told him not to be sure that the girl deliberately trapped him. Because of the passionate petting she probably thought it was real love and that she was doing them both a favor in helping a bashful suitor along. I told him, of course, to break the engagement immediately. He was afraid that would brand him as a cad, but I assured him that thinking Americans have reached the conclusion that the old rules of chivalry should be ignored under such circumstances. The short pain of a broken engagement is better than the long sorrows of mismating.

"But maybe," he hedged, "we do love each other. I like her a lot."

"Then," I smiled, "you can become engaged again. Sometimes I think almost all engagements should be broken at least once. After a breathing spell, if the two pass the test and find they can't live without each other, they can start all over again."

Unrestrained petting has become a major danger partly because of the economic situation. Young men's incomes generally don't permit marriage as early as in the old days. The increase in petting, I believe, has multiplied the number of early engagements, which probably would not be alarming if the engaged couples could be married within at least a year.

Marriage in many cases is two or three or four years away. The boys and girls are so young that they are not likely to have in common enough intellectual interests to keep them occupied if they are almost constantly together. Their mutual amusements are mostly dancing, athletics, the movies—and petting, which is likely to increase in intensity by geometrical progression as the engagement continues.

IN THE last few years a majority of those who have come to me for advice have been young people—mostly girls—who are engaged and who can't be married for several years. Many are inclined to believe that under the circumstances premarital relations are justified. Almost invariably they have reached this dangerous state of mind and are ready to risk the destruction of their life's happiness because they have petted without restraint, their resistance is broken down, their engagement has become a physical relationship, and to hold each other they believe they must take the ultimate step.

Some mothers and fathers have told me that my approach is wrong. To those who are wondering whether they should have premarital relations, I freely admit that there are a few happily married couples who had such relations before marriage. I am told I shouldn't confess this—that it will make young people say, "Well, *we'll* be one of those couples."

But I point out that the betting is 1,000 to 1 that they won't. When the physical relationship dominates, the boy is likely to tire of it all and break the engagement—even when they have gone farther than to pet with little restraint. If they do marry, the wedding is only a legalization of their sordid intimacies; the honeymoon, which should be the beginning of marital adjustment and the most sacred and beautiful experience in their lives, is just another trip. Their married life starts off all wrong. Because they didn't restrain their petting.

The average nice girl, I believe, would rather not pet unless she is in love.

ONE of the most serious problems of today—one that is affecting our entire moral and economic structure—is, according to some authorities, that young people can't get married as soon as they should. They can't get jobs, or, if they do, they can't support a wife and children until they approach the thirties or even forties. What can be done to help these young people become conscientious husbands and wives and parents? Should the government lend them money to get started, as it lends money to farmers and home builders? Should the local communities or their parents help—or should they work out their own problems?

Frankly, we don't know the answer, and we'd like to hear from you readers. For the best letter of not more than 300 words on the subject, *Should we encourage early marriages, and how?* we will pay $100. For the next best letter, $50; and for the ten next best, $5 apiece. Address all letters to MARRIAGE, in care of The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No letters considered after December 5th, and none returned.

I am constantly asked whether it is true that a girl must pet to be popular, and my answer unfortunately must be yes and no. An attractive girl will have plenty of dates whether she pets or not, and if she pets very little or not at all she will usually get a Class A husband. For down deep in their hearts boys want to marry a girl who hasn't been kissed too much

I know a few unattractive girls who have made themselves seemingly popular because the word went around that they would hot-pet with almost anybody. But they weren't often asked to the best dances nor to meet the boys' parents, and when it came to marriage the best boys chose a different sort of girl.

To the girls who feel that they are not attractive and who are suffering actual agonies because of their inferiority complexes, I point out that tastes vary. When they despair, "I'm sure no nice boy will ever want to marry me," I ask them to look around town at the wives, old and young, who are married to nice men. They're sure to find quite a number who, according to fraternity-house standards, are far from being attractive. But those presumably undesirable girls got good husbands.

Girls change, too. Some of the most attractive members of any college graduating class were drab, badly dressed, and unpopular in high school. Instead of moping around because they were not dated, or selling themselves cheaply to get the attention of boys, they had the wit to develop themselves.

OCCASIONALLY, petting may cement an engagement that should be broken. Conscientious boys and girls who have lost their heads and gone too far may enter what is almost a voluntary shotgun marriage, even though they don't really love each other. One unhappy young wife told me, "Before the wedding, I found out that Jack was not the one and only man for me, but my feeling of guilt was so great I was ashamed even to think of marrying anyone else." No one had told her that, if she did meet a man she really loved, that guilty feeling was quite likely to disappear.

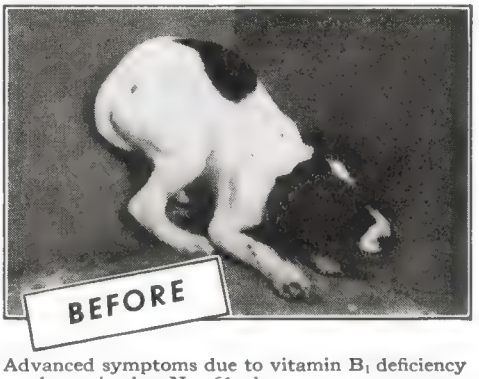
There are boys who have such understanding and respect for girls that they regulate the petting. Some are too bashful to go very far, but they usually get over that. But almost always it is the girl who must put on the brakes. Girls find themselves faced with various "lines" that urge them to go on. The favorite and perhaps most effective is that the girl, in restraining the petting, is driving the boy mad, that he can't control himself, is becoming a nervous wreck, that if the girl really loves him she will save him from the big, bad biological forces entirely beyond his control.

If they really are beyond his control, which they probably aren't if he makes an intelligent effort, it is because the girl has already allowed the petting to go too far. If she surrenders she probably will find that, instead of ensuring love, she is destroying it.

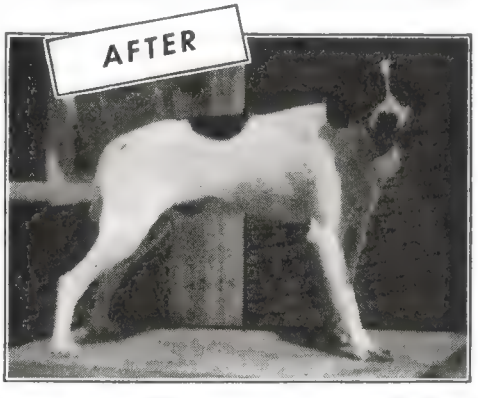
Girls should have their code set up, their line of definite resistance marked, and their defense ready before they ever allow the first kiss—which usually is harmless and natural. Under the stimulus of petting comes a desire not to offend the boy, an inclination to move back the line. They should realize, in their calm moments, that struggling is no sedative. Pushing and

"Savior of 100,000 Dogs a Year"*

DR. J. W. PATTON, B. S. A., M. Sc., D. V. M., EXPLAINS VITAL NEED OF VITAMIN B_1 IN DOG DIET



Advanced symptoms due to vitamin B_1 deficiency as shown in dog No. 61 above are: nervousness, fear, extreme timidity, desire to hide or crawl under things, abnormal appetite, desire to chew or eat foreign matter, nervous barking and even convulsive howling and running. Below, dog No. 61 in normal health 48 hours after getting 500 units of pure vitamin B_1. Photos courtesy Dr. J. W. Patton.



DR. J. W. PATTON

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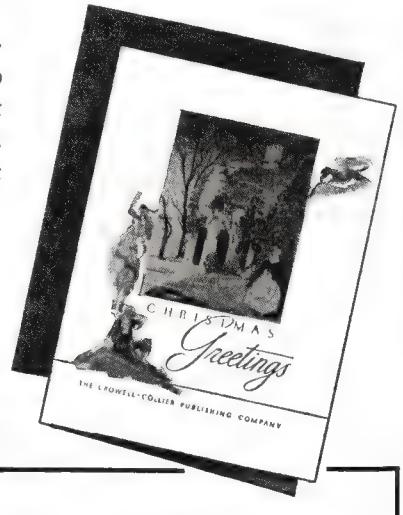

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wrestling may even increase their own desire to go on.

I quote from a paper written by an attractive girl, one of the most popular on the campus: "After I have been out with a boy three or four times I usually allow him to kiss me good night. After that there are a few more kisses, he holds me tight, but that is all. I know girls think they will lose a boy and not have any dates if they don't hot-pet, but I don't think that is true.

"I have learned that you cannot stop a boy by slapping his hands and saying 'Don't.' You have to change his thoughts. Sometimes you must make him look ridiculous, and girls say that is fatal, and that when a boy is made to look ridiculous he never dates you again, but that isn't true. Any boy that you really want to date has respect for you, and when he is stopped he feels guilty and respects you more.

"I keep control of myself by thinking, 'What would Mother think of all this?' And sometimes I stop a boy by saying, 'What would your mother think?' I sometimes have gone as far as to pretend to brush dandruff off his coat, but not often, because that sure makes them mad. The real way to stop them is to show disinterest. If you seem to become bored after the first few kisses and ask him a question like, 'Do you think we can win the game next Saturday?' he may get mad but he will stop, and finally you will get to talking about other things, until he starts again and you have to do some more stopping.

"I have never been engaged, but I have had three proposals—two of them from boys I like very much and one I think I love and may say yes to very soon. I don't consider the little kissing I have done as anything to be ashamed of. When I am engaged I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I have saved all of myself for the one man, and there will be no feelings of guilt to upset me."

There is a girl whose parents needn't worry about her. Her methods appear to be a little more brutal than most. But they are correct and her philosophy sound.

WHEN girls come to me, worried because they are afraid they are petting too much, no matter how far they have gone I work hard to convince them that they are not lost souls. Throwing stones at them will only make matters worse. In so many cases their predicament has been brought about by forces beyond their control—nobody has told them of the dangers, they have never been advised to prepare to resist that surge of emotion, created by too much petting, which sweeps away their good judgment.

In most cases the best advice I can give is that they marry quickly, for an engagement that has lasted too long is usually to blame for their predicament.

Some, shirking responsibility, have placed the blame on me. They have said, "Dr. Groves, you told us in class that petting was natural and all right."

"I told you petting was natural, but risky," I remind them, "and that the *correct* amount of petting was all right."

"But how was I to know when to stop?"

"Dig up that conscience of yours," I tell them. "Recollect the last time you petted, and unless you are more stupid or irresponsible than almost any other girl in college you will be able, with no help from me, to remember when you should have put on the brakes."

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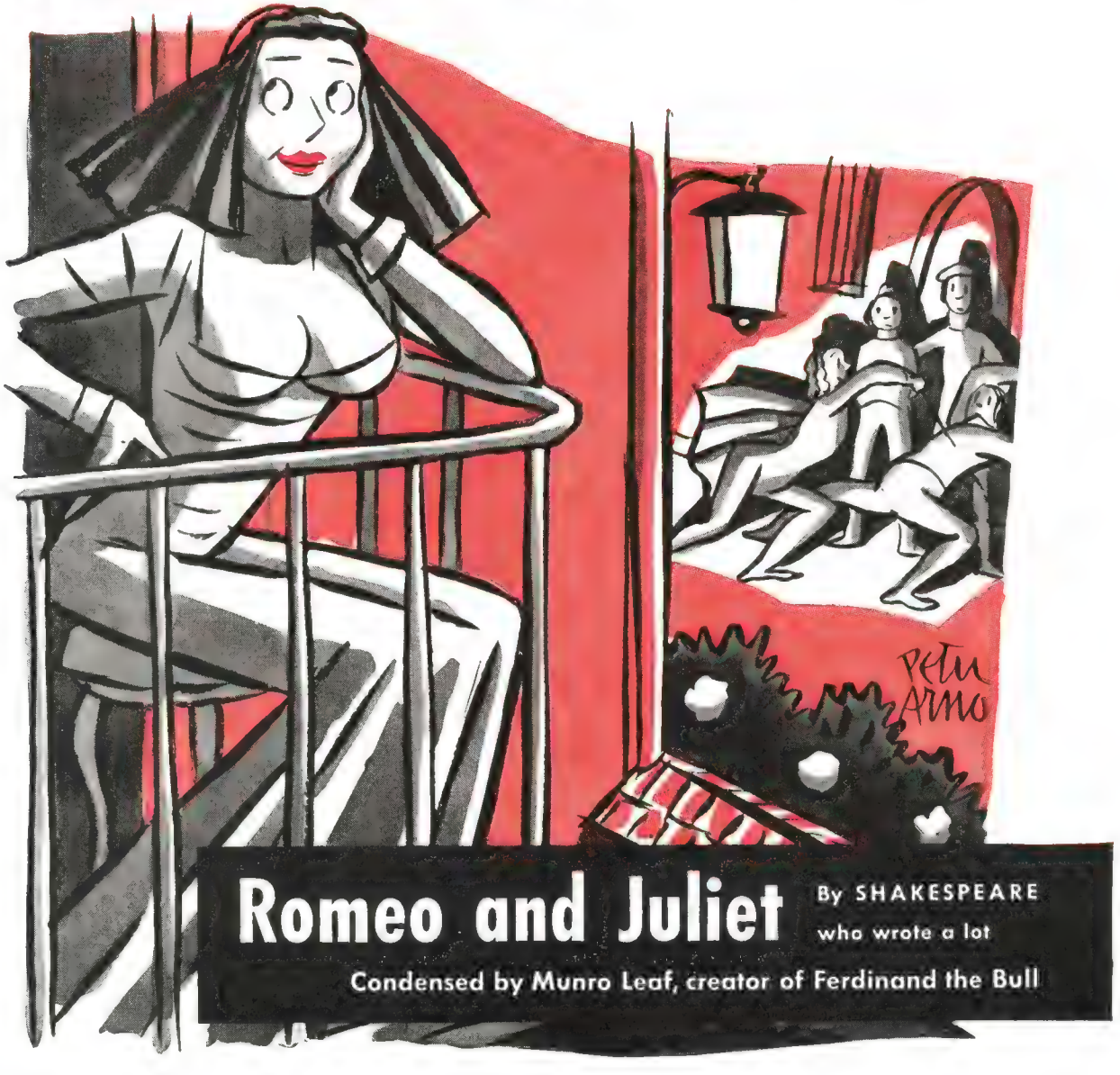

Romeo and Juliet

By SHAKESPEARE who wrote a lot

Condensed by Munro Leaf, creator of Ferdinand the Bull

IF YOU think this younger generation is a problem you need to read about this pair of Italian kids who were whooping it up in old Verona a long while back.

Romeo was a Montague and Juliet was a Capulet, so you can bet your old theater-ticket stubs that they were both born in the right residential sections. In fact, theirs were just about the two top-flight families around the town of Verona. The only trouble was that the families were always scrapping. Even their private messenger boys would go around biting their thumbs at each other and trying to work up some swordplay at the drop of a hat. The fighting got so monotonous the Prince of Verona, the headman, told them that if they didn't cut it out he'd kick them out of town.

Well, when this immortal love story opens, Romeo is moping around 'cause he can't make any time with a gal named Rosaline, and from the way he groans about it you can see that he hasn't even had to shave yet.

Juliet, on the other hand, is at the ripe old age of not quite fourteen. Just about ready for her first permanent wave.

Romeo and a pal, Benvolio, crash a masquerade party at Juliet's papa's house, and one look, a few wisecracks, a sigh or two, and Romeo and Juliet are so that way about each other at the end of five minutes that neither one can sleep that night.

With the old feud still hot, you can see that the Capulets' back yard was no place for Romeo to hang around, but there he was late at night with his heart thumping under Juliet's window.

She stepped out on the balcony for a breath of air and got a load of pretty fancy love talk, and she liked it so fine they decided they'd better get married tomorrow.

Friar Laurence, who lives in a cell out in the suburbs, marries them on the quiet, because he means well and thinks that might patch up the old fight between the families. There was no waiting around in those days for sobriety tickets and blood tests.

Juliet goes to wait for Romeo to sneak up the balcony late that night, but he goes off and gets into a street fight, and kills his new wife's favorite cousin, named Tybalt.

That cuts his wedding night pretty short, because he has to scram out of town. The Prince of Verona is really sore now and has a pickup order out for our hero.

Old Capulet, meanwhile, has fixed for Juliet to marry a rich lad named Paris. Juliet is really on the spot. She doesn't dare tell Pa she married Romeo, and she can't very well take two husbands in the same week.

Old Friar Laurence fixes her a drug that makes her look dead. They put her in a tomb and Romeo is to come get her, but the signals get mixed and he thinks she's dead, no fooling, and kills himself. She wakes up—sees him and does likewise. The old fathers patch up their quarrel, but it's a little late for very dead Romeo and very dead Juliet.

MORAL

Love, even in the sixth grade of grammar school, is nothing for Pop and Mom to laugh off.

Concerto

(*Continued from page 58*)

been but a short time in the roaster. A woman who played at the game of love as though it were a game of cards. She came to visit for an hour and stayed for a week end. And, when she left, Goronoff left with her. She took him back to the mountains, where a great house perched on a cliff. He played for her and told her she was beautiful. As usual, he did both too well. The lady from the mountains forgot that love is a game. She wanted Goronoff for her own. And when the great fool learned this he came running like a frightened boy to Myra.

"Do something," he said. "Get me out of this, Myra. We will run away!"

But Myra was happy in Rio de Janeiro. They didn't run away. Instead, she put Goronoff to bed, called a doctor, and lied to the lady. Alone in her room, where she could look out over the harbor to Sugar Loaf Mountain, Myra wept for a time. Not for long. The coffee-bean woman wasn't the first. She wouldn't be the last. And after each there would be weeks of just music. . . .

IN THE North the war dragged on. Two years, three, and then a letter from George told her he was sailing for France with other boys of the valley. He'd left school to join the army. It wouldn't take long to settle things, and then he'd finish his course. There wasn't much chance he would receive an answer before he sailed, but if she had one to spare—he would like a photograph.

Myra sent a snap that Goronoff had taken the previous morning when they had been together in the garden. This week the master had spent much of his time there. The wrought-iron gates set in the high wall were barred against a coloratura soprano—a tempestuous Italian diva who had listened to Goronoff play and talk. Now she waited each morning in her carriage on the cobbled road that led to the villa, and the maestro hid behind his rosebushes and begged Myra to chase her away.

It was on such a morning, while the soprano was demanding admittance, that Myra walked with Goronoff into the library, set some fruit and cakes at his elbow, and asked about her debut. "Do you think I am ready?" she said. "Not an important work, perhaps. I could do some of the lesser—"

"Lesser?" he cried. "What is lesser? What is important?"

"Oh, Maestro, stop playing with words."

HE CAUGHT her cheeks in his hands. "So—you know all about Goronoff, eh? You know when he plays with words?"

"Don't you think it's time I did?"

"Time? How long it is, eh? How long you belong to me, Myra?"

"You've been teaching me for six years."

"Pouff! Six years—six minutes! And now you want to concertize."

"Is that bad?"

"Bad? No—it is good!"

"Then you will let me?" she asked.

"But of course! You will play—m-m-m, let me see—you will do the B-flat Tchaikovsky. And I will conduct—so!"

"Here? We will do it here in Rio?"

He made a face, as though he had tasted a plum that had not ripened. He caught her by the elbow and walked out onto the wide, stone veranda, from which they could see the harbor. Then he swept an arm that included the widespread city within the gesture. "You think I would let you play Tchaikovsky here?" he said.

Myra was frightened. She hadn't meant to be presumptuous. But she had worked so hard. Her ears told her she played well. More than that, she had caught Goronoff watching her only a night previous. His eyes had been wide. His mouth had opened, and from his lips had come a whispered word. Just one—but he had said, "Perfect!"

"You hear me?" he said. "You think I will let you play here?"

"In some smaller city, perhaps?"

His arm was about her shoulders. He had to reach up when he did this, and perhaps it bothered him, for he seldom stood this way. But now he rested his head against her shoulder, hugged her to him, and made a mouth. He'd been teasing.

"You play Tchaikovsky in New York," he said quietly. "In Carnegie Hall—and I will conduct."

"In New York," Myra whispered. "In Carnegie Hall . . ."

The war was over and music was king. A letter from George came to say he was back in the valley and hard at his studies. Soon he'd be a lawyer. Some day a judge. Myra was sure he would, but she hadn't time to write. Cables and letters were piled on the wide, wood desk in Goronoff's study. He must come to London, to Paris, to Vienna, to New York. Managers insisted upon it. And Myra wrote a polite refusal to each when Goronoff shook his head. Each mail brought another offer of an engagement. Still he waited in Rio de Janeiro. Still he poured his notes against the four walls of his music-room. And still Myra dreamed of the night she would play in Carnegie Hall.

But she did more than dream and answer letters from concert managers. She practiced. If Goronoff had been exacting before, now he became the brother to a demon.

"Those runs!" he yelled. "Crisp at the finish, Myra! And those themes—why do you let the lesser one creep up so? It shades the heroic—makes it weak."

He played for her, and Myra tried not to hear the voice that was in the music. It said, "I am the man! I am the man! Listen to my song!" And then, lightly and plaintively, another voice said, "I am the woman. I am the woman. And I love you." Other and still lesser themes crept in and out, plucking with quick notes at the voice that still shouted, "I am the man!" And soon the heroic theme fought its way clear and rode triumphantly to the conclusion.

"So—it should be so," said Goronoff. "A concerto is like that, Myra. There is a beginning, then a blossoming out—m-m-m, what you call the exposition. Then, in the end, like a man who has lived, you see the result of his life."

"And the woman?"

"There is no woman in music," he said, and walked away from the piano. "Remember—no woman in music!"

"I will try to remember, Maestro," said Myra.

AND six months later they were in New York. An apartment on lower Park Avenue, with the trains of the great railroad grumbling in the cellar. Myra had protested. The change from the quiet house in Rio de Janeiro was too terrible. All day and all night traffic rolled past the wide front windows. The doorbell rang and the phone bell rang and a neighbor played ragtime on his phonograph. But Goronoff loved it.

They visited the shops of Madison Avenue, and Myra bought dresses and hats and shoes. A messenger brought a box that was long and wide. When Myra opened it a billowing mass of silver-tinted fur spilled into her hands.

"For you, Myra," said Goronoff. And when she protested he puffed out his cheeks and got red in the face. "Don't say no to me, Myra! You are my creation—I make you! I dress you in furs and put diamonds on your fingers if I want!" Then he lifted one of her hands and held it for a time while he studied the fingers. "Not diamonds!" he said. And the next messenger brought a single great pearl.

The days danced past. Each afternoon there were visits from managers, critics, reporters, and photographers. Myra posed at the piano, posed at a window, posed with Goronoff. But not once was she permitted to play until the apartment was empty. No—that is not true. There was an evening when she played. An evening that Myra folded away in her memory chest, guarded closely, and took out at times to fondle as a woman will a sprig of flowers.

A little round man with the eyes of a Buddha stopped by for an hour to chat. Godowsky—the master of masters. He had said little, but Myra learned that even her master—even Goronoff—acknowledged a greater maestro. And then he had asked her to play. She had done an Arensky étude. The Buddha had smiled. The evening was over. A letter from George was on her dresser, but Myra didn't read it. Not that evening.

Soon it was time. Her gown was fitted, her hair was waved. One satin slipper pinched (Myra was a big woman, now) but that mattered not at all. A car waited at the door and she was taken to Carnegie Hall.

"Please," she said, as they rolled past the

entrance on Fifty-seventh Street. "Just let me look for a moment."

"Of course—of course!" yelled Goronoff.

He told the driver to circle the block and drive slowly past the entrance. And Myra looked. Then they rounded Seventh Avenue and stopped at the rear door. Myra saw people standing in the narrow passageways. She saw them bow and heard them murmur Goronoff's name. Some stared at her, and one tall man with very white hair lifted her hands and kissed them. "May God bring you success," he said.

Goronoff laughed. "Have no fear, fiddle-player," he cried. "With or without God—*I* will bring her success!"

It frightened Myra. Would she never grow up? Would she never lose that cold, thin tremble which touched her throat when Goronoff blasphemed? Later, she learned the tall man was Klaubert, the first violinist. Later, she learned his daughter was also in her twenty-third year. He was kindly, and Myra envied his daughter. But not tonight! This was New York. This was Carnegie Hall. And she, Myra Hassman, was queen.

SHE wanted to peek at the audience. Standing in the wings, she could hear them. Mumbling voices, and at times a high laugh from a woman who had to be noticed. Gradually it faded. A hush came to the hall, and Myra knew the musicians were about to take their places.

She overheard a conversation between the oboe and the French horn: "What a showman he is, this Goronoff. What a gambler!" said the oboe. "No rehearsals with the orchestra for his protégée—oh, no! He drives us mad with rehearsals, but works with her alone!" And the French horn laughed and answered, "More power to him. It's his show—his big night." Then they were out on the stage and the instruments were squawking into tune.

A hand touched her elbow. "You will watch me always," said Goronoff. "Remember—I am there, always."

"Yes, Maestro," she said.

Then the house lights dimmed and silence dropped over the hall like a snuffer above a candle flame. Goronoff dug his short, hard fingers into her cheeks, made a mouth at her, and marched onto the stage. The applause rolled up while he took his place before his musicians. They were standing, and Myra could see their eyes. They, too, recognized the master.

His stick rapped once, twice—the applause was stilled and he lifted his arms. Myra clasped her hands tightly and moved a step forward, careful to keep behind the folded curtain. The opening notes of Dvořák's *New World Symphony* came alive. Goronoff lifted them out of the horns and waved them toward the audience. Wood winds and violins joined them. Goronoff was teasing his audience. Laughing at them just a little. "Wait," he was saying. "This is the sherry before the feast. Wet your lips and be ready." And in this way was the symphony played.

When it was over and the applause rolled up again, Myra became conscious of Myra Hassman. This woman standing in the wings was she. And she must walk out there, bow, sit down, bow again, and play!

She marched onto the stage. Damn it all, she marched onto the stage! A Hassman had marched straight up to Lord Howe when the British were in Philadelphia—marched straight up to him and told him to go to hell! And then he was shot. And maybe they would shoot Myra. But, by the Lord! she was bowing to their applause and seating herself at the piano. She found the loud pedal and pushed down hard. Then she turned, and bowed again to stop the applause. Goronoff lifted his hands. And it started.

"Da, ta, ta, ta-a-a—da, ta, ta, ta-a-a—da, ta, ta, ta-a-a!" Myra was singing the orchestral opening! Then, *one, two, three*—and, *one, two*—her hands caught the keys and the first crashing octave chords came from the piano. *One, two, three*—and the orchestra was following, following, playing the theme. Playing the theme that a Russian had dreamed. The heroic theme—the male theme. And Myra was beating the chords back at them. Hard and cold and very exact—just as Goronoff had taught. Goronoff! He was towering above the stage, bestowing a benefaction with each lift of his arms. Blessing her. Blessing the thing which he had created. And, for a time, Myra crouched beneath this blessing. It steadied her. Made her sure. Carried her along with its all-embracing power. Goronoff was her master. She couldn't fail.

A WORLD of sound was flooding the stage. Violins, wood winds, brass, and percussion flared in a wave that suddenly scared her. She wasn't used to an orchestra. Had never played with one. And now it was frightening her. Drowning her. It was rushing

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along at a mad pace and she was following. Following! She—Myra Hassman the soloist, was following the orchestra. Her head went down and she looked for the notes. She was small and very frightened. She watched her fingers race over the keys and wondered if they were making sound. Then she tried to hear the notes as they came from the piano strings. And she couldn't.

Her head came up and she saw the maestro. He was watching her over his left arm. His eyes were wide. His lips were open. He nodded slightly and Myra's fingers raced through the treble. "Crisp! Crisp to the end!" he had said.

Soon she had caught them. Caught the orchestra. They were both racing along in a mad and wild chase. Hand in hand, each straining to lead. But Myra forged ahead. It was her night. She was queen. She was the soloist. And as the movement drew toward its end, a slow, swelling sense of power crept into her body.

The silence that came with the end of the movement startled her. Her fingers were tingling. Ready to start again. But the pause was long. Goronoff had once said, "All music is built upon silence, Myra. Rest, when you rest." And, together, they let the silence grow until it had covered the entire hall and the little people who sat within it.

THE second movement. The one Myra loved. First, a few plucked notes from the strings, delicate, hesitant, and filled with promise. Then, like a woman coming over a far green hill, the theme moved into being. And with its coming Myra came of age. No excitement now. No theatrics. When she looked at the maestro her eyes were clear and sure as his own. She picked up the tempo and raced along, lifting her eyes to study the master's face. Waited for him to turn and smile and perhaps make a mouth. (Goronoff did such things when he was conducting—outrageous things.) But there was no smile. And there was no mouth. Instead, doubt had crept into the maestro's eyes. Doubt? "Doubt of what?" thought Myra. "Of me? Surely he knows I'll make no mistakes. Why, I could go much faster. Ever so much faster."

Goronoff frowned. And then she knew. He didn't doubt her. He was doubting himself. The great Goronoff was hearing music such as only he should make. This thing of his—this woman he had made—was reaching out to rip the laurel from his head. It was her concert, and hers alone. She was the giant of the stage. Not Goronoff. It was Myra Hassman of whom people would speak when the evening was done. Not Goronoff.

How did Myra know this? If you would know the answer ask some woman who has loved. Men can't tell you. Nor little girls. But ask a woman, and she will tell you that Myra was sure, and very sure that Goronoff knew who was master.

As for Myra, she dropped her head and watched her fingers touching the notes. And she asked herself a question: "Which do I want?" She couldn't have both. She was sure she couldn't have both. And, as the movement swept on to the *cadenza* that would herald the return of the first theme, Myra answered. With the skill of a thousand nights of practice she rounded the theme and tried to tell Goronoff he was her love.

The rest between the movements was brief. Very brief. Goronoff started the third with an imperious lift of his baton. He hadn't heard her message. Hadn't bothered to listen. The giant was fighting back. He had to fight back. Otherwise, he would not be a giant. But to Myra he was only a man. A man whom she loved. And she didn't want him to fight. Not against her. He didn't have to fight. He could have it—the glory, the fame, this night and all others. Myra let the *rondo* play by itself. True, her fingers found the notes. And at times she tried again to tell the maestro she was sorry. She followed him slavishly, fingering each passage with the cold, exact touch of a mechanic. Even the glorious sweep of the concluding passages meant nothing. She let her hands play them. Just her hands.

There was applause, and Myra bowed. She bowed to the musicians and bowed to the maestro. Then she ran to the wings and asked for her wraps. She hired a taxi and hurried away. And, while the slow hours walked round the clock, Myra sat in the long apartment on lower Park Avenue and waited for Goronoff.

He came at last. And he came alone. She heard his key in the lock, heard the door slam,and heard his footsteps in the passageway. He seemed so small when he stood in the doorway of the high-ceilinged room.

Myra stood up. "You were wonderful, Maestro."

He stared at her. "I am flattered."

"But truly you were," she said. The words came in one breath. "Without you, I should have flunked it."

He said nothing, but walked slowly about the room, looking at his own portraits hanging there—Goronoff at twenty, Goronoff at thirty, Goronoff at forty. And the gold laurel wreaths mounted on green velvet and hung in square frames. He stopped before one and lifted it from the wall. It was a beautiful thing that had been beaten from gold by a master craftsman. Goronoff read the inscription. Walked to a deep-seated chair. He cradled the frame upon his knees.

"I am Goronoff," he said.

Myra sat at his feet. She crossed her elbows upon his knees and looked up into his eyes. Poor maestro. He wasn't a giant now. Just a little boy. And Myra wanted to take his great head into her arms, hold it close to her breast, and stroke the unruly hair that was spotted with silver. She wanted to wrinkle the tip of her nose and bump it against his. Quite simply, she wanted to tell him she loved him.

"Of course you are Goronoff," was all she could say.

HER hand went up to touch one of his, but he pushed her away and stamped to his feet. He stamped across the room. He dropped the framed wreath upon the floor and stepped on it. The glass broke and he cursed. Then he walked toward Myra.

"So you think you are greatest, eh?" he said quietly. "You think you are greater than Goronoff?" He shook one of his short fingers before her eyes. "But wait! Now *I* will play Tchaikovsky—play it as Goronoff plays it! And then those fools at Carnegie Hall will see—they will see!"

"But, Maestro—"

"Maestro, maestro, maestro!" he yelled. "Don't lie to me! Tonight you would be maestro, but wait! Wait until Goronoff plays Johann Sebastian Bach! And Beethoven! And Brahms! I will play them all again here in New York. Then, we will see who is maestro!"

"Ah, my darling," she said. "Don't—please don't—"

She tilted her lips as though she would kiss him. He ran across the room, lifted the laurel wreath from its shattered frame and crushed it between those powerful fingers. Three leaves came loose. He ran toward Myra and threw them at her mouth. And her mouth was framed for a kiss.

"Go away!" he said, and his voice was cold as a high treble run. . . .

It was quiet on the farm. Nothing had been changed very much. The door to her father's room was closed, of course—he had died while Myra was in Rio de Janeiro. And Mrs. Sampter had taken the wide back room for herself. George had written before they moved in, asking if he might run the farm on shares, now that old Peter was gone. It was a kindly thought that made it possible for Myra to keep a home she loved. So, when she returned, the grounds were well cared for, there was wood cut and corded.

Irv Breger

"I wish somebody would start talking about me—my ears are freezing!"

Mrs. Sampter was sensible. She didn't ask questions. Didn't make comments. She merely said the piano had been tuned by a local man and at his suggestion new felts had been put in. Myra thanked her but didn't touch the keyboard. She bundled herself warmly against the cold and walked with young George over the hills.

Young George—she had always thought of him as such, always seen him as the boy who stood on the station platform holding tightly to a bunch of flowers he had forgotten to give her. A bashful youngster with freckles on his nose and more splashed across his cheeks, a firm mouth and eyes that were gray as a winter sky. He had always been strong. And during the years his shoulders had widened and his arms had grown heavy. Now Myra found he had learned to smile.

IT WAS a nice smile. It started at the corners of his eyes and grew to take the harshness from the line of his jaw. A machine-gun bullet had left a scar on that jaw. George hadn't told her, but when Myra mentioned it Mrs. Sampter made an uncomplimentary remark about "them Germans."

Myra realized the war had done other things to George. Not all of them unkind. He was no longer just a boy from the valley. He had been to London and Paris and "might have made it to Berlin if the other fellows hadn't decided to quit." He didn't hate the other fellows. Didn't hate the man who had put a mark on his jaw. Myra found a broad tolerance in his views. A kindly philosophy that might have been born in the trenches when he worked at the trade of death in a purely impersonal manner. Myra knew George had done just that. When he shot at a German he shot at a mark, just as the first Sampters had put down their scythes to shoot at an Indian who interrupted the harvesting.

He wasn't particularly proud of the work he had done in France. An unpleasant task that was well over. But he was very proud of the work he had done on the Hassman farm. It was paying for itself and making a few dollars in addition. He had shown her his books the night previous—exact accounts of moneys spent and moneys returned, with the profit balance carried forward. And there had been some talk of a loan from the bank, but Myra had been only half listening.

She listened to him now, though. He was talking in that slow, hesitant manner of his. They reached the crest of a rolling hill, and across the next valley was the road to the Laudeutscher farm. Myra recalled how Goronoff had once gathered flowers from the sides of this road when he came to have lunch beneath the elm. Then she made herself forget Goronoff.

"If things go well I might be able to pick up that ground," said George quietly. A tuck came into the corner of one eye and he turned to look down at her. "At least—you could pick it up, Myra. I've grown so used to running things I still keep thinking I've got to do the planning."

"But why shouldn't you?"

He shrugged. "It's your farm."

"But you don't expect me to run it?"

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said quickly. "I'll stay and work it, but you're the boss."

She liked that. It was nice to be boss. Nice to own your own farm and run it. She looked across the wide acres and then back to the man at her side. "You've finished at law school?"

"Yes. Graduated last fall."

"Then you must have been admitted to the bar," she said thoughtfully. "That makes you a lawyer, George."

"So they tell me."

"But what about your practice? Aren't you going to hang out a shingle in town?"

He shook his head. "More lawyers than clients in Pennsylvania just now, Myra."

If he was satisfied to continue on at the farm Myra had no objections. She turned again to look across the valley toward the Laudeutscher place. "The professor wrote me he'd gone to live in Philadelphia. I hope he's been successful."

"He's done well," said George quietly. "You were a good advertisement for the old fellow."

MYRA pointed to the farmhouse. "It's for sale?"

"Yes. Price is high, but you can wait."

"I'd rather not," she said. "Ask what he wants, and buy it. Father left me a few thousand."

"It'll take all of that and more," he said doubtfully.

She smiled. "Didn't you say I was boss?"

They were standing close to a split-rail fence at the end of the Hassman section. An old wild cherry with shiny bark leaned over the curve of the road. George rested his shoulders against the trunk, put both hands in the pockets of his leather jacket, and looked at Myra thoughtfully. That slow

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smile grew at the corners of his eyes. It touched his mouth and softened it. Took the hardness from the line of his jaw and made Myra realize he was one of the most attractive men she had ever seen.

"Didn't you say I was boss?" she asked.

His nod was slow as the smile. "Sure, Myra—you're the boss. Now, and all the time."

The sound of the words was pleasant to her ears She wondered if George could possibly know how very important it was to be boss of something. Your home, a farm, or even of a simple situation such as this. With Goronoff there had never been any question. He was the master—the maestro of maestros. In music his word was law, and in other things as well. True, Myra had wanted it this way. Had never made the slightest attempt to change the order. But now—here on the wind-swept hill beyond her home she knew a certain satisfaction in giving an order and knowing it would be obeyed without question.

They started back along the road, and for a time George talked quietly of the fields, pointing to this one and that, telling of the crop rotation and his plans for the spring. But when he found she was no longer listening he stopped talking. Then they just walked. For miles. And Myra was happy and tired when they got back to the farmhouse. Too tired to do anything but read the newspapers.

There were some from New York and she opened to the music section. Hofmann was playing, and his friend Godowsky had agreed to a European tour. Lhévinne and Gans, Grainger and Bachous were making music throughout the world. And then Myra found his name: Leopold Goronoff would be at Carnegie Hall the first Saturday in March. He hadn't forgotten the night he sent Myra away. Hadn't forgotten the things he had said. He would play as his first offering the Brahms Concerto in D Minor. Myra folded the paper.

Her music arrived that week. Three cases of it. When George had opened them and helped her to place the music in the cabinet he had built, she found the Brahms concerto. She opened the score and started to read. George watched her. When she went to the piano and adjusted the bench, George lifted the top, and waited.

But Myra didn't want to play. Not now. . . .

THE next day she walked again with George. And the next. Then it was March—the first Wednesday in March. On the billboards that flanked the corners of Carnegie Hall were signs that told of Goronoff's concert. In three nights he would play Brahms. Thousands of music lovers would climb the wide stone steps to hear the maestro in his first concert of the year. But not Myra. She would be in the front room of the Hassman farmhouse deep in the hills of Pennsylvania. But she would be closer to him than any of these.

George was plowing the lower section near the bend of the road. Myra could hear his voice as he spoke to the team. She heard the creak of the harness and the sound of fresh earth being turned back by the plowshare. Then she caught the sound of a motor and watched a large car swing onto the shoulder and stop. The chauffeur stayed at the wheel but the rear door opened and a man stepped out. Goronoff! Myra saw his mass of unruly hair that moved as the wind touched it.

WHY DON'T THEY?

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PUT "clean-out traps" in hot-air conductor pipes, so that articles dropped through the registers can be more readily recovered.—*Leo A. Douglas, Detroit, Mich.*

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PUT the names of football players on their uniforms instead of numbers, to make it easier for spectators at a game to identify them.—*Edward Carroll, New York, N. Y.*

Have you been brooding on any ideas that no one else seems to have thought of? Send them along to the *Why Don't They?* editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. We'll pay $1 for each suggestion accepted.

A cold wind, and as usual the master had forgotten to wear his hat.

The width of the newly turned hill was between them. He hadn't seen her but was walking toward George, beckoning to him with an imperious lift of his hand. The team stopped and George wrapped the lines about the handle of the plow. He wiped his face with a blue handkerchief, stuffed it back into his pocket, and rested both hands upon his hips.

"Hi, you!" cried Goronoff. "You, there! This is the Hassman farm?"

"Yes," said George quietly.

Myra wanted to call out. To wave and run toward the master. Instead, she walked slowly along the last furrow of the field that led toward the road. Goronoff was closer to George now. He was stepping carefully over the raw earth in those small foreign shoes he liked so well.

"Myra Hassman is here?" he asked. "You know where she is?"

"I might," said George. He hadn't moved and his voice was quiet.

"Get her!" said Goronoff. "Tell her I am here—Goronoff!"

"Maybe she doesn't want to see you."

"Fool! You know who I am?"

"Yes."

Goronoff was closer. He threw back his head and laughed. "Aha! It is the boy with the flowers. Little George!"

"I've grown a bit."

MYRA wanted to run. Wanted to get to them quickly. Again she started to call out. But she didn't.

"Get her!" said Goronoff.

George rested one elbow on the plow handle. "Mister," he said softly, "I've decided I don't like you."

"Don't like me? What do I care if you like me?"

"It might be better," George continued, "if you just went away."

Goronoff's eyes were wide. "You! You tell me what to do?"

Again his hand went up in an imperious gesture. Then it was caught and held and lost within the span of the hand George took from the plow handle. The other went up, and this too, was caught and held. The veins grew blue and taut in the maestro's forehead. His mouth opened and his lips were thin.

"You hurt her once," said George. "Hurt her badly. I wouldn't like it if you did it again, so maybe you'd better go away."

Myra hit him, then. She had been running, and her hand was heavy as it struck against the scar on his jaw. She hit him again. And again. Still those wide bronze hands held the hands of the master. Held them and closed ever tighter, until a pallor came into Goronoff's face.

"My hands!" he cried. "Stop—my hands!"

George opened his fingers and stepped back. He untied the lines and called to the team. The blade of the plow turned back a furrow of earth, and Myra was standing alone with Goronoff. She touched his arm. Lifted one hand and cradled it within both of hers.

"He hurt you?" she asked.

Goronoff looked at her. "It is nothing."

The wind had broken Myra's braids and her hair was loose on her shoulders. Strands had caught in the rough of her leather jacket and twisted about the buttons. There was dark loam on her shoes and more on her hands, and stain on her skirt.

Goronoff smiled. He nodded his head and smiled again. "A plow woman," he said shortly. "That is good, Myra. It is as it should be. I found you here—I leave you here. So!"

He turned away, and Myra shook her head. "You—didn't come to get me—to take me back—?"

He looked across his shoulder. "Take you back?" he said. And he laughed. "I came to look—to see! It is enough!"

Myra went back to the farmhouse. . . .

IT WAS Saturday night. George had driven his mother to the movies in town and the tall clock at the bend of the stairs said eight-twenty-five. Myra checked it with her wrist watch. Then she took off the wrist watch and put it on the mantel. She ran her fingers over the keyboard of the piano, adjusted the bench, and seated herself. Five minutes! In five minutes a conductor would lift his baton in Carnegie Hall. Three and one-half minutes later Goronoff's hands would come down on the keys. Her master would play.

Eight-twenty-nine, and in an age the old clock boomed the half-hour. Myra heard the horns. Heard them sound the opening motif. Seconds crept past and she sat quietly, just as Goronoff was doing in Carnegie. Oh, that Brahms concerto was a beast! It made the pianist sit and wait through three and a half long minutes while the horns and the strings and the wood winds told their story. And she could see him. Very plainly. A little man at a huge piano. Waiting patiently. Growing in stature with each beat of the music. Not smiling. Not frowning. Simply waiting. And then, as out of nowhere, the music would drift from the piano. Softly at first, just as Myra was playing now. But it would gather strength quickly. Yes, it would grow and swell and roar about the hall. Myra heard it growing. It was growing here in the front room of the Hassman farmhouse. It was pounding against the walls and bursting from the windows. It echoed across the fields that were freshly turned.

But Myra didn't think of the fields. She didn't think of the wind that was walking about the eaves of the house and bringing with it the memory of stirring scents of the pine trees and stream. She was thinking of Goronoff. Only of Goronoff. Only of the little man at the big piano in Carnegie Hall. He was playing. And Myra's hands were running true with his, matching his runs and equaling the octaves. She knew the pace he would set. Knew it so very well. And when the early minutes had grown to a half-hour, she quickened the tempo. Why? She didn't know. Couldn't tell. But within her came the urge to play faster. Much faster. Faster and strong, with a consciousness of power.

For a time the change was imperceptible. It crept up. Then it went on the hem of the wind, built upon the many nights of backaching work that had been hers in Rio de Janeiro, and in Russia, and France and Germany. It was filled with fire and passion and strength. And love of the master, too.

She had gone to bed when George and Mrs. Sampter came home. She didn't want to see them. Talk with them. Since Goronoff's visit she had avoided George, and he, in turn, had made no effort to apologize for the thing he had done. Certainly she didn't want to see him this night. She was tired. And her dreams were troubled. She stayed in bed most of the next day, but it was just as well. The March wind had brought rain and it was miserable out of doors. So miserable that Mrs. Sampter couldn't understand why George had to go driving off to town.

He was wet to the skin when he returned, but he brought half a dozen New York newspapers and wanted them taken up to Myra immediately. Such nonsense! There was a cake in the oven and Mrs. Sampter didn't want anyone tramping up and down stairs just now. She insisted, until George put his hands under her elbows, lifted her inches from the floor, and held her at arm's length.

MYRA'S door was closed, but she opened it when George knocked. And she was beautiful. Tall and fair and built like a Hassman. Her eyes were tired, though.

"Thought you might like to see these," he said, and handed the papers to her.

"Thank you," said Myra.

She might have said more, but George had turned quickly and headed for the stairs. Blue negligees with Spanish lace are thin. Myra realized this when she glanced into the mirror of the cherry dresser. The curve of her breasts was sharp against the lace. She smiled. The valley was different from Prague or Vienna. The men who lived in the valley were different. Goronoff would have complimented her upon the picture she made, and thought no more of it. George wasn't Goronoff. He wasn't like any of the men she had known in Europe. Just for a moment Myra was glad this was so. Then

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she forgot George. Forgot him completely.

She seated herself in a rocker by the windows and opened the first of the newspapers. To the music section, naturally. And there was his picture—Goronoff at the piano. A very bad picture, too. But the maestro liked it because it showed the width and height of his forehead, and he was pleased when the press used it.

The notice was slavish, but Myra expected that. The critics were afraid of Goronoff. He fought them. Made no bones about calling them idiots when they dared to find fault with his playing or composition. Still, there was something different in this review. Myra read it closely. "Never before, to our knowledge, has the maestro set such a tempo for the Brahms D minor as he did at Carnegie last night." There was much more of it.

Myra was puzzled. Almost a little frightened. It was as though she had waved a wand and set in motion some gigantic piece of machinery that now she couldn't stop. But this was foolish. More than foolish! Her playing could have no effect upon that of the master. None at all. But still, in that first movement she had lifted the pace. Stormed along. And now . . .

And so, while the rain rained, Myra dreamed of the master. He had come once to see her. He'd come again. And when the sun grew stronger and the first tight little buds appeared on the cherry trees she had followed him faithfully throughout his tour. When Goronoff played, she played. Her wrist watch was set to the time of the city in which he appeared. The doors of the front room were closed, and usually George and his mother went visiting these nights. And she played—raced along with Mozart and Beethoven, sustained the voices with an organlike touch when the maestro was playing Bach, remembered his admonitions and used plenty of "pedal-sauce" on Debussy and Ravel, flowery exactitude for Chopin.

WHEN the summer came and the hay was being cut, Goronoff left for the Coast. He was to appear in Hollywood, and while he was en route Myra found time to walk again. There was a morning in early July when she left the veranda and paused for a moment under the elm where she had eaten lunch with the master. She recalled how George had stood, waist-deep in the blowing hay, and watched while she poured tea. And now, turning toward the field as she had done in the past, she saw him far at the end of a gentle hill as he rode the seat of the mower.

She walked toward him, holding the hem of her blue cotton dress well clear of the field of stubble. Her hair was long and caught in two braids that were heavy upon her shoulders. And she held in one hand, as though for excuse, the pitcher of cold spring water that had been on the veranda table. She called and waved, and George stopped the team and climbed from the mower.

"Stay where you are," he said. "Please, Myra—stand there!"

"Why?" she asked.

He didn't answer, but one of those strong brown hands lifted to take the battered straw from his head. His face was bronze and damp from the heat. He lifted the hand again and ran it slowly through his dark hair, which was marked with the band of his hat. "The harvest maid," he said quietly. "That's what I'd call you if I could paint. You're beautiful, Myra."

It was simply done and he meant it. Myra turned her head as a youngster would and felt like a perfect fool. Flattery? She'd had her measure in the capitals of Europe. Men had spoken of her hair, her teeth, her eyes, and the delicate coloring of her skin. She'd always accepted it lightly and turned each compliment aside with a laugh. Now she was acting like a schoolgirl. Blushing and fingering the hem of her skirt.

"Thank you," she said at length. And then she remembered the pitcher she carried. "I—I thought you might be thirsty."

HE CAME toward her, took the pitcher, and put it to his lips. Then he set it down, took her hand, and motioned to a cleared space on the ground. "The hay can wait for a minute or two," he said. "Let's talk."

"About what?" She seated herself beside him.

"You," he said quite simply. "Are you happy, Myra? Glad you're here?"

"I'm very happy." And she meant it.

He pointed toward the windows of the farmhouse. "Sometimes, when I'm working here in the fields, I can hear that music of yours pouring down the hill like a stream in the early spring. It's nice, Myra."

"I'm glad you like it."

"I do," he said. "But I wonder about the rest of the world. They'd like it, too, Myra." He leaned back, rested one elbow on the ground. "When are you going to start making music for them again?"

"Not yet, George. Some day, perhaps—next fall or next winter."

She looked away from his eyes toward the road that ran through the valley. Next fall? Next winter? Why had she said that, when she knew it wasn't so? She wasn't going to play again in concert. Not this year, next year, or ever. Not without Goronoff. How could she? Everything she was, or might be, was dependent upon the master. He had made her, and she was his George couldn't understand, of course. He was fine and strong and very kind to her He had tried to help when he sent Goronoff away. But he knew nothing of music. Nothing of her love for Goronoff. She let him lift one of her hands and hold it gently within both of his.

"It's a good hand, Myra," he said. "It was made to make music."

She smiled and pointed across the valley. "You bought the Laudeutscher farm?"

"Yes."

"You're going to work it this year?"

"Part of it," he answered.

"But you can't do it alone, George. You'll have to hire a man to help you."

"Men are scarce this year," he said slowly. "There's more money to be made in town than the farmers can afford to pay."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have done it."

"Why not?" He pushed himself up from the warm ground and stood before her. "You wanted it, Myra. It makes you happy to have it, and I want you to be happy."

It was his nearest approach to intimacy. When Myra held out her hands, he lifted her to her feet, put his battered hat back on his head, and walked to the mower. After that she seldom saw him during the day. A glimpse or two of his broken straw as he stood in the cornfield, or a moment of conversation when he left a pair of pruning shears on the veranda steps, together with a pair of light leather gloves that had been oiled and rubbed to softness. These were hers. To be used when she cut roses for the table.

THERE had been another gift. George called her attention to it one August morning when the sky was blue and there wasn't a cloud and the sun was very warm. They had walked to the milkhouse that Myra's grandfather had built in the crook of the spring near the woods. It set on stone, was low and covered with vines. Myra had always liked it. You had to bob your head to get past the door, and on the warmest summer day the running water brought a clean coolness to the place that was delightful. It wasn't used, and George had run a wire from the house and rigged a lamp in one corner. There was a maple rocker he'd made in a dozen evenings, a maple table, and a rack of magazines. And this was hers. Her sanctuary.

"Why did you do it?" she had asked.

"Because I wanted to."

"But you must use it, too. Bring your books here and—"

"No," he'd said firmly. "This is yours, Myra. Everyone has to have a place where they can go and close the door and be alone."

Myra had wondered how he, or any man, could know how much it meant to a woman to have a place where she could be alone.

Here, with the door closed and only the running music of the stream for company, Myra could be with her thoughts. Pleasant thoughts, some of them—of the days in Europe with old Mamma Goronoff, of the bittersweet hours in Rio de Janeiro when the master was busy playing devil and saint while she studied so hard for her first concert. And she would wonder if ever again she might walk onto a stage and play while he conducted. Probably not. But it didn't matter.

Then summer was gone and the golden time came. Help was still scarce in the valley, but George and the other farmers were working together to get in the harvest. It was a busy time and Myra didn't expect to see him throughout the day.

Ed Nofziger

"Hows about us getting together on an eggnog?"

But she wondered about the evenings. It had been their custom to chat for a while after supper. If there was no concert and Myra was free, George would usually get out the account books and they would work together.

It was different now. For the past few months she had scarcely seen him at all. Two and three, and sometimes four, nights each week he would hurry through his meal, climb into his car, and drive off to town. In the back of her mind Myra was troubled. She had laughed with him about it once—suggested that perhaps some pretty girl in town was the reason. He had let that slow smile start at the corners of his eyes while he looked at her, but he had offered no alternative reason.

And lately, with Goronoff coming across the country on his early fall tour, she had been much too busy with her music to give George or the farm much thought. The master was scheduled to play again in Carnegie Hall—the Beethoven work for which he was famous—and Myra spent hours in practice.

AS USUAL, on the day of the concert, she left the piano to wander about the farm. She went to the tool shed and found her gardening shears. Her gloves were on a shelf, and when she tried them on they were stiff and hadn't been oiled. She put them aside and walked alone down the road to the Laudeutscher section. Most of the fields hadn't been worked and the barns were in need of repair. The house was neglected and wanted paint, and the roadway was rutted and run to grass. She walked back to the farm. George was there, and she showed him her gloves.

"Sorry, Myra," he said. "I'll fix them before I go to town this evening."

Myra looked at his eyes. They were shot with branched veins and there were circles about them. He didn't look well, hadn't looked well for weeks. Not since he had found this new attraction in town.

"Do you have to go this evening?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You're sure?"

"Very sure, Myra."

George tried to smile, and it didn't come. His face was whiter than she'd ever seen it and the freckles stood out like brown splashes across his nose. The scar on his jaw was plain, too. His hair needed cutting, and he shaved in such a hurry these days there were always a few knicks on his chin. "And this," thought Myra, "is the man whom I once thought attractive."

"I'll have an hour or so after supper," she said firmly. "Suppose we put in some time on the accounts?"

"Another night, Myra," he said, and went upstairs to change his clothes.

Myra walked into the front room and sat down at the piano. George had built a new bench in the early summer and he'd fallen upon a happy thought. There was a curved back that supported Myra's shoulders just where the ache used to grow. It helped so she could sit for hours. The old George had done that—that was his way of doing things before he met that girl in town.

Myra was sure it was a girl. Not a very particular girl, either, if George's appearance meant anything. Lately he hardly took the time to get the grime from his hands before he was up and out and driving along the road to town. And this evening he wasn't even waiting for dinner. Myra heard his car in the driveway, heard him call good-by to his mother, and he was gone.

There were roast beef and potatoes with their jackets on for dinner, and deep-dish apple pie and tea with plenty of milk. Myra picked at it and pushed it away, asked for tea without milk and a glass of the apricot brandy George had put by. Mrs. Sampter cleared the dishes, grumbled a bit under her breath, and went off to bed.

MYRA was glad to be alone. She took out the account books and sat with them over her brandy while she waited for the hour of the concert. Up to a certain point they made sense. But after that—from the time George had found a girl in town with whom he could occupy his evenings—the books were a hopeless muddle. Myra found a notice from the bank. The account had been overdrawn. There were duns from the feed store, and the tractor George had bought was going back to the finance company unless two payments were made. As for the Laudeutscher section, the place was a total loss.

The more she tried, the less success she had in learning the truth from his figures. At times she sensed a deliberate purpose, as though George had tried by carelessness to hide the fact that the farm was a failure. Myra was disgusted. She had trusted him. Put the farm into his hands and allowed him to run it. And this was the result. She tossed the books into a drawer of the desk

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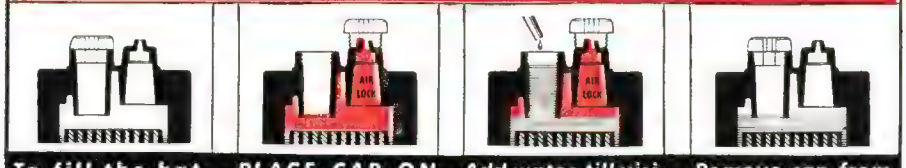

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and glanced at the hands of her wrist watch. Then she took it off, walked into the front room, and waited. She closed her eyes and tried to visualize the interior of Carnegie Hall—the lights, and rows of faces that were divided by aisles. Then she saw Goronoff. Saw him come onto the stage and bow. Saw him sit at the piano and nod to the director. Saw his hands lift—

Myra sang as she played. It was all back again. Those hours in Vienna and Prague and Berlin. The days in the house on the hill at Rio de Janeiro. All of it. And she put words of her own to the themes of the concerto. Sang them aloud. "Do you hear me, Master?" she asked. "I'm here. So near you. Playing as you play—thinking of you—" On and on through passage and run, she played and sang and told of her love for the maestro. And then the phone bell rang. Not loud. George had muffled its tone months ago. But it came at the end of a movement, and against the silence of the old house it whirred like a hornet.

Myra frowned. She heard Mrs. Sampter clump down the stairs. Heard the old lady's voice. Then she stopped listening. Her hands moved over the keyboard, and once again she played with Goronoff. Played with him when the door opened and hardly felt the hand on her shoulder. It shook her.

"Go away!" said Myra. Her fingers hadn't missed a note.

"You'll take me to town," said Mrs. Sampter.

MYRA faltered in a run. Broke off and turned to face Mrs. Sampter. "What are you doing?" she cried. "Go away!"

"You'll take me to town."

"You know better than this," said Myra. "You know better than to interrupt me."

"I'm frightened," said Mrs. Sampter. "George's been hurt. You've got to drive me to town."

Myra was furious. And glad. Viciously glad that George had been hurt. The thought came all uncalled. Mixed with a dozen emotions—her music, Goronoff, the knowledge that George had been neglecting his work. Neglecting her for another woman—"If he'd do as he should, he wouldn't get hurt!" she cried.

Mrs. Sampter looked at her. "You bad woman," she said. "Oh, you bad woman!"

Myra got up from the piano. She closed the case and followed Mrs. Sampter to the front door. She was frightened now, and didn't know why. Her car was in the small barn that George had fireproofed and converted into a garage. Mrs. Sampter climbed into the back seat and Myra sat at the wheel. She snapped on the lights, pushed down on the long starter pedal. The wheels scrunched over the cracked-stone driveway and she swung into the road to town.

"Is he hurt badly?" she asked.

Mrs. Sampter didn't answer, and Myra was ashamed of herself. True, George had been spending too many nights in town. He'd been neglecting his work to see a girl. But why not? He was a man. He needed a woman. Twice, three times, a dozen times, he had offered to take Myra to some affair. She had always been busy with her music and had refused. As for his work—the car swung past the hill in front of the Laudeutscher section. Myra looked at the old house, and Mrs. Sampter must have noticed.

"You wanted it," she said harshly. "In times like these you wanted more ground!"

Myra's teeth were hard on her lower lip. She found herself feeding gas to the engine on a downgrade. Going too fast. But she didn't touch the brake pedal. She let the car gather more speed and slide on turns. She forgot the past few months. Forgot his neglect. Forgot the girl who had taken him away from her. He was hurt. But he mustn't be hurt! Not too badly. Not his face—no more scars on his face. His eyes were so fine. And his smile. Nothing must happen to that. Nothing!

Soon they were on the state road that led into town. Myra passed a dozen cars. Every car on the road. Her eyes were blurred and the wind whipped tears from her face.

"Which way?" she asked when they rolled into Center Street.

"Out to the end—the Pennvalley Steel plant. There's a road just ahead to the right that goes to the main gate."

"Is that where he is?"

"Yes."

Myra took the road to the right. There were trucks on it, even at this hour. Pennvalley Steel—she knew of the plant, naturally. It had been there for years. An ugly place with tall chimneys that sent smoke over the hills and across the farms. Farmers hated the place. Hated the grime that soiled the green things growing in their fields. Hated the work that stole men from these fields. Myra wondered what could have taken George to Pennvalley. And at this hour.

There were night shifts, of course. And as she drove toward the wide gateway she heard the rumble of machinery. A dull, deep roar that grew as she neared. The stench grew, too. It caught at her throat and tickled her nostrils. Hot steel and burning coal. It was vile. And a downdraft from the stacks was spreading another coating of grime over everything in sight. Dropping ashes and smoke on the fence and the gate and the man who came forward to meet her.

Myra said, "We want to see—" That was as far as she got.

"Where's my boy?" said Mrs. Sampter. She was out of the car and facing the gateman. "Where's George Sampter. I'm his mother."

"Yes, ma'am," said the gatetender. A pleasant-faced man who limped when he walked. "Right around that first building. The doctor's office—ye' can't miss it, ma'am. Just leave the car right here."

MYRA followed along. She kept close behind the little bent woman and went with her into the office, where there were different smells. A wide, white place. Disinfectant was in the air. It labeled the place more surely than the squat red cross on the door. A nurse smiled at Mrs. Sampter. Gave her a chair.

"It's not too serious," she said. "Second-degree burns on his chest and arms. I'll see to it he has a pleasant room in the company hospital, Mrs. Sampter."

"He's not going to stay in the hospital," said Mrs. Sampter. "I'm taking him home."

There was trouble about that. The nurse spoke with a doctor, and the doctor shook his head. Mrs. Sampter said it again. And soon Myra was following her into another room where there were cots. George was on one of them. He twisted the corner of his mouth into a grin when he saw his mother. It was all he could twist. From his throat down he was covered in bandages. Big, bulky things. They were on his arms and swathed about his hands.

"Looks worse than it is, Mother," he said.

"Ah, Georgie," said Mrs. Sampter. She knelt beside him.

Myra looked at the doctor. "How did it happen?"

The doctor spoke quietly: "Negligence, I'm afraid. Sampter is a good man. One of the best extras we've hired. But he's got to learn to sleep during the day if he expects to work at night. Hot steel can be mean when it catches a man napping."

"He—he works here?"

"Certainly. Been with us for six months."

Myra drove Mrs. Sampter home when the doctor had promised George would arrive in the company ambulance early in the morning. She made tea and they sat in the kitchen. Not talking. They simply sat and waited. Toward morning Mrs. Sampter dozed. Then Myra changed the sheets on the cherry bed in the front bedroom. Her bedroom. And she moved dozens of feminine things from the upper

"My husband's in jail for stealing a car"

dresser drawers. Carted them up to the attic where George slept. And while she was there she stopped to look at the things he had hung on the walls—a picture of her that had been taken in Rio de Janeiro. The one she had sent to him before he went to France. A set of clippings that told of her debut in Carnegie. A gilded walnut shell that was hinged and would open. Myra opened it. Nothing but a few strands of blond hair—combings. Very much like the ones she dropped into the basket beside her dresser each morning.

Myra closed the shell and took it downstairs. She took a picture of the master from the wall by the side of her bed and hung the walnut shell to the nail. There was a pair of slippers she had worn in Odessa, warm and comfortable things. They would fit George, because Myra was a big woman. She put them beside the bed. She wondered if he would wear the green silk pajamas she'd bought in Paris.

George wore them. Part of them, at least. And he blushed and let that smile grow at the corners of his eyes when Myra brought his lunch on a tray.

"You shouldn't do this, Myra," he said.

"Why?"

"Oh, it's my own fault. I was careless at the plant. If I'd kept my eyes open it wouldn't have happened."

"That's a habit of yours," she said quietly. "You've been walking around with your eyes closed for months."

"Have I?"

She smiled. "You haven't opened them long enough to see that I love you."

HE LIFTED his head. Tried to sit up. Myra put her fingers across his mouth and held them there until he rested his head against the pillow.

"I think you'd better say it once more," he said at length. "Please, Myra—"

"I love you," she said quite simply. She bent forward and put her lips against his. Held them there to stop the words he was trying to say. Then she rested her cheek against the scar on his jaw. "Please love me, George. Keep loving me always."

He said that he would—and they were married in the spring of the year. . . .

The sofa and the chairs in the front room had been re-covered, and the combination Welsbach and electric fixture over the dining-room table had been replaced by an inverted dome light; otherwise there were few changes in the house. Oh, there was a radio, of course, and Porgy was dancing while George and Myra read the evening papers that were spread on the dining-room table. A cute trick, Porgy. When she was christened, five years ago, her name had been Georgette. Then her father had "shortened" it to Georgy-Porgy. The next step was plain Porgy, and the name seemed to fit. So it stuck.

She was dancing in the front room, an improvised routine of spins and kicks, while the band played *Nola*. Every so often the radio squawked. There was thunder in the hills, and the flashes found their way to the loud-speaker.

"Are you sure it won't bring lightning into the house, George?" asked Myra. "I've heard a radio can do that."

"Hardly," said George. He smiled without looking up from his newspaper. "The charge is so heavy it would burn up the aerial. Besides, I've got lightning arresters on the lead-in."

"Why?" (*Continued on page 138*)

DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

my hardest decision

OUR correspondents across the continent asked persons encountered at random this question: "What is the hardest decision you ever made?" Here are typical replies:

BENJAMIN COHN, 40, *field superintendent, Los Angeles, Calif.*—Falling in love with a wealthy girl may sound easy, but to decide to leave your family, live in a distant city surrounded by worldly goods far beyond your expectations, isn't easy. I didn't marry the girl.

MRS. LAWRENCE MYERS, 35, *housewife, Friendship Heights, Md.*—My hardest decisions have been many—trying to agree with my husband when I knew that I was right.

ED SALOMANS, 35, *sports promoter, Denver, Colo.*—It was hard to take when the doctors told me I had to get out of New York and live in the West. During the first couple of years life seemed hardly worth living outside New York. But the last time I went back to the city I wondered how people could stand the crowds.

MISS MAURINE BROWN, 29, *schoolteacher, Portland, Ore.*—My hardest decision was whether to use some savings for a trip to Europe or to leave it in the bank. I made the trip. I've never regretted it.

FRED BOWER, 41, *store manager, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada*—As a buck private in the World War, I was riding with an officer, when we saw a soldier lying beside the road, his leg blown off by a shell. We got out to see what we could do for him. The officer looked at him and ordered me back in the car. The poor fellow was breathing his last, and the officer decided there were others to be helped. It was hard not to stay with the dying man and try to ease his last moments, but I obeyed orders.

JOHN LANG, 29, *government employee, Portland, Ore.*—My hardest decision was for whom to cast my first vote. I figured that if the patriots died at Valley Forge for that right, I could at least make it an important decision for myself.

MRS. W. W. HOLMES, JR., 22, *housewife, New Orleans, La.*—Next to getting married, my hardest decision was deciding whether a job at $150 a month, with a lot of hard work attached to it, was worth giving up for one with about half the salary, little work, and time for fun on the side lines. I took the fun.

CHARLES MCCUNE, 45, *provisional judge, St. Louis, Mo.*—In my chambers before court opened one day, a woman told me her husband was coming up on a nonsupport charge. She begged me to hold him in the hope he would return to her and the children, and give up the other woman. But she admitted her husband was sending her enough to live on. Much as I wanted to help her hold her home together, I had to free him under the law.

EARLE E. WOLFE, 40, *clerk, South Boston, Mass.*—I was employed by a well-established firm at a fair salary. I was married. Then I was offered a position with a better salary in a distant city. I was tempted, but I turned it down. A year later, the distant firm failed. I am still with the old firm, in a fine position.

CLARENCE KERN, 40, *liquor dealer, Washington, D. C.*—One of my employees, a trusted friend, went to the bank recently with $170 of the company's money. He came back to the store and rode home with me. When he didn't show up the next day, I found the $170 had never been deposited. I can't make up my mind whether I will prosecute him when they find him.

ANNE SHIRLEY, 18, *motion-picture actress, Los Angeles, Calif.*—When I was 14 I had several good parts in pictures, but I missed one when a producer decided on a young New York actress instead of me. Then he offered me a job as an extra in the same picture. I hesitated, because I was afraid the extra work would put me back where I started. But Mother needed money for groceries, and I took the extra work. Two days later, the New York actress walked out, and the producer gave me her part, after all.

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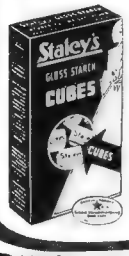

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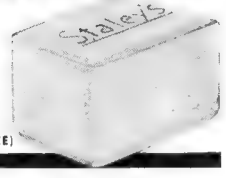


(ACTUAL SIZE)

(*Continued from page 137*) "To stop the lightning in case—"

"In case it doesn't burn up the aerial," finished Myra. "George—please turn it off."

He got up from the table and walked toward the front room, stopping just long enough to kiss Myra's ear. He looked at Porgy, who was standing spraddle-legged and dizzy after a rather fast turn, shrugged his shoulders, and snapped the switch. The music vanished into nothingness, and Porgy made a mouth.

"Ah, Dad, you're mean!" she said.

"I think so, too," agreed George. "But there's nothing much we can do about it, Porgy. Mother says no radio."

"But I want to dance."

"Maybe Mother would play for you," said George. "Then you could dance."

Myra looked up, at that. She looked at George and folded a page of the newspaper. She ran her thumb along the crease and then unfolded the page. Six years had put some weight upon her shoulders, broadened her hips a trifle, and brought more tolerance to her eyes. But that was all. And now she looked at George with a questioning lift of a single eyebrow; looked and said nothing.

"You might try it, Myra" he said quietly. "I've been hoping that sooner or later you'd get around to playing again."

"I'd rather not, George."

Porgy stamped a small foot. "But I want to dance!"

George grinned. "Say it again—loud."

"I want to *dance!*" yelled Porgy.

"Go on, Myra—play for Porgy."

Myra hesitated. Porgy called, "I want to *dance!*" And Myra went into the front room. She opened the cover of the piano and looked at the keyboard.

"It must be all out of tune by this time," she suggested. She sat down and tried an octave run, then turned to smile at her husband. "When did you have it done, George?"

"Oh, every so often. When you were in town, generally. Ned Polthous does most of the pianos in the valley, so I had him in."

MYRA thought for a moment. It was so long. Then she recalled a Schubert waltz, a delightful thing that was meant for little feet. She tried it. Found her fingers were not nearly so stiff as she had imagined they would be. The melody was simple and she hummed as she played. Then she turned to watch Porgy. George was watching, too. Not Porgy. He was looking at Myra and watching her fingers. And he was smiling.

Myra stopped, but Porgy wanted more. And Myra turned back into the past to remember other waltzes, a minuet and a polka, and then a tarantelle. Soon Porgy was standing beside her. Porgy's hands were on the keys. Imitating her mother's movements. Making bangs and discords.

"She wants to play," said George.

"Yeah, Mom—I want to play," said Porgy.

Myra moved over on the seat and made room for Porgy. She lifted her daughter's hands and set them lightly on the keyboard. The fingers rounded to a perfect position, wrists level. Myra did a simple five-finger exercise. Porgy mimicked. Myra did it with the left hand. Porgy did, too.

"She's going to play, Myra," said George.

Myra cried. She didn't know why. Happiness, perhaps. Maybe not. But she hugged Porgy so tightly the little one gulped and pushed her away. Then they clowned at the keyboard; they fell downstairs, made thunder and lightning, two-by-two'd to market, dozens of things. And when Porgy grew tired and climbed onto her father's knees Myra kept on playing. Pieces of sonatas, themes from concertos, scraps of Debussy, and finally the études of Chopin. The storm came and brought lightning and thunder. Still she played. Porgy slept and George dozed. Then he'd blink and try to ease his back without waking his daughter. Long after midnight he carried her upstairs. He stopped for a moment at the door of his mother's room and looked in. The old lady was awake.

"She's playing again, Mother," he said.

"Much too loud," said Mrs. Sampter. But she smiled in the darkness and lifted her head when George held Porgy toward her for a kiss. "There never was a Sampter that was a fool, Porgy," she whispered. "I'm not afraid for you."

AND the next day Porgy started her lessons; learned her notes and how to play them.

The evenings were nice. With Porgy and Mrs. Sampter off to bed, Myra would play some of the more melodic pieces for George. None of the big works. Nothing ponderous or heavy. He sat there, usually, with a newspaper across his knees and no light with which to read it, watching her fingers and watching her feet at the pedals. When she was finished he might pat the arm of the easy chair and she'd sit there beside him. Then they would talk—not of money or bills or the lack of rain, but rather of Porgy and the things she said and the things she did. And one night George mentioned Goronoff. The master's name was in the newspaper.

"He's been doing quite a bit of work, Myra," said George. "It says here that he's written a symphony that's a classic."

"Does it?" said Myra. She looked at the piano. "The next time you see Ned Polthous ask him to stop by and tighten the action. Porgy might just as well learn to work now."

"It says the New York Philharmonic is going to do Goronoff's symphony next season."

"Really?" said Myra. She walked to the piano and fingered a treble run. "If the action is hard when she's learning it helps to strengthen her fingers. Old Professor Laudeutscher taught me that. I thanked him for it later."

George looked up from the paper. "Do you think you'd like to go to New York and hear Goronoff's symphony, Myra?"

"Oh, perhaps—that's months off," she said quickly. "But you will speak to Polthous, George?"

George smiled. "Sure, I'll tell him."

He looked at the paper again, folded it, and put it aside. Myra had seated herself at the piano bench, and George walked over and sat beside her. Her hands were on the keys, and he lifted them. Then he looked at her. "Why won't you talk about Goronoff?" he asked quietly.

"I don't want to talk about him."

"So I've noticed." He covered her hands with one of his. "Is it because it still hurts, Myra?"

"Hurts? Of course not."

"I think I could understand if it did."

"You could understand anything, dear. Maybe that's why I love you."

"But, seriously, Myra—" He ran one hand gently along the keyboard. "This thing called music—I don't know much

about it. Don't pretend to understand it. But perhaps I do know what it means to you."

"Do you?"

"I think so," he said. "You and music and Goronoff—you were all part of one thing. When you stopped playing, you couldn't stop loving music. And naturally you couldn't stop loving Goronoff."

She turned to face him and her eyes were soft as candle flame. "And that's what you've been thinking?"

"Something like that. I haven't put it well."

She smiled and shook her head. "But I don't love him, darling. He's part of the past—like my graduation dress or my first party."

"In that case, we could talk about him—Goronoff, I mean."

"Of course. And I could talk about my graduation dress, too. Soon, I'd be crying a little bit, and, George—I don't want to cry. I'm happy—very happy. I've got Porgy and you and my home. God has been good to me, George. And you've been good. Can't we let it go at that?"

He kissed her. "Sure, we can, Myra."

So they talked no more of Goronoff. And Myra wondered if the fear that had grown in her heart had shown in her eyes when she spoke of the master. Wondered if her words had held the conviction she tried so hard to put into them. She mustn't talk of Goronoff. Mustn't think of him. And, above all, she must never see him again.

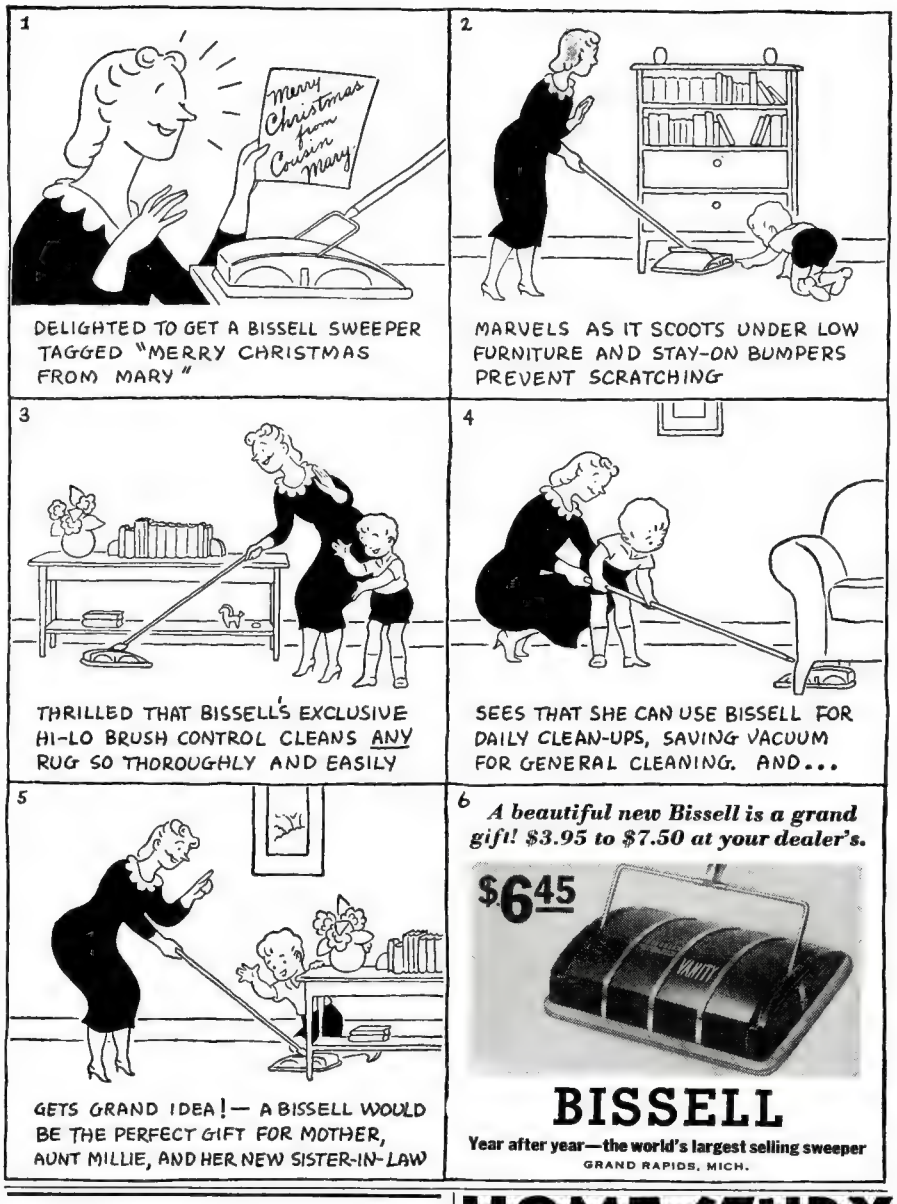
As for George—Myra's wish had always been his law. If she didn't want to talk of Goronoff, that settled it. He'd never mention the master's name again. He wouldn't tell her of the things he had learned. Strange things. That six years ago the maestro had stopped playing in public. It was after his recital in Carnegie Hall—the night George had been hurt and Myra closed her piano.

THERE had been one more concert, a disastrous affair which had ended when Goronoff walked from the stage in the middle of the first movement of a Saint-Saëns sonata. He had told the newspapers that he was through with concertizing—that he was fed up with the public and their stupidity. That he would live in Europe and devote his time to composition.

He had come back, of course. Just as they all come back. And he had taken his favorite apartment on lower Park Avenue. It was fairly close to Carnegie Hall, and soon became the Mecca of the music world. Students traveled thousands of miles to play for him and perfect their technique before a concert. He was stern and cruel and bitter as gall. But he was genius. And his works were art in its purest form.

Yes, Goronoff wrote and taught and criticized. But he would not play. And sometimes George Sampter had wondered as he walked across the fields. But not for long. He was used to miracles. He was a farmer and lived in a constant succession of them. Miracles? The world was full of them. But perhaps it was just as well he hadn't told Myra.

And so the years followed, and the peach trees grew, and Porgy grew, and the lessons were longer and Porgy was taller. A lovely child in her sixteenth year, with honey hair and lips that were not quite so full as her mother's, but perhaps more beautiful because of this. Her eyes were blue, still not quite blue. Tinged with a color that was almost violet. Her cheeks were round, and



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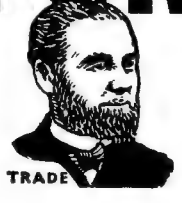

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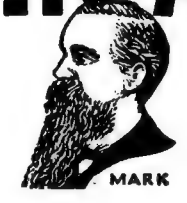

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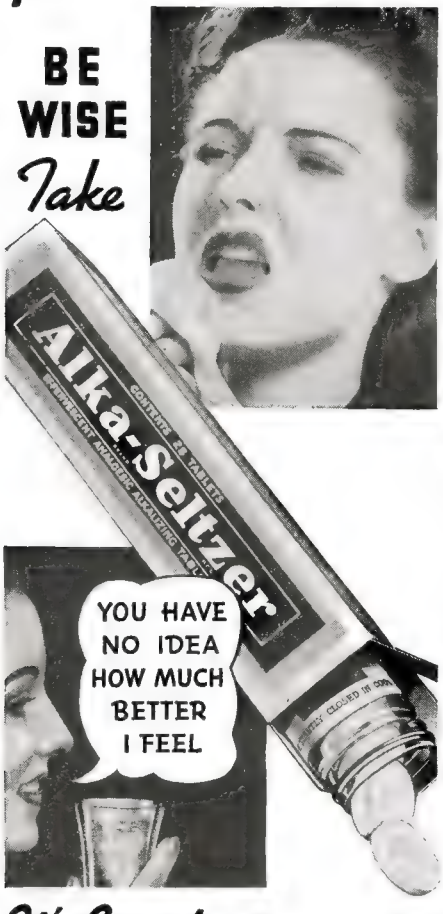

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(SEE PAGES 78 AND 123)

there was a splatter of freckles—little ones that grew at the bridge of her nose. She was tall. When Porgy walked with her mother they were almost of a size. When she walked with her father Myra smiled and bit her lip. They were so much alike, and Porgy had learned that long, easy stride, the swing of his hips and the lift of his head. A lovely girl. And she could play.

There was another piano in the front room. The sofa had gone to the attic to make room for it. Grandma Sampter, little and white, and a monarch in her wheel chair, would lift her hands in protest at the racket that came from the parlor when Myra and Porgy did Mozart in four hands. In fun, of course; Grandma Sampter didn't really mind. And sometimes she would take Porgy's face between her two thin hands and look into it.

"I'm not afraid for you," she'd say. "Never was a Sampter that was a fool"

"But what's to be afraid of, Granny?" asked Porgy.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. Go on and make your music—make lots of it."

Such talk worried Myra. There was an afternoon when she spoke to George about it, but he grinned and shook his head. "Sampter women are like that, Myra," he said. "I guess it wouldn't surprise me at all if you started to say things soon."

"I'll be saying things right now if you don't stop carting Porgy off to Philadelphia every time you go."

They were standing on the veranda and Porgy was in the car. She'd backed it out of the garage and was still at the wheel. It was a good car and Porgy was itching to try it over the new state road that had been cut through the Laudeutscher section. George was willing, but Myra had objected. Sixteen was no age for driving.

BUT these trips into Philadelphia—they were mysterious pilgrimages that had started a few months past. Twice each week, on Wednesday and Saturday, the two of them would go off to the city and not get back until after dinner. Myra was never invited on these days. Any other time she was welcome, but Wednesdays and Saturdays belonged to Porgy.

And this was Saturday and Porgy was waiting. "C'mon, Dad!" she called. "Let a gal show you how to drive. The Sampter Special—not a broken fender in a carload!"

"Porgy—get away from that wheel!" called Myra.

"Ah, Ma—"

"Be right with you, Porgy," said George. He kissed Myra and straightened his tie. "Do I look all right for the city, Myra?"

"Well, right enough for a brunette, but if she's a blonde—" Myra looked doubtful.

George ruffled her hair. He turned and hurried down the veranda steps. "Hear that, Porgy? Mom's jealous."

They were down the driveway and onto the turn that led to the state road, and Porgy's laugh still came to Myra as she watched them go. It was a funny game they were playing. Something they'd been planning throughout the spring and were now carrying through to a deliberate conclusion. A present, perhaps? George was like that. But it couldn't be a present. New clothes for Porgy? No—two trips would have been sufficient. New furniture, perhaps, or—oh, Myra gave it up and went into the house.

She and old Mrs. Sampter had finished their dinner and the maid was washing the dishes when the car came over the gravel walk. Myra heard Porgy laugh; heard George apologize for the low branches of the elm—they always brushed across your eyes when you took the short cut to the front steps—and then she heard a man's voice. Company, and at this hour.

Myra looked at her hair in the mirror over the mantel. It was a sight, and she was wearing a cotton house dress. Starched and clean, of course, but hardly what she'd like to be wearing for company. And by the sound of the man's voice he was a stranger.

"Myra!" called George. The screen door rattled and they were all in the hall. "Come out here a minute, will you?"

"Yes, Mother—please come out," added Porgy.

Myra looked again at her hair. That "Mother" did it. When Porgy spoke that way she was being very grown up. It must be important. And those imps had caught her in a cotton house dress!

"Coming," she said, and walked into the front room.

THERE was light enough without the 'amps but Porgy had turned them on. George was coming toward her, and at his side was a tall man with shaggy blond hair. A musician! Myra knew he was a musician. She searched her mind for the name that would go with those prominent cheekbones and heavy nose. A Norwegian—she'd seen his picture in the newspapers. He was young to be a conductor, but Myra could have sworn the picture showed him with a baton.

"Myra dear," George was saying. "I want you to know Mr. Severin. He's going to have dinner with us this evening."

Myra's hand was lifted, and Severin was saying, "If you will pardon the intrusion, Mrs. Sampter. It was my last night in Pennsylvania and I persuaded your husband to let me come."

"It was good of you," said Myra. "Won't you sit in that chair near the window? It's cool there."

"Thank you," said Severin. But he was still holding Myra's hand. Looking at her from beneath heavy brows that were lifted. Questioningly. "Mrs. Sampter—your name was once—?"

Myra looked at George. He was grinning, and he shook his head as though to say, "Honestly, Myra, I didn't tell him." And Porgy was looking, too. Looking at Severin and stroking his features with her eyes.

"You are Myra Hassman!" cried Severin. "I saw you—heard you play! With Goron-off! In Carnegie! Yes! Yes, I remember!"

He bent and touched her fingers with his lips. He walked with her to the chair by the window and handed her into it. Then he turned and looked at Porgy. A sudden, fierce light had come to his face and he smiled through it. "Why didn't you tell me? But of course you can play—your mother is Myra Hassman!"

"You've heard her play?" was all Porgy could say.

And George added, "I almost thought you'd know her."

Then Myra shook her head. "It was all so long ago. I don't see how you could possibly remember."

Severin backed to the piano bench. He sat down, and kept his eyes steadily upon Myra's face. When he nodded, that great mop of blond hair shook. His hands were on his knees, and the heavy, wide fingers lifted and fell. His voice was soft, now. "I heard you," he said. "I was not yet twenty but al-

ready I had started to concertize. I came from Chicago to see Goronoff conduct, but I stayed in New York to hear Myra Hassman play."

It was nice. Myra liked it. Who doesn't like flattery and words of praise? And Severin was an artist. Not so great as Goronoff, of course, but recognized as a future giant of music. To have him look at her this way, to have him remember that she, Myra Hassman, had been at Carnegie that night. Yes, it was very nice indeed.

But that wasn't why George had brought Severin to the house. There was something more. Much more. Myra knew it, and, knowing, she was afraid. She wanted to send Porgy out of the room. Send her to bed so her eyes would stop worshiping Severin. It was bad! Very bad! Porgy was sitting so quietly. She was hunched in a chair with her hands folded tightly. She was watching Severin. Listening to each word.

"You are—going to Europe, perhaps?" said Myra. "I'm ashamed to say that I haven't kept in touch with the concert world this year."

"I am going to New York," said Severin. "Last month—three months ago—I don't remember when it was, but then I was going to Europe. Now my plans are changed, madam."

MYRA wished he wouldn't call her madam. "So?" she said. "An American tour, perhaps?"

"Yes, madam. I start at Carnegie."

"Why doesn't he stop being mysterious?" thought Myra. "Why doesn't he talk like George? Direct and to the point." And now he was looking at Porgy, and that little fool was dropping her eyes and twisting her fingers. Oh, Lord—what had George done? Why hadn't he left well enough alone? Myra knew what was coming, and couldn't stop it. Couldn't do anything about it.

"You must let us know the date," she was saying, "so we can come to hear you. Porgy—my daughter Georgette—I'm sure she will enjoy hearing you play."

"I will change the date. It was to be in December, but I will change it to—February!"

"Damn him for his dramatics," thought Myra. "He remembers the month of my concert—the day, too, I'll bet. He's being very European and very gallant, and he's driving me mad."

"How nice," she said. "We will all try to be there."

"I hope you will be there, madam," he said. "I will conduct. The B-flat concerto of Tchaikovsky, of course. And, with your permission, madam, the soloist will be your daughter!"

It was out! He'd said it! Myra fumbled for her handkerchief, and couldn't find it. She got up and walked out of the room. Severin was on his feet instantly and would have stopped her, but George smiled and shook his head. Myra heard them talking as she walked down the steps and crossed under the elm. One of the branches caught at her hair. She doubled low and kept on going.

The sun was over the Laudeutscher section—a red sun with plumes of clouds. She walked toward it and tried to think. Tried so hard to think. But it was no use. She couldn't think. She looked at the sun, and saw Porgy's eyes, big and round and filled with adoration as they held to Severin. Poor Porgy! Her mother all over again.

And when the color had gone from the sky and the first faint star-points of light were in the east, she turned and went back to the farmhouse. Severin was playing, and she stopped near the elm to listen. He was playing the second movement of the Tchaikovsky concerto—the one she had loved and played too well. The man was a musician; therefore the man was a beast. He was talking as he played. Talking to Porgy. Myra couldn't hear the words, but she could guess. And when the music stopped and she heard the piano bench being moved, she knew what would come next.

It started slowly, hesitantly. Porgy was reading. She'd never played the concerto, and now she was reading. Severin was at her shoulder. Myra knew it. He was beating the time with those monstrous hands, shaking his head, and humming the orchestral part. And the tempo grew. Porgy caught the story. She missed a note and kept on going, missed another, and then another. But she was a musician. She kept on. And the lilt of the movement swept into her fingers. Faster and faster, and Severin shouted the orchestral parts. Shouted them at the top of his lungs. And Myra walked to the veranda steps and sat down. . . .

SEVERIN stayed over the week end. George insisted upon that. And the week end grew to a week, in which the musician spent hours with Porgy and Myra at the pianos. His first name was Nikulaus, and George had already shortened it to Nick, taken him out with the men to the fields, and found surprise in the fact that Severin could hold his own in the corn rows.

"Where did you learn, Nick?" he asked.

Severin smiled. "We have farms in Norway. I was born on one."

After that they were friends. George showed him the stock and taught him to run a tractor. Porgy complained, and Myra watched. Looked for the things she had known in Goronoff. The master could be gracious, too. Myra had seen him hold a dozen guests in silent admiration as he talked for hours across a dinner table. But this had only been when he pleased. Goronoff came first. He was important. If it pleased him to be gracious none could be a more charming host. If it didn't please him—Goronoff behaved like a beast.

And Severin was a musician. Perhaps for the time it pleased him to be gracious. It couldn't last. Not long. Myra told this to George one morning when Porgy had taken

WORD MAZE

★

Answers to word maze on page 90

★

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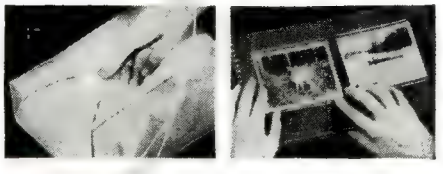

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the tall, blond pianist for an early walk over the hills.

"Nick's all right," said George. "Don't worry about him, Myra."

"He's a musician," she said quietly.

"What of it?"

"They're all alike, George. All of them."

They were under an oak that grew near the large barn. The ground was covered with gold and yellow leaves. George bent and lifted one, turned it in his fingers "All oak leaves look alike, Myra, when you see them on a tree. Actually, there aren't two exactly the same in the whole world. Still, they're all oak leaves."

"Suppose she grows to love him?"

George smiled. "Suppose she does."

Myra turned away. George was so sure of himself. So sure of his daughter. Myra wasn't. Not of herself nor of Porgy. Least of all was she sure of Severin. But early Monday morning George drove both of them to New York. Porgy was going to stop with some of Mrs. Sampter's relatives in Brooklyn, a place called Columbia Heights near the water front, where there were still some of the families that had settled New York.

There would be three lessons each week, and Porgy would live with the Pitchers, cousins once removed of the Sampters. She could take the subway right to the back door of Carnegie Hall, where Severin had his studio. Not such a long ride, and George stayed in the city for three days to get her settled. He wanted Myra to spend a few weeks with the Pitchers but Myra wouldn't. She was happy at the farmhouse and frightened when she left it.

THE week ends were fun. Porgy came home, and Myra would sit with her for hours at the piano working up the tempo of the Tchaikovsky concerto.

And then, with the concert but a month distant, Myra grew panicky. Suppose Porgy's talent was all in her mother's ears? Suppose she was just another little girl who played well but not well enough to please the critics? It was all very well for Goronoff to laugh at these men. He could afford to. The world knew Goronoff. But the world didn't know Porgy. And maybe the world would be cruel to her—laugh at her—say terrible things.

While Porgy played, Myra hurried upstairs and sat in her bedroom. She sat stiffly in one of the cherry chairs and tried to pretend she was one of those loud-laughing women in the audience at Carnegie. Porgy wasn't her daughter. Just a pretty girl with honey-colored hair who sat at a huge piano. Myra thought of Severin on the conductor's stand—saw his mop of shaggy blond hair. Saw him lift his hands. Then she listened to the music that was coming from the front room of the Sampter farmhouse.

It was good. It was *good!* Even those women who laughed too loudly must admit it was good. Even the critics. "But I can't be sure," she said. "She's mine—my baby."

And she hurried downstairs and went to the dining-room server. Ink and paper were in the middle drawer, and she sat for minutes staring at the pen. *Dear Maestro,* she wrote—*The girl who brings this to you—*

"How's that, Mom?" yelled Porgy. "Any better?"

"Very much better, darling," said Myra, and she kept on writing.

When Porgy left with George in the morning Myra handed her the note. "Take it to him, dear," she said. "If he asks you to play, don't be afraid. Play as though you were home here in the living-room. Play as though you were playing for Severin."

"You haven't heard me play for the maestro, Mother," said Porgy. Her eyes were bright. "Wait till you do—oh, it's different as can be."

"I'm sure it is," said Myra.

Porgy stopped under the elm with her mother and waited until her father had climbed into the car. She put her arm through Myra's and spoke very quietly: "He's wonderful, Mother. There was never anyone in the whole world who could play like him. Not even Goronoff, Mother."

Myra made her mouth smile. "Of course, dear. He's your teacher."

"He's more than that, Mother."

"What?" The word was sharp.

"I mean, he's more. He's everything."

George was calling from the car, but Myra shook her head. She tightened her arm against Porgy's and walked with her for a few steps. "How long have you loved him, Porgy?"

"Oh, for ages! Ever so long!"

"You've tried to tell him? With your music, I mean?"

Porgy looked at her mother as though she had suddenly grown tall. Mothers aren't supposed to know such things. Even her mother. "How did you know?" she asked.

"Oh, just guessed it," said Myra quietly. "And when you play in Carnegie you'll keep on telling him, won't you, Porgy?"

"Do you mind?"

"Would it make any difference?"

"You know it would."

Myra kissed her and gave her a spank. "Run along or you'll never get to New York. And don't forget about that note."

THE car rolled out of the driveway and Myra went into the house. Mrs. Sampter was in the front room. George carried her down to her wheel chair each morning, and from then on she insisted she was on her own. Now she was looking at some of the folders that had come from Carnegie, circulars that were delivered to the house since Severin had put their name on the mailing list.

One carried a picture of Porgy at the piano. It told of her debut, which was due very soon.

"Doesn't do her justice," said Mrs. Sampter. "Makes her look brown and smudgy. Doesn't look like a Sampter at all."

"She's in love with Severin," said Myra suddenly.

"Course she is. What'd you expect?"

"But he's too old for her."

"Not more than thirty-five at the outside. Sensible, too—not like those Russians."

"Suppose he doesn't love her?"

"He does. Saw it first thing he came."

"But, Mother, you don't know these musicians."

"Don't I, though?" said Mrs. Sampter. "Got a son married to one of them, haven't I?"

"I wasn't a musician when George and I were married. I'd stopped it—forgotten it."

"Sure, you had—made a mistake and were lucky to get out."

"And if Porgy does the same?"

"She won't," said Mrs. Sampter. "I'm not afraid for Porgy. Never was a Sampter that was a fool."

"I hope you're right, Mother," said Myra. "But I'm so afraid for her."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Sampter. "Give me my other specs so I can see these fool pictures better. Then go and blow your nose."

Myra waited for Sunday. When she was alone with Porgy, and the others had gone to bed, she asked about the note to Goronoff. How had he received it? What had he said? Did Porgy play for him? Was he pleased?

"Hey, take it easy," said Porgy. And she laughed. "I didn't see him, Mom. The maestro didn't give me time to breathe. And Dad sent money for clothes and I went shopping. I got a gown that's terrific—pale blue chiffon—"

"You didn't see Goronoff?"

"Not yet, but—"

Myra grabbed her daughter's elbows. "You didn't see him—didn't try to see him?"

"What's so important about it, Mom? There's another week, and, besides, we can go together when you come into New York."

James Trembath

"But, madam, this is your police dog!"

"We won't go together," said Myra. "But you'll go the moment you get to town. Call me on the phone when you've seen him!"

Porgy promised, and changed the subject. Her gown, her shoes, the way her hair would be done, and how she would bow when the audience applauded. Oh, it would be such a debut—such a wonderful debut!

"And Severin?" said Myra gently.

Porgy didn't hear her. At least, she pretended not to hear. She went into intimate detail in the description of her gown. Those hours of fittings, and the flowing skirt that grew from a very tight bodice. Made her look older, too. And did her mother think she should use blue eye shadow? Under the lights she'd need something.

"And Severin?" said Myra.

Porgy couldn't ignore it. "He's—got something to ask me after the concert."

"You know what it is?"

"I think I do. Oh, I hope I do, Mother."

Myra knew when words were superfluous. She didn't say anything. Just took her daughter into her arms and held her very tightly. They both cried for a while. Then George called and said it was time little girls were in bed. They dabbed at each other's eyes and climbed the stairs together. . . .

WHEN Porgy left for New York she promised again she would see Coronoff. And she'd phone to her mother the moment she left his apartment. Tell her everything he had said. Then she was gone, and Myra waited. She never went more than a few yards from the house, and at the end of three days she phoned Severin's studio.

The maestro was out. He was having some pictures made for the press—new ones with his protégée, Miss Georgette Sampter. . . . Yes, he would be told Mrs. Sampter had called, but his secretary wasn't at all sure when he would return. . . . No, Miss Sampter wasn't doing much at the piano these days. Resting and meeting the critics. . . . Oh, everything was in order for the concert. Everything. Had Mrs. Sampter read the papers? . . . Severin was promising New Yorkers such a treat as they'd never had before. They would hear a new Tchaikovsky—Severin's Tchaikovsky! When the critics heard this when they saw Severin conduct, they'd go wild!

Myra hung up the receiver and looked out of the window. There was a cold rain that came in waves over the brown hills. There was wind, too, and it was cold. Myra walked to the front room and ran one finger along the piano keyboard. She looked at the copy of the B-flat concerto that stood on the rack. It was opened to the second movement, and Myra read the notes, knowing them bars ahead as she read.

Severin's Tchaikovsky! That was the answer. The thing for which she had waited. The thing of which she had been afraid. He was like Goronoff. Like the rest. A musician—filled with a sense of his own importance. Proud. Perhaps he loved Porgy. Pride in the artist he had helped to create might possibly have grown into love. But if Porgy were really great—greater than he—Severin would hate her. Myra knew this. She also knew that if Porgy were not great, Severin might love her for a time, but soon she would lose his respect.

There was a single alternative. Porgy might be the finer musician, and, loving Severin, might hold her talents in check. Refuse to dominate the concert and take the laurel from her teacher. Simply, she might

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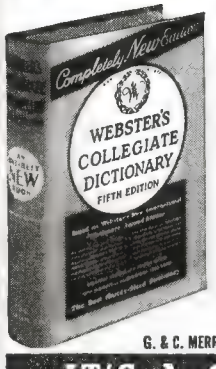

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do as her mother had done in this same Carnegie Hall. If so, her life was broken. And, for Porgy, there might be no George to pick up the pieces and put them together again.

The phone bell rang, and Myra hurried across the room. She lifted the receiver, and heard Porgy's voice. Something about Goronoff.

"You did see him?" Myra asked.

"Yes, Mother. Saw him today. He's lovely."

"He read the note? You played for him?"

"Yes—he read it."

"You played for him?" Myra asked again.

"Yes—I played."

"Oh, Porgy—talk! Say something! Tell me what he said!"

"He liked it very much, Mother. Honest, he did."

"And you played the second movement?"

"Yes—the second movement."

"But what else did he say?" asked Myra. "Tell me—tell me everything he said."

"Oh, Mother, he couldn't say much. There were—well, there were lots of people there, and he read the note and he asked me to play—so I played and he liked it."

"There were people there when you played? After he'd read my note?"

"Yes, Mother. And I've got to go now—just rushed to pieces. Come right to the maestro's studio when you and Dad get to town. Come early, and we'll eat lunch together; then I'll show you where your seats are for the evening—the very best seats in Carnegie."

"Yes, dear."

"And tell Granny to listen at the radio—tune it for her and tell her to be sure to listen."

"Yes, dear. '

"And get here early."

"Yes, dear."

"G'-by, Mom—I love you."

"And I love you, too, dear. Good-by."

George came in from the barn, and Myra smiled at him. He wanted to talk, but Myra smiled again and went upstairs. The smiles served a double purpose. They made it unnecessary to say anything, and they kept back the tears until Myra was alone. Then she cried. Cried as any mother will cry when her little girl tells her first big lie and is caught. For Porgy had lied. She hadn't seen Goronoff. Hadn't given him the note. Myra knew it.

SHE said little at supper that night and only half listened when George talked. Saturday morning they set the radio to the proper station, told the hired man to be careful of Mrs. Sampter when he carried her upstairs, said their good-bys, and drove to New York. George had reserved rooms at a hotel on Fifty-seventh Street, and, while he checked in, Myra glanced through the newspapers. There were notices of the concert, and Porgy's name was there, just below Severin's. The type was smaller and not so bold. Very much the same type that had been used to print her name under Goronoff's when she had made her debut so many years ago.

They freshened themselves a bit in their room and walked to Carnegie Hall. The studio entrance was just to the left of the wide stairs and an old elevator took them to the ninth floor. Porgy opened the door, and after the first kiss played the lady. Severin was smiling and gracious. They were his guests. Why had they gone to a hotel? They must stop at his apartment. But, of course! His man would move their luggage. Immediately. Yes, he would go with Mr. Sampter while it was done. Porgy could visit with her mother here in the studio. Women had so many things of which to talk—tears to be shed and secrets, too.

He looked for his hat, couldn't find it, grabbed George by the arm, and yelled at his secretary. "Some wine for madam!" he cried. "Hurry—hurry! Where are the hors d'oeuvres? Must I do everything myself?"

He was a whirlwind. A high-strung, eccentric creature who slammed out of the studio holding fast to George's arm.

When he had gone, and the wine was served, Myra looked at her daughter. "You didn't see Goronoff," she said gently.

"No, Mother, I didn't."

TILL THE DOCTOR COMES

TIPS FROM A TRAINED NURSE

NO WOMAN with a family would consider the dinky little bathroom cabinet adequate for her medical needs. A closet, approximating at least the size of a linen closet, should be used.

A WELL-STOCKED MEDICAL CLOSET SHOULD CONTAIN:

Paper tissues.
Large paper bags, in which to deposit used tissues for burning. Also useful for hiccough attacks.
Paper towels.
Safety pins of all sizes.
Gauze, for compresses, pads, and dressings.
Cotton.
Gauze bandages of assorted widths.
Adhesive tape.
Ready-made combination gauze and adhesive compresses for superficial cuts.
Medicine dropper.
Drinking tube of curved glass.
Hot-water bags, large and small.
Ice cap—most useful for appendicitis.
Rectal thermometer, for babies, children, and unconscious persons.
Mouth thermometer. (Don't try to take mouth temperatures within ten minutes after having anything hot or cold in the mouth.)
Rubber sheeting.
Oiled-silk pillow protector.
Emesis basin; fits under the chin in case of nausea.
Washbasin.
Bedpan; get a modern one.
Enema can—preferable to bag. Can be kept cleaner and is noncollapsible.
Funnel with rubber tube for irrigating babies and small children.
Measuring pitcher, for use with funnel and rubber tube.
Applicator sticks, for painting throats and applying medication.
Empty bottle with good cork, for specimen of urine.
Covered box of old, clean, white cloth for pads, poultices, etc.
Iodine, antiseptic for cuts.
Soda, for indigestion.
Ammonia capsules, to be crushed and inhaled in case of fainting.
Aromatic spirits of ammonia. (Don't confuse this with household ammonia.)
Mustard.
Tannic acid ointment, for burns.
Compound tincture of benzoin, for inhalation for colds.
Vaseline—a lubricant.
Aspirin, for headaches and pains.
Rubbing alcohol.
Odorless powder, for chafing and back-rubs.
Boric acid crystals and ointment.
Epsom salts.
Milk of magnesia.
Mineral oil.
Olive oil.
Essence of peppermint.
Oil of cloves.

HINTS:

WHEN a child or adult has taken an overdose of sleeping tablets or morphine, the stomach should be immediately washed out. Until the doctor comes, the patient must be kept from falling into a sleep from which he may never awaken. Give him strong black coffee to drink and as an enema to be retained. Walk the drowsy one around between two persons, and, if drastic measures are necessary, slap his cheek repeatedly to keep him awake.

TWEEZERS that have been boiled make good improvised forceps, and should be used in place of fingers around an open wound. Useful in extracting from a wound foreign materials, such as cloth, glass, or wood, etc.; also in handling compresses, dressings, and anything that comes in contact with the exposed area. In cleansing the area around a wound, use soap and water, gauze or cotton held with boiled tweezers, and wash *away* from the wound.

LOUISE SKENE, R. N.

"Why?"

"I tried, but he wouldn't see me. His secretary wouldn't even deliver your note."

"Wouldn't even—?"

"Oh, I can understand, Mother. He's pestered every day of the week by dozens of would-be pianists. And Goronoff is old now. He can't be bothered."

"He would have seen you, Porgy."

"Maybe. But his secretary is a grouch—he's so busy talking himself he can't listen to anyone else."

"His secretary?"

"Yes. Mr. Kavlun."

Myra stood up. A growing weakness touched her legs and she fought against it. She was afraid. Very much afraid. But she had to know, and no one but Goronoff could tell her. She was sure—oh, very sure—that Porgy was an artist. But Porgy was her baby, too. Love can distort the sounds that come from a piano. Make them sweet and sure and true when perhaps they are not. Goronoff would know. And Goronoff must tell her. Help her to decide. It wasn't too late—this concert—Porgy's career—Myra could stop it even at this last hour.

She slipped into the broadtail coat George had bought with his savings, glanced at the mirror while she put on her hat, and saw a frightened woman. "You and music and Goronoff," George had said. "You were all part of one thing. You couldn't stop loving music, and naturally you couldn't stop loving Goronoff." She had fought against the thought then, just as she was fighting now. Just as she had always fought it. But there hadn't been a day or, worse still, a night she hadn't known a fear that it was true.

And now she must see him again. Talk with him. Gamble with her happiness. She nodded to Porgy. "Get your things on, dear."

"We're not going to see him now?"

"Yes, dear—right now!"

PORGY would have said more if her mother hadn't looked so strange, standing there at the door. She was more than excited, herself—the corsage had come too soon and might wilt; her heel had caught in the seam of the blue chiffon when she tried it last night; and, for the life of her, she couldn't remember the middle of that cadenza in the third movement. Always had trouble with it. And now—

"Hurry, dear," said her mother.

They taxied to the apartment on lower Park Avenue. Porgy paid the fare and followed her mother to the elevator that led directly to Goronoff's suite. There was a private hall and a pearl bell button. Myra pushed the button and loosened her coat. Her fingers went to a brooch and she opened the pin.

"I've never seen that before," said Porgy. "Did you get it from Dad?"

"Yes. He had it made for me."

She held the brooch in the palm of her hand and Porgy stepped closer to inspect it. Three laurel leaves, made of gold and joined to a heavy stem. They were nicely mounted on a bar, and Porgy touched them with her finger. "Where did he get them, Mother?"

"They were mine—they were given to me long ago, and I had them in a box on my dresser. Your father found them and had them mounted."

The door opened, and Mr. Kavlun, the grouchy secretary who chased people away from Goronoff, was facing them. "So—you come again, eh, miss?" he said. "And I tell

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you three times the master will see no one."

"But my mother is—" Porgy started.

"I'll do it, dear," said Myra. She handed the brooch to Mr. Kavlun. "Give this to the master and tell him Myra Hassman is waiting to see him."

"Yes, madam," said Kavlun. He bowed.

Myra was being dramatic, and knew it. She wanted to be dramatic. She felt dramatic. And, even though Kavlun had closed the door when he stepped back into the apartment, Myra could hear Goronoff's voice in the distance.

"Idiot! Dolt!" he cried. "You leave her standing in the hall?"

Then she heard those tiny feet come stamping along the passageway. In those ridiculous foreign shoes with the hard, high leather heels. The door was flung open, and he stood before her. Goronoff! Her maestro! But he was old now. So old. And his hair was all white and had grown back from his wide forehead. His cheeks had sagged and his shoulders had rounded. But his eyes were the same. They hadn't changed at all. And they were staring at Myra and eating her up. "Myra, my beautiful! Where have you been?"

SHE felt his short, hard fingers lifting her hands. Felt his lips against her knuckles. She tried not to cry. Not now. She smiled instead and stood very straight. Then she took back her hands and put one arm about Porgy's shoulders. "My daughter, Master. Her name is Georgette."

"Ah! Your daughter! Beautiful—beautiful!" He patted Porgy's arm and smiled. "But why are we standing here? Come in! Come in and let me look at you!"

He ushered them into the great music-room—bowed them before him and handed them into the heavy chairs. Then he shouted for Kavlun, and stamped a foot when the secretary was slow in coming. "I am out—you hear me? Shut off the phones—the doors—everything! You get out, too—go away—lock the door and go out of it—quick!"

Kavlun went. The doors of the large room were closed, and Goronoff marched to a place before Myra. He smiled, shook his head, and smiled again.

"You are ageless," he said. "Ageless and beautiful. Sometimes I have said to myself, 'She, too, is growing old.' But it is a lie—such a lie!"

"But I am old, Maestro. So old that my daughter is ready for her debut at Carnegie Hall."

"Her debut?" Goronoff swung to face Porgy. "That is impossible. How can she make her debut without first playing for me?" He walked quickly to Porgy and stared down at her. "Oh, ho! Now I understand! You have come to have Goronoff make you ready to concertize!"

Porgy was scared. She looked at her mother and lifted her eyebrows.

Myra smiled and leaned back against the cushions of the deep chair. "She has been studying with Severin, Master," she said.

"Severin? Who is Severin?" cried Goronoff. "Oh, yes—that big, blond fellow from Scandinavia. He makes too much noise—a very poor musician."

"Oh, but he's not!" cried Porgy. Then she put a hand to her mouth and held it closed.

Goronoff laughed. "Well, maybe he is not. I have not seen him conduct, but they tell me he shakes his hair all over the place." He squinted at Porgy. "You like his hair?"

"It's beautiful hair," said Porgy.

"More than I got, eh?"

Porgy felt foolish and glanced at her mother.

Myra smiled again and winked. "Georgette is playing at Carnegie tonight, Maestro. I want you to hear her this afternoon—just for a few moments."

"Tonight?" he cried. "Why don't they tell me these things? Why don't I hear?" He walked to the nearer of the two grand pianos and pulled back the bench. "Sit down! Sit down! Show me what you know!"

Porgy would have gone to the piano, but Goronoff suddenly changed his mind. He waved her back into the chair, pulled the bench across the floor, and sat facing her. "No—you don't play now. You save it for tonight, little Myra." He swung to face his former pupil. "What does she play?"

"The Tchaikovsky B-flat."

"Aha! She plays your concerto, Myra. But does she play it good?"

"Better than I do, Maestro."

"That cannot be," said Goronoff. He turned to face Porgy again. "No one—not even Goronoff—can play that concerto like Myra Hassman. No one!"

"Yes, sir," said Porgy.

"But you will do your best, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

Myra's voice was firm: "She can play it better than Myra Hassman—much better. She can play it better than I did for my debut, if she wants to."

"Ha?" said Goronoff. He looked first to Myra and then to her daughter. "If she wants to, you say?"

He stood up and put out his arms. Those short, hard fingers caught Porgy's cheeks and held them tightly. He looked down into her eyes and a flare came into his own. Again Myra was reminded of gunpowder dropped into a blaze. He spoke slowly: "You will want to, little Myra. You will play that concerto with all the artistry that is in you—all of it! Goronoff says it!"

"Yes—sir," said Porgy.

He lifted her to her feet. "Go back to Severin. Get on your silks and make your hair beautiful. And tonight, my little Myra, you will play!"

HE WALKED with her to the door, kissed both of her cheeks, and patted her head. When the elevator had taken her down he came back to Myra. She was sitting quietly as he had left her. "Now we will talk," he said.

"You know she is in love with Severin, of course."

"Goronoff knows," he said. "And he knows much more."

They talked while the light went out of the windows and evening came. Goronoff said little. A question or two to bring out a point. And, while Myra told of her happiness with George, the master fingered the brooch with the three laurel leaves. He turned it in his hands and stared at it for minutes on end. He listened to the story of the coming of the state road through the Laudeutscher section, of the gas stations George had built and rented, of the new wing that had been added to the farmhouse.

"The elm tree—it is still there?"

"Still there," said Myra.

"And now another musician has come to sit under it, and you are afraid, eh, Myra?"

"She's my baby, Master."

"But an artist!"

"I'm not sure."

"No?"

She bit hard on her lower lip. "Oh, I try and try to be sure. I listen and wonder, but—"

"She is an artist," said Goronoff slowly. He leaned forward and nodded that ponderous head. "I am sure of this thing, Myra. You would know if it were not so."

Myra's breath was short. She felt the tension in the room. Sensed the greatness of the man who faced her. He was genius. And he loved her. Myra knew now that he loved her. Knew that he wanted her. And she—

"Porgy is in love with Severin," she said again.

They were sitting in darkness, but neither moved to turn on the lamps. The darkness was kind. It hid the marks that Myra's teeth were making in her lower lip. It hid the master's face, too.

"And now your baby will play and Severin will conduct," he said at length. "You are frightened, Myra—frightened that another woman will put love before music."

"She mustn't!"

"She will," said Goronoff. "She can't have both."

"Both?" said Myra quickly. Her voice was thin. "That means she can't have either!"

Goronoff's voice was deep in the darkness: "Once, long ago in Rio de Janeiro, I told you there was no woman in music. You remember, Myra?"

"I remember."

"It is still true, Myra.

Frank Beaven

"When I got back to Mother's, she'd gone back to Grandmother's!"

Music is a man—the main theme is a man. It must be so, because a woman is a woman."

Perhaps it would have made sense for no one but Myra. She knew it was true and, listening, grew even more frightened. "Severin loves her—I'm sure he does."

"But he loves himself, too," said Goronoff. "And—he may be truly great. I heard him only when he was very young and I cannot say. Still—if he is great, and the little one plays like her mother—" He broke off and climbed to his feet. There was a clock on the mantel, and he looked at it.

Myra came alive and glanced at her wrist watch. "Twenty to nine—oh, Maestro, we must hurry!"

"No," he said quietly. "We don't go to Carnegie."

"But Porgy—"

He wasn't listening. Instead, he was looking off through the window into the night. He crossed to it, lifted the sash a trifle, and looked again at the clock.

"Which shall it be?" he asked. "Music—or Severin?"

"Both!" cried Myra.

THEY walked slowly across the darkening room. "It will be the same," he said. "First the *New World Symphony*, while Severin teases them—makes them a promise. He is in the wings now. Talking with the little one—patting her head. The lights go off and he walks on stage—proud and very straight! He bows, and bows again, lifts the baton, and—"

He stood there in the dusk with his arms uplifted. He nodded once, and Myra heard the first strains of Dvořák's music drifting into the room. She was out of the chair and standing behind a curtain that was folded. There were people behind her and a huge audience just beyond the edge of the stage. Goronoff's arms lifted the music from the horns and wafted it to the audience. Soon she heard their applause. And then she became conscious of Myra Hassman. She, Myra Hassman, must walk onto that stage and sit at that piano. She was wearing blue—filmy chiffon and blue satin slippers.

But that was wrong. Not blue—not chiffon. It was wrong, all wrong. And then someone at her elbow said, "Madam—" She walked onto the stage. A very short stage. Just five steps to a monstrous piano that was old and marked and very familiar. She seated herself and bowed—waited for the applause to still. She looked for the master. Looked for Goronoff. He was gone! He wasn't on the conductor's stand. She couldn't see him, and she was lost. Didn't know when to start or what to play.

"Maestro!" she cried.

"Not yet," he answered. His voice came out of the darkness: "Not yet—but very soon. We will play, Myra—you and I. You are the soloist—I am the orchestra."

And the hurrying notes of the Tchaikovsky concerto burst from the keys. Goronoff was playing the orchestral opening. Myra was listening. Waiting. Then, *one, two, three—and one, two*—her hands caught the keys, and the first crashing octave chords came from her piano. *One, two, three*—Goronoff was following, following, playing the theme. Playing the theme that a Russian had dreamed. The heroic theme—the male theme. And Myra was beating the chords back at him. Hard and cold and very exact.

The music bucketed about the room. Hammered the walls and flooded against the

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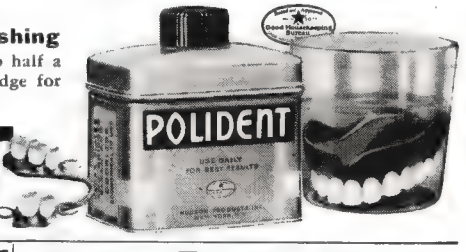

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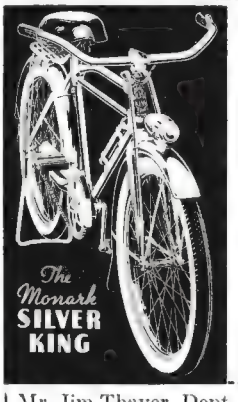

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windows. It found the lifted sash and poured into the night. Swept down into the streets and covered them with sound. Red traffic lights had stopped the cars on Park Avenue. The lights changed and the drivers were slow to start. A group of pedestrians had formed at the corner. They stood quietly looking up into the dark sky. Some waited while others walked softly. And still the music came. . . .

A FEW streets north and off to the west an audience sat in a monstrous hall. Tight-lipped men and listening women. They saw a girl at a concert grand and heard the notes that came from the strings. Close to her, glancing at times over his left arm stood a blond giant who waved a wand. He smiled, and the girl smiled. Her blue satin slippers pressed hard on the pedals. Her white arms moved and her fingers hurried across the keys. Playing and playing and playing each note. Cadenza and passage and run and arpeggio—clear and crisp and bright as silver. And on to the end of the colorful movement. Then silence.

In Goronoff's study Myra was waiting. Waiting for those first few notes to be plucked from the strings and open the second movement. They came. Softly. Hesitant. And after them, like a tall, blond girl coming over a distant hill, the theme moved into being. Myra's theme. The one she loved. And she played it as a mother might to her child. Played it through to the change of rhythm and the change of emotion that divided the second movement. This was faster, laughing and light. Myra's hands quickened their pace. They raced along and romped with the notes. Faster and faster and ever so lightly. Playing for Goronoff. Playing for the master. Making him proud, and prouder than proud.

She turned to face him and looked into darkness. It was here—right at this run—right at this note—that she'd looked once before and found doubt in his eyes. Doubt of himself. Doubt of Goronoff and his greatness. Her hand faltered. Slowed. Struck a wrong note. Another.

There was laughter in the room. Hard, cold laughter. "You are mine, Myra! I knew it! I knew it!" Goronoff laughed again.

A COLDNESS touched her throat. Spread through her arms and stiffened her fingers. His? No—no, she wasn't his! Never had been! Never would be!

"George—oh, George!" she cried.

And she played. Dear Lord, how she played! With body and mind and all of her heart she ripped the notes from the keyboard. Picked them up! Danced with them! Played with the mastery she knew was her right. Faster, still faster, and doubly sure, she reached the cadenza and made it her own. Playing for George and playing for Porgy. Playing with all the joy of a woman who wakes from a dream with a scream on her lips, and finds it is only a dream.

And Goronoff, proud Goronoff, had lost all his laughter. He'd left the piano and walked in the darkness. Silent at first as he fought with his genius. Silent, then singing, then shouting with joy. Joy for the genius whose ears find perfection. He was shouting the melody, shouting the themes. Walking and singing and stamping his feet. And then there was silence. A long silence upon which all music is built.

Goronoff was back at the keyboard. He opened the last movement, and Myra made it grow. Richer and stronger and filled with a music that grew from her love. Porgy was playing, and Porgy was master. Porgy, not Severin, played Tchaikovsky that night. Blue chiffon and blue satin slippers, a corsage and a smile, and a mastery of music. The audience breathed when she breathed, swayed when she swayed, listened and wondered, and met a new maestro.

Then it was over. All finished. The applause rolled up in a growing wave that climbed the stage and thundered about the musicians. They, too, applauded. The violins and cellos, horns, percussion, and wood winds—all of them faced the girl in blue chiffon and beat their palms to add to the thunder. Severin stood motionless and pale. A blond giant at the edge of the surf. He looked at Porgy and his eyes were on fire. He walked to her, lifted her hand, and led her to the footlights. Waited while the applause roared up again, and then kissed her fingers.

Myra saw them walking off stage. Saw his hand holding Porgy's and his head bent toward her. He was smaller than she had thought. Much smaller. His shoulders were rounded and his hair had grown white. There was a high, wide forehead and eyes that flared with a peculiar brilliance. The touch of his lips was still warm on her fingers. He was opening the door and adjusting her coat. And he was old and tired and very pathetic.

"He may be different," he said in a whisper. "Please God, he is different."

THEN she was in the elevator, and she was alone. She walked to the curbstone and hailed a taxi, said, "Carnegie Hall," and sat very still. She remembered the oak tree that grew near the barn, and the leaves that were gold and yellow. "All oak leaves look alike when you see them on a tree," George had said. "Actually there aren't two exactly the same in the whole world." It must be so. George had said it was so. And soon there was another hallway, another elevator, and George was opening the door and coming toward her. Her George. Her husband.

"You're beautiful tonight, dear," he said quietly. No word of the empty chair at Carnegie. He took her into his arms and held her tightly. "I've never seen you so beautiful."

"I love you, George," she said quickly, "I've always loved you."

He was smiling. "And I've always known it."

She looked past his shoulder. "Severin?" she said. "He's here? He's—"

"Inside with Porgy," said George. "Nice fellow, Nick—even when he's excited. He's worried about something, and I've had to keep him waiting for your answer. Shall we go in, Myra?"

Porgy was there, beautiful in blue chiffon. Not little Porgy. A new girl, or, rather, a woman. A concert pianist who was conscious of her talent. Georgette Sampter, with her eyes full of love for a blond musician.

Severin stopped for a moment to look at this woman. To stroke her hair with his eyes and worship in silence. Then he came to Myra and bowed very low.

"Madam," he said slowly, "may I marry your daughter?"

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IF WAR COMES— Uncle Sam's plans for you

(*Continued from page 17*)

says Jones. "I work for the war, or else."

The next claim is made by Robert Stone, a bank clerk, twenty-five and married.

The chairman picks up a report. "Mr. Stone, we find your wife supported herself before her marriage and still works. So she's not really dependent, is she?"

"What if she lost her position?" Stone asks anxiously.

"Her parents say they will take care of her in an emergency. And War Labor Employment would find her a new place."

The board clerk makes a notation: "Held for military service."

On the way out Stone sees a former classmate, now a technician in a local steel mill. "Hello, Tom," he says glumly. "You're wasting your time—you haven't even a dependent."

"Okay with me," replies Tom. "I was going to enlist, anyway but the draft stopped recruiting."

In the board room, the clerk hands him a certificate deferring him for six months.

"There's some mistake," says Tom. "I came to see about getting into the Marine Corps quota. I didn't ask for exemption."

"Your boss made the request, under government instructions," explains the board chairman.

"Then I can't go to the Front?" exclaims Tom.

The chairman shakes his head. "Sorry, my boy. You're an important part of a vital industry. We can't let you go."

IN THE next few cases there is no question of dependents. Decisions are based on occupation alone, whether the industry is essential and whether the man can be spared or replaced by older men, women, or minors.

A grocer's clerk is held, a munitions worker deferred. In rapid succession a teacher, a singer, and a fiction writer find they are "less essential" than a railroad man, a cook, and a telephone lineman. An actor becomes indignant on learning he is—for war purposes—far less important than a bricklayer.

A new order arises. At the top, men of the Big Three—munitions, shipbuilding, steel—almost sure to be deferred. Next, with more than an even chance, men in metal trades other than steel, workers on railroads, in paint, chemical, and electric-power plants. Employees of telephone and telegraph industries, rubber and oil refineries, and factories building automobiles and farming implements are also in this class. Following these are groups in which less than half the men may expect deferment—textile and building trades, forestry and farming, oil fields, mining, and transportation other than railroads.

Ranking next, with perhaps a one-in-three chance at exemption, come sheep and cattle ranchers, workers in clay, glass, stone, and wood. In this group are also those engaged in wholesale production of food, clothing, leather, and paper, and in miscellaneous industries of similar war value.

NEXT to last are the domestic and manual services, such as barbers, waiters, porters, servants, workers in laundries, and general laborers. And at the bottom those whom the draft will hit hardest, the general trade and professional groups—clerks and salesmen in all kinds of stores and shops, insurance and real estate men, dentists, doctors, artists, professors, lawyers, and college students.

The board gives no blanket exemption to any war industry. An unskilled ironworker may be held for the Army, while a chief sales clerk is deferred. An experienced surgeon may be exempt, and an intern just out of a medical school held for the Navy quota.

Dependency rules are more clear-cut. They include wives, mothers, aged or invalid fathers, aged or invalid grandparents. A son or brother, to be dependent, must be under 16, a daughter or a sister under 18—unless they are invalids. Here, too, the draft board mixes common sense and sympathy, but some claimants are rudely surprised, as in the case of Walter Black.

To avoid the draft Black has hurriedly changed his bachelor status for that of a married man. Confidently he puts in his claim. The board chairman picks up a draft rule-book.

"'For deferment to be allowed in the case of a dependent wife,'" he reads, "'the marriage must have occurred *prior* to the declaration of war.' You were a few hours too late, Mr. Black."

"But," moans Black, "she's really dependent on me."

"Then you'll have to allot most of your soldier's pay to her. I'm afraid you outsmarted yourself."

Before the beginning of the draft, a drive for approximately 500,000 volunteers has been made throughout the country. These men have been permitted to enlist for either the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, as they desired, until the respective quotas of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps have been filled. With the beginning of the draft, voluntary enlistment ends. The draft quotas by month are expected to be: First month, 300,000; second month, 200,000; third month, 300,000; fourth month, 400,000; a total of 1,200,000 for these four months. If still more men are required, the quotas per month will range between 200,000 and 400,000, until the desired number has been reached.

A drafted man who has seen previous service in the Navy, Marine Corps, or Army, or who has some special qualification for one

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of the three, is likely to be assigned to the particular service for which he is fitted. Otherwise, allotment to the various services is made by the draft officers, with possible consideration of requests if time permits.

Not all the difficulties of these early war days center around the draft board. Business heads and their employees in "Your Town" are struggling to adjust themselves to war conditions. Some are fortunate, their plants being among the 10,000 previously prepared by the Army Industrial College officers. Still more lucky are those which, in the period before the war, have received "educational orders" to create the tools necessary for war products.

At the Ajax Auto Trailer Company, over on Front Street, special dies, jigs, and tools are being brought out of storerooms. Within twenty-four hours the plant is starting to turn out gun carriages. Three blocks away, men and women who have been working on toys for the Christmas trade find themselves making time fuses for antiaircraft shells.

BECAUSE of advance planning, most businessmen co-operate in these drastic changes required for war, but there are a few exceptions. At the Dow Specialty Works, near the edge of town, trouble has already developed. The War Department has placed a compulsory order, but Dow has several civilian orders on which the profit will be higher than on the Army contract. He refuses to cancel these or give the Army orders priority.

In the Policy Division of the War Resources Administration, at Washington, there is a hurried conference.

"Why not arrest him and seize the plant?" demands an ardent young lawyer. "We can do it under the President's war powers."

"We'll use commandeering as a last resort," replies an older official. "If we took it over, we'd have to operate it. It's a complicated business, and Dow is the brains of the plant."

Fully aware of this angle, Dow is defiantly proceeding, working night shifts to finish the civilian orders. Suddenly the lights go out, the motors stop.

Dow stumbles through the dark, phones the electric plant:

"How long will my current be off?"

"For the duration of the war," comes the answer.

"This is no time for jokes," snaps Dow.

"I'm not joking. We just got an order from the War Resources Administration, through the Federal Power Commission, to shut off your power."

Furious, Dow calls the War Resources Administrator, at Washington:

"You can't do this! It's not legal."

"Read the emergency powers of the President, Mr. Dow," is the calm reply. "He can divert fuel or electric power to factories making war essentials. Now, if you were producing for the Army or Navy—"

"I know when I'm licked," Dow says grimly. "I'll cancel those private orders."

Not far from the Dow plant is the Jordan Steel Tubing Company. The War Department has requested partial conversion of the factory for the making of small-caliber shells. But Jordan, like Dow, has private orders on hand, and he is stalling for time in order to finish them. Hearing of Dow's defeat does not discourage him. His plant has its own power system. But he, too, has failed to acquaint himself with all of the President's emergency powers.

One morning his foreman enters the office with a worried expression. "Mr. Jordan, those six freight cars due last night haven't come, and we're ready to load."

Jordan calls the railroad office.

"Had to divert those cars to a war industry," comes the explanation. "Can't tell when you'll get any. It's up to Washington."

Dismayed, Jordan phones a large trucking company.

"No, we can't help you, Mr. Jordan," he is told. "Transportation Control, War Resources, has you listed temporarily as a nonessential industry, and we have to give priority to war stuff."

Cornered, Jordan gives in.

Over in Leeville, twenty miles distant, the government encounters what at first seems a harder problem. The John Ward Products Company has its own power, and also a trucking system for bringing in raw materials and delivering finished goods. But one afternoon the trucks return empty from the supply warehouse one hundred miles away.

"Our stuff was requisitioned for the Navy Department," reports the senior driver.

"I'll find a way to get some," Ward mutters. "Anyhow, we've enough on hand for two weeks."

That afternoon he receives a call from the chairman of the draft board. "Mr. Ward, tell all your men of 21 through 30 to be ready for physical examination next Monday, when their deferments expire."

"But you said they'd be renewed!" Ward says, stunned.

"We understood you'd be working on Army–Navy contracts. Unless the men are in a vital industry, we can't defer them."

John Ward is stubborn, but he is not a fool. Within a few hours he has made peace with Washington, and Army industrial experts are on the way to help gear his plant for war production. . . .

A FEW such cases, publicized if necessary, and resistance to the war program is expected to dwindle to the vanishing point. Though the Industrial Mobilization Plan is built on the principle of co-operation rather than coercion, the President will have full powers to enforce his orders by draft of management, priority of fuel, power, materials, transportation, and labor, or by prosecution and commandeering.

Regardless of method, control will be absolute, to prevent the confusion that existed in 1917. Neither the Army nor the Navy was prepared. Serious shortages of material and supplies developed as the two services battled each other for deliveries. Prices skyrocketed, and overloaded plants sublet contracts, adding further to delay and high prices. Not until the latter part of 1918 did the War Industries Board, under the direction of Bernard Baruch, establish the rigid controls found necessary. In the next war such controls will be in effect immediately.

Equipment has been standardized. The Army–Navy schedules list more than 7,000 items, with production tentatively assigned to factories throughout the nation. Items include everything from uniforms, mess gear, food, guns, ammunition, amusements, to hospital equipment and even burial supplies. From giant bombing planes to shoelaces, from dehydrated food to ambulances, every detail, with the quantities needed, has been calculated. Strategic materials, including certain foods, will be prorated between the armed forces, industry, and the public, with ration systems where required.

In the vast plan for war are outlined methods for discouraging nonessential projects which would use materials needed elsewhere. Soon after M-Day these methods go into effect.

Out at your country club, a new clubhouse has just been started. Early one morning the club manager arrives and finds the lumber being trucked away, the carpenters leaving.

"What's happened?" he asks the contractor.

"The government had the city cancel all unnecessary building permits. The Army's starting a big cantonment near by, and they'll need all the supplies and men around here for a while."

Down on Fifth Street the manufacturers of Milady boudoir luxuries soon learn what it means to be classed as a nonessential industry. All the men workers of draft age have

"Now may I call you Janet, Miss Martin?"

"But Once a Year"

That's how often Christmas comes, and some people are glad. They have trouble picking gifts.

Others have a system. They wouldn't care if Christmas came *every month.* Indeed, for these people (and their friends) it does, almost.

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See page 126

been called, and the shop is now operating with young women and with boys between 18 and 21.

A representative of the War Labor Administration, Employment Service, drops in one afternoon to see Mrs. Smith, the proprietor. "Mrs. Smith, we want you to help War Labor Employment replace your present workers with older persons, or those with slight physical disabilities who can still do this lighter type of work."

"You've plenty of nerve, young man," says Mrs. Smith. "I've already lost my men workers. Why should I take old people and cripples into my place?"

"The government needs more able-bodied help in essential industries," explains the agent. "You'll admit this is a luxury business."

"What of it? The war-profit tax takes most of the money. I haven't time to train new people."

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to recommend that the President discontinue your shop for the duration of the war."

"You mean he can close me up?" Mrs. Smith says, aghast.

"Under the licensing provisions of the War Resources Control Act," the government man nods. "But we'd rather let you stay open, under the conditions I named."

"You win," says Mrs. Smith, and the Milady Shop receives its conditional license.

MEN in the draft group of 21 through 30 will not be the only ones affected by the "work or fight" rules, evolved in 1918, which will probably be introduced early in the next war. By a Second Draft, men from 31 to 45 will be registered and told frankly to get into productive work or carry a gun. Most of the men in this class will be called before the skilled workmen of the first age group who are in important industries.

Many waiters, bellhops, doormen, and hotel and club attendants are surprised to find that in production they rate zero. Equally startled are men clerks in various stores. But the answer is always the same: "You can be replaced by older men, women, or minors."

At the Hotel Savoy, Albert Jenkins, 39, an elevator man, discovers that—from the Army viewpoint—he is wasting his strength. Given an option of "work or fight," he registers at the local office of War Labor Employment. Within a few days he is attending, in spare time, a "vestibule school" operated by a munitions factory. At the end of two weeks he is ready to become a "producer."

Meanwhile, the Bureau of Women and Minors has been busy. When Jenkins quits, a 19-year-old girl steps into his elevator and takes over. On the same day a dozen girls appear at the Bureau for work—the result of an intensive national drive by the Employment Service. The girls are sent to a "vestibule school" to learn the making of gas masks.

Soon after this, Mary Johnson, a cafeteria hostess, decides her work is nonessential and also applies to the Bureau. She becomes a "recruiter," helping divert women and girls over 16 from less important work to war industries and agriculture. During another patriotic campaign to recruit idle women, a local clubwoman "enlists." She is sent to an industrial area where child-labor laws have been suspended during the war, to watch over the welfare of young girls.

Almost everyone but young children and the aged, or helpless invalids, is covered in the Industrial Mobilization Plan to utilize the nation's man power. Other plans include the probable use of conscientious objectors in productive labor, and even convicts from federal and state prisons. The only able-bodied residents possibly exempt are aliens who have settled here for life, perhaps have resided in America for years, but have neglected to take out papers. They cannot be drafted, but some way will be sought to include them in "work or fight" rules. With labor shortages, and good wages, many will not have to be urged to fill positions left vacant by men at the Front.

CITIZEN or resident-alien, everyone who works will be controlled by war laws. Some peacetime civil rights will have to be curtailed, though not so drastically as it has been done abroad. In the next war the right to strike will probably be controlled, as under the present Railway Labor Act, so that strikes will be held in abeyance during a mediation period. If disputes between capital and labor threaten war production, the President will have the power to seize the factory in dispute and operate it under government control.

To offset this danger, the government will, according to the war plan, enforce labor's right to collective bargaining, fair wages, and good working conditions. On M-Day, or before, the President is expected to suspend the 8-hour day and 40-hour week, to speed up war production. This may be balanced by higher rates for overtime.

So that unfair profits will not be made at the expense of the working public, living costs will be carefully controlled.

Over in a section of "Your Town" near the projected cantonment, war workers are looking for rooms. Miss Sharp, owner of a boardinghouse, cannily decides to take advantage of the shortage. "My rents are going up $10 a month," she informs her tenants. "If you don't want the rooms I can get plenty who do."

One of the boarders smiles dryly. "Take a look at this morning's paper. The President just made it illegal to raise rents. You can get three years and a $100,000 fine."

Miss Sharp decides her rents are adequate.

Would-be profiteers find few loopholes in

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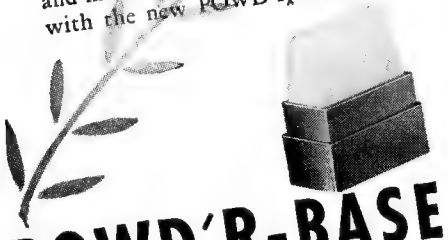

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the war plan, as the controls go into effect. Joe Walton, traveling man, sees no harm in padding his expense account more than usual, now that his firm has a large government contract. Back comes the account, with the notation: "By presidential order, no expense account increases allowed over previous three-year average."

Mr. Jacob Morse, drafted executive of the Acme Manufacturing Corporation, is consoling himself with the fact that the government is paying him a salary of $3,000 a year, a comfortable addition to the $9,000 he annually draws from his company as a stockholding executive. But to his amazement he finds a slip attached to his first pay check: "No person drafted into the government service, by the terms of the Industrial Management Act, can receive pay or compensation from any other source."

Incredulous, Mr. Morse consults his immediate superior. "This surely doesn't mean I'm prohibited from taking my regular salary and dividend?"

"I wouldn't try it," the official replies. "You could be fined $10,000 or imprisoned ten years, or both."

Mr. Morse moodily retires, feeling he is paying a steep price for his former resistance to the war program, with a $6,000 per year contribution, besides the tax on his government salary.

In modern war, for a nation to function efficiently, every phase of its life must to some extent be controlled. On the blueprint for war nothing has been overlooked. Communications—radio, telephone, telegraph—will be under government direction from M-Day, or before. A radio station broadcasting anything contrary to government orders can be seized, its equipment removed. By price control and, if necessary, commandeering, agriculture will be regulated, as well as transportation, shipping, and general industries. Under the War Resources Control Act, even a Hollywood studio could be required to secure a presidential license if the President deemed it necessary in the public interest. Under such conditions, if a picture should be regarded by the Public Relations Administration as not exactly in line with the patriotic theme, the studio license could be revoked, unless the producer changed the offending part.

OTHER far-reaching wartime controls are under consideration as this is written. One measure to eliminate profiteering provides a tax of 95 per cent on all profits above a three-year average before the war. Other measures would tax incomes as low as $500 and place steep rates on higher incomes, in some cases such that federal and state taxes would take practically the entire income. Another proposal is to confiscate personal income over $10,000. Still another would place a 10 per cent tax on incomes above $800, with surtaxes from 6 per cent on net income above $1,000, steeply increasing with a 77 per cent maximum on corporations. Personal credits and dependent exemptions would be lowered—the dependent credit to $250, and the exemption for a married person to $1,600, for a single person $800.

Tax-profit rates will probably be fixed somewhere between confiscation of all profits and the allowance of a slight profit. But in the lower brackets many will pay who have never before seen an income-tax blank. For, in spite of efficient planning, modern war will cost billions.

Besides its far-reaching industrial phases, the blueprint for war covers a thousand details of military and naval preparation, many known only to staff officers and strategy chieftains at the Army and Navy war colleges.

Others, less secret, include the "spotting" of Farmer Brown's south meadow for an emergency air base, arrangements with bakers and restaurant men of "Your Town" for furnishing food to cadre groups or National Guard units on some future "M plus X" day. Plans, subplans, tiny details, all keyed back to the superagencies in Washington, to the great war machine ready to spring to life.

A tremendous Plan, to equal, within the legal limits of a democracy, the regimented force of a totalitarian country. To do this by sometimes curtailing, but not destroying individual rights.

BUT the Plan looks beyond even this, to the Armistice, to the dangerous days of demobilization. For the problems will not end with the war. The supercontrols must continue for a while, to slow down the vast war machine not too abruptly, for fear of falling prices, grim scenes of unemployment. There are women in men's jobs who must be moved as the fighters return. Closed "nonessential" businesses must be reopened, commandeered plants returned, the supermachine itself slowed down from its tremendous momentum.

No plan on such a gigantic scale can be perfect. But perhaps the knowledge that this great Plan exists, that America is geared for war, may be sufficient. The war machine may never have to be built.

If so, the blueprint will have served its purpose, and even the most complete "unproductive" can go on, serenely unaware, with his nonessential work.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

PUZZLE POEM ANSWERS

★

HERE are the words ending in *ary* which were hidden in each line of the poem on page 118. Figure out your score by crediting yourself with five points for each word you had correct.

Apiary	*Constabulary*
Aviary	*Judiciary*
Sanctuary	*Statuary*
Dictionary	*Dromedary*
Luminary	*Apothecary*
Tributary	*Mortuary*
Emissary	*Commentary*
Beneficiary	*Dietary*

Stationary
Revolutionary
Extraordinary
Vocabulary

where there's

Smoke...

(*Continued from page 36*)

the Governor said. "Gimme that ax, young fellow." He got it, heaved it, and the blade crashed mightily through the door, biting through wood and metal sheathing. A few more blows, and the door was demolished completely.

Inside, the flames had practically burned up everything inflammable and were dying. Tommy tried to find a handle to turn on the fire extinguisher.

"You've got to turn the can upside down," the girl said.

Tommy said, "Stupid of me to forget," and a second later the frothy stuff was sizzling out, squelching the flames.

IT WAS all over but the smoke and smell when the hotel crew arrived. The Governor was leaning on his ax, puffing slightly; Miss Culbertson was fluttering with warm excitement; and Tommy was somewhat sooty.

Tommy looked at the Governor. "By George!" he said admiringly. "You certainly know how to handle an ax."

The Governor beamed. "I should. Used to be a blacksmith, you know," he said, somewhat irrelevantly.

Tommy recognized him then. "Why, you're Governor Zander!"

The Governor bowed gracefully.

"My father often used to talk of you," said Tommy. "You used to shoe his horses for him. Jessup McIlvaine, remember?"

"McIlvaine, Mc—? Why, certainly! Jessup McIlvaine! I certainly do. Yes, sir, and he had some fine horses, too. So you're Tommy McIlvaine, eh? Well, well!"

They shook hands cordially.

Miss Culbertson suddenly thought of something, and was pleasantly horrified. "To think," she said, making a little clucking noise, "that we all might have burned to death. If this young man and his wife hadn't discovered the fire—"

Tommy said, "You're wrong there. I don't even know the young lady's name." He looked questioningly at her.

She said, "Oh—er, Thornton."

He introduced her to the Governor. He asked Miss Culbertson's name, and introduced her, too. The Governor bowed gracefully. They formed a chatty little knot in the corridor, breathed the damp smokiness, and watched workmen methodically strip the charred drapes from the windows, the clothing from the bed, and search for a hidden spark.

Tommy was saying, "I haven't had so much fun, come to think of it, since I chased fire engines as a kid. Strictly against parental orders, of course. But great."

The Governor said, "There's nothing like a fire. I remember when I was mayor, I made it a point to get to all fires, two alarms or over. Er—duty, of course. But it was fun."

THE Vice Girl found herself talking, too: "Ah—but a small-town fire is better. I remember when the waxworks in my town burned. They burned all night long, and every man, woman, and child in town and for miles around came to watch. The bars opened up at one A. M. with free drinks for the firemen; the wives made coffee and brought it down in big cans for everyone. There were free sandwiches—and no school or factory opened the next day, only smoldering ruins to watch."

"Ah, yes, the community spirit, so sadly lacking here in this part of the city," the Governor said sadly. "I miss it keenly. Now, over on double-Fifth Avenue, where I came from, at least community life is really richer, fuller, than it is here. You know your neighbors; they know you. Here—well, all you are is a room number. The fellow next door wouldn't care if you were dying."

"At least," said Tommy, "we can have a drink together. I take it from Miss Thornton it's a tradition with all volunteer firemen. I have some champagne in my place. I'll send down for glasses."

"I've got glasses in my place," Miss Culbertson said helpfully.

"Fine! I'll just bring the champagne, then."

The policewoman was standing in the doorway, goggling. She recognized the Governor, of course, and was stunned. There he was, the Governor no less, being so gallant and courtly with that—that girl.

Tommy noticed her as he came back with the bottle. He said, "Oh, Mrs. Thornton—do come down and join us. We're having a little drink."

She said, in a panic, "No, no! Send her back, please! Tell her I want her."

He said, "Now, don't worry. We'll send her back as soon as we've had a drink."

In Miss Culbertson's sitting-room, with the door closed, the champagne cork popped, the liquid fizzled into an assortment of glasses.

The Governor lifted his glass. "To fires and more of 'em—in other people's houses," he said, and laughed heartily.

The Governor told them about the famous flower factory fire, which burned for three days and three nights. He'd spent every moment he could spare from the mayor's office up there. Tommy remembered the time his barn burned at Westbury. The

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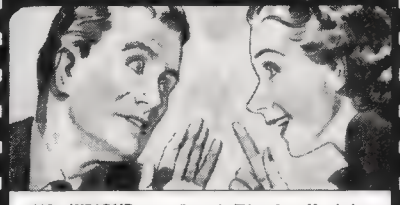

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MRS. WRIGHT: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.

MR. WRIGHT: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.

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Quiz

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(SEE PAGES 78 and 123)

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Vice Girl remembered when she lived near the volunteer firehouse:

"There were three black horses in there, and we heard that when the bell rang they jumped out of the stalls and stood right in front of the fire engine, waiting to be hitched. When the bell did ring, we all ran over there—the kids, I mean—to see them do this trick. They were certainly excited enough, pawing and stamping while the bell rang. They were so excited that, when the stall bars were let down, they ran right out the door and across the field, without waiting for the harness or the engine, and they couldn't be caught. The volunteers had to pull the engine."

Miss Culbertson remembered something. With a glance at the closed door, "Wouldn't you," she asked, "like a bit of chicken curry with the champagne? It—it's homemade," she added slyly.

"I couldn't eat a thing," the Governor said. But Tommy said he'd love some, and the Vice Girl said she'd have some, too. So Miss Culbertson bustled around happily, opening the closet and setting out plates and forks, and bringing out the double-boiler of chicken curry and the steamed rice.

The Governor sniffed and said, well, he'd have a bite—just a bite. "A hot bird and a cold bottle, isn't that it?" he asked.

SO THEY ate and drank and were very gay. They were oddly like the people at the waxworks fire, the Vice Girl thought. The Governor vowed extravagantly he had never tasted such chicken curry, and Tommy had to go back to his room for another bottle of champagne. Again he tried to persuade the lady he took to be Mrs. Thornton to join them, but she wouldn't. She was still standing just inside the open door, watching the hallway. Tommy thought she was watching the workmen cleaning up 14E.

Back in Miss Culbertson's sitting-room, with half the second bottle gone, the Governor waxed sentimental. He said, "You know, it seems to me that right here in this little gathering is the germ of a great idea Why couldn't we, somehow, revive a community spirit right here in this metropolis? Why couldn't we, somehow, extend the idea of neighborliness to cover city life?"

"I'm in favor of it," said Tommy. He was looking at the girl. Odd type. Definitely not Southampton and Palm Beach. Newly rich, probably, judging by her waxworks story, and small town. But interesting. He couldn't type her, but her quiet gray eyes looked as though she could talk about something besides so-and-so's party, and his horses. "What do you think, Miss Thornton?"

She had been watching Tommy McIlvaine out of the corner of her eye while she ate Miss Culbertson's chicken curry and sipped champagne. Now she looked at him openly. Tanned, well-bred face, interesting eyes.

"An excellent idea," she said, "but just how would you arrange it? Seems to me the fire-insurance companies might object if you used the method of tonight."

The Governor coughed. "I'll give the method some thought," he said.

Miss Culbertson said, "I think it's wonderful. This is the first time I've had people in to dinner."

The chicken curry vanished. Miss Culbertson blushed under a shower of compliments. A third bottle of champagne disappeared. The Governor waxed more enthusiastic over the idea. "Neighbors—just neighbors," he said warmly.

Tommy McIlvaine decided Miss Thornton was really beautiful. Definitely, he must keep in touch with her. And the Vice Girl stopped in the middle of a laugh, because it was like hearing somebody else laugh.

After a while it broke up. The Governor went back to his suite and took up his speech and scowled over it. Definitely, it was flat. He decided to oppose high taxes and inadequate relief. He forgot the community idea in the enthusiasm of dwelling on the woes of the poor

In 14B, Miss Culbertson washed the dishes and glasses in the little bathroom sink, and felt all aglow. She must have these neighbors in oftener. Lovely people.

In 14C, the Vice Girl smoked and dreamed. "Now that we're neighbors," Tommy McIlvaine had said, "mayn't I see you now and then?"

She had said, hesitantly, "That would be fine."

He said, "What are you doing tonight, then?"

"Sorry. Busy. . . . No, sorry, tomorrow, too." She said after a moment, "You might call me early next week."

He had said, "Now, don't forget. When I call, don't dare say, 'McIlvaine? McIlvaine? Let's see, where did we meet?'"

She had said, "I won't forget."

So now she sat and dreamed, oblivious of the carping of the policewoman. She dreamed silly, maudlin dreams, knew they were silly and maudlin, but she wanted to dream them.

In 14B, Tommy McIlvaine finished dressing, humming. Interesting girl. Different.

TWO days later, Tommy McIlvaine saw Governor Zander crossing the lobby. He moved to intercept the Governor, put out his hand, and smiled. "Hello, Governor" he said.

The Governor had been introduced to at least eighty people that day, he had been approached in a dozen different subtle guises by people who wanted favors. He looked at Tommy, made a vague pretense of recognition, said, "Hello, old fellow—I'm doing what I can for you on that. See me a little later, eh? I'm rushed just now." And he skillfully dodged Tommy's outstretched hand and hurried on.

It was the next day that Governor Zander telephoned down and complained irritably that his place positively reeked of garlic. He let Milton know that the governor of a great state wasn't used to living in a kitchen, and unless this situation was corrected—!

And Mr. Milton went up to 14B and regretfully took the sunshine out of Miss Culbertson's life. He said further transgressions would cause the hotel to ask for her rooms.

On the following Monday afternoon Tommy McIlvaine telephoned 14C and asked for Miss Thornton. A woman said coldly, "There's no Miss Thornton here."

He telephoned the desk and was told that no Miss Thornton was registered now. He said, "Oh, thanks," and hung up. Too bad. He didn't even know her first name.

He picked up his evening paper, idly scanned the first-page headlines. Hitler imposes new restrictions on Poles. Vice Girl testifies against Bondano. Market rises on war news. He yawned, and flipped the pages to the sports section.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Blonde on a boat

(*Continued from page 15*)

don't care. I just want Lloyd to see. . . . If that Mrs. Martyn can get him away as easily as this, I don't *care*."

Only it hurt so. When the ship's whistle blew at noon, she went to her cabin to dress, and she was surprised to find herself crying. "I *was* beginning to like Lloyd," she thought. "But if that's all he cares, let him go."

He was waiting for her at their table in the dining saloon; he rose as she approached. "Mrs. Martyn knows a lot of people in radio," he said. "That could be pretty useful to me."

He had never seemed so *young* before, or so darling. Trying to explain. "Maybe that's all it was," she thought. "Maybe he just had a sort of professional interest in her. I do like him so." She looked at him, with a smile. "I didn't know you were Welsh," she said. "Why didn't you tell me, Lloyd?"

"I'm not really Welsh," he said. "Only my grandparents. I'm an American."

"My mother's grandmother was French," said Judy. "She was a marquise. It's sort of an interesting story. . . ."

HE DID seem interested when she told him. Everything was all right again now; the afternoon was perfect. They played ping-pong together, they went into the pool. Mrs. Martyn was there, but she was talking to a group of people. When they came out of the pool the sun was going down. They sat side by side, smoking.

"Are you getting over—whatever was worrying you?" he asked.

Her heart leaped, with delight, and with fear. "I *mustn't* tell lies to Lloyd. . . . But he's been thinking that over. . . . He *does* care."

"Well . . ." she said.

"I don't think you'd be much good at looking after yourself," he said.

"Oh, why?"

"Well," he said, "you're too gentle."

She looked at him, and, when their eyes met, something strange seized upon her, something that was like pain. His thin young face looked unhappy, troubled, filled with a doubtful wonder.

"You're sweet," he said.

"I'm glad if you think so," she said unsteadily.

Someone else came over to them, and the moment was past.

"I think I'll go and dress now," she said.

"Will you meet me in the smoke-room for a cocktail at six?" Lloyd asked.

She went into her cabin and began slowly to dress. "Lloyd, I *love* you," she thought. "I've thought I was in love, other times, but it wasn't like this. It's such a big thing."

The sun was gone; the ship went fast, time was flying by, and the golden, lovely trip would end. "I'll get older," she thought. "I want to get older. Not be—so silly and mixed up. . . . I want to marry Lloyd. I never wanted to marry anyone, before. . . ."

She put on her prettiest dress, and her silver sandals. "Do I look nice? I don't know any more. You wouldn't think that being in love would make you feel—so humble. . . . I want to be nicer every way."

SHE stopped outside the smoke-room, to look at Lloyd. He sat with his hands clasped on the table before him, and his head bent; his fine, dark face was intent, very grave.

He rose and pulled back a chair for her; she saw a flash of delight in his eyes. "You're beautiful," he said.

She couldn't answer, she couldn't talk at all. He ordered two cocktails, and lit a cigarette for her and one for himself.

"I've been sort of thinking things over," he said. "That was the idea of this trip. I mean, I felt I'd come to a sort of turning point in my work. I had a contract offered me, and I couldn't make up my mind. You see, I know darn' well I need more study, but when you realize that you can get by without being so very good—"

"May I sit with you for a few minutes?" said Mrs. Martyn. "I'm meeting some people, but they don't seem to be here yet. "

She wore a severe dinner dress; everything about her was quiet and elegant and perfect.

"How much do you smoke?" Mrs. Martyn asked Lloyd seriously.

"Too much," he said.

"It's just not worth it, Lloyd," she said. "Do put out your cigarette, won't you?"

"Well, I'm on a holiday," he said.

"My dear," she said, "you can *never* have a holiday, like other people. It's a little like going around with a million-dollar necklace in your pocket, isn't it? You can't afford to forget your voice for even one day."

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe, if you want to be any sort of artist, you've got to be reckless sometimes."

"Not in that way," she said, touching the cigarette he held in his fingers. "Perhaps it's good—sometimes—to be reckless in big things. But not just in self-indulgence."

"I don't know," he said again. "You hear about those fellows who go into a bar and smash up everything . . ."

"I was with a man who did that once," she said. "A Russian. It was in Vienna, ages ago. He was always so quiet and polite . . ."

Lloyd was listening to her. Judy thought, "All right; go ahead listening to her, and leave me sitting here—like a child. *She* never even looks at me. And when Lloyd looks at me it's in that worried way. That

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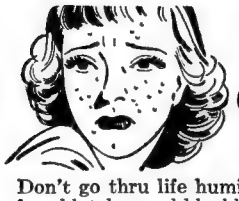

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guilty way. As if he were ashamed of liking her. . . . Go ahead and like her!"

"Do you need the money very badly?" Mrs. Martyn asked.

"I wouldn't have asked him that," Judy thought. "But she can say anything. She puts on that wise, woman-of-the-world air, and he falls for it. I hate her!"

"I could hold out for a while," he said.

"You need someone to push you," said Mrs. Martyn. "Someone ought to build up a personality for you."

"Don't you like the one I've got?" he asked, smiling into her eyes.

"It's much too subtle," said Mrs. Martyn.

Lloyd turned to Judy with an anxious, a guilty smile. "Cigarette?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she answered, and he lit one for himself.

"Don't!" said Mrs. Martyn, so he put it out.

JUDY leaned back in her chair and looked around, and she saw that the man who had talked to her in the pool was just entering the smoke-room. He smiled in his polite way, and went over to a corner.

"Excuse me!" said Judy, rising.

Let him think she was running after him—she didn't care. She wasn't going to sit there while Mrs. Martyn just—made a fool of her!

The man looked surprised and pleased when he saw Judy coming; he rose and drew back a chair for her. "Thank you!" he said. "It's very kind of you to come and keep me company."

"Well, I thought you looked lonely," she said, smiling into his eyes.

"Oh, yes?" he said.

"Yes. Very."

There was a silence. "Suppose we have champagne cocktails?" he said. "To celebrate this—occasion?"

"Oh, grand!" said Judy. "Maybe," she thought, "a champagne cocktail will make me lively. Lloyd will see me having a good time. . . . Only, I've got to talk, and I don't know anything to say."

She glanced up, and found her companion looking at her with a half-smiling, half-melancholy admiration.

"I'll be glad to see land tomorrow," she said.

"It's a lovely island," said he.

"Have you been here before?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" he said.

The steward set the champagne cocktails before them. "They cost a dollar apiece, at the Country Club," she thought. "It's nice of him to do this. He's rather sweet."

But he was hard to talk to. He raised his glass and said, "Happy landings!" They smiled again at each other. "He must be about Daddy's age," she thought, and suddenly felt like crying. "I wish Daddy were on this trip. I'd have someone of my own then, if Lloyd—"

Her companion rose—because Mrs. Martyn was coming toward them. "Don't let me interrupt you," she said.

"Not at all!" said he. "Sit down, won't you?" He drew back a chair for her.

"I've been looking for you all afternoon, Mr. Gerard," she said. "We've got up a farewell dinner for you at the purser's table."

"That's very kind," he said, as if surprised and a little touched.

"We all feel the same way," she said. "Nobody wanted to bother you, but we all wanted *very* much to know you better. You're going to Puerto Rico next, aren't you? How will you get there?"

"I'll sail over," he said.

"Do you know the Vansons in Mayagüez?" she asked. He did. They talked about the Vansons, about other people, other places. And Judy sat there, silent.

"She's doing the *same thing again!*" she cried to herself. "I hate her! Wasn't it enough, to get Lloyd away from me, to ruin *that?* Did she have to come over here, just to humiliate me again!"

"Judy . . ." said Mrs. Martyn, as if she'd said it before and had not been answered. "Will you join our dinner party?"

"What else can I do," thought Judy. "Lloyd will be with them, of course. If I don't go down at all—if I stay in my cabin, everyone will know. They'll be sorry for me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Martyn," she said, like a little girl. She felt like a little girl, with a child's anguish of helplessness, a child's dreadful awareness that its pain is of no importance, no interest. She took up the champagne cocktail—and set it down, suddenly overwhelmed by the thought of her father.

"No!" she said to herself. "If I can't be attractive without drinks, then I'll just be a dud. I don't care! I won't be cheap!" She leaned back in her chair, trying not to think any more about her father. "I might listen to that man-eater," she thought. "I might try to see how she works."

"When I get to Tobago," Mr. Gerard was saying; then he checked himself. "I'm afraid I'm being a bit egotistic," he said, looking at Mrs. Martyn with his half-melancholy smile.

"No," she said; "I *want* to hear. Please go on!"

HE DID go on, but Judy could not listen. She looked across the room and saw that Lloyd had gone. "He didn't wait for me," she thought. "He didn't even ask me if I was coming to the dinner party. That's my fault. It has to be. He did like me; I know it. But somehow I couldn't keep him. My fault . . ."

She did not know what mistake she had made, how she had failed. "I tried," she thought. "I never in my life tried so hard—to make anyone like me. He did like me. *She* could get him—so easily."

"Coming?" asked Mrs. Martyn, rising.

"We'll just finish our cocktails, if you don't mind," said Gerard, rising too. "We'll join you presently."

Judy looked after her as she went away. So neat and chic and little, everything about her absolutely right. "I'm too tall," she thought. "Tall and slouchy, with this silly long hair. And no life in me. I'm pretty but what good is that? A dead pan . . ."

"Charming woman, isn't she?" said Gerard.

"I guess so," said Judy.

"The thing is," he went on, "she takes an interest in you. You feel that."

Judy glanced at him, frowning a little, but he was smoking, and not looking at her.

"Well, I suppose that's her line," said Judy.

"I don't think so," said Gerard. "She likes people, y'know. She's interested. You feel that." He paused. "I'm an old bachelor, y'know," he said. "I've spent most of my life traveling around. It's my business. And I've learned to size people up. I generally can tell, if someone's genuine—or simply trying to make an impression."

She looked and looked at him, her lips

parted. "Is he saying that—for me?" she thought. His face expressed nothing, and he was still not looking at her. "Is *that* it?" she thought. "Is that how Mrs. Martyn gets people? By being interested in them, making them talk? And is that how I lost out? I've talked several times to Mr. Gerard, but I didn't even know his name. And Lloyd . . . he's been worrying about his contract. I really did care, but I didn't show it. I've been such a hateful, boring egotist. . . . *Can I get him back?*"

"Ready?" asked Mr. Gerard. He didn't even mention the champagne cocktail, untouched. He still didn't look at her, but his voice was so very kind . . . "Like Daddy," she thought.

THEY had both risen, and he held out his hand. "I'm leaving the ship tomorrow morning," he said. "May not have another chance to say au revoir."

"But—the dinner party?" she said.

"I don't think you'd enjoy that," he said. "Lot of middle-aged people."

But Lloyd would be with them.

"Au revoir!" said Mr. Gerard, giving her hand a squeeze, and now he looked at her and smiled, and went away.

She hurried out on deck, almost running. Almost crying. "He didn't want me, either. Nobody does. That's because I'm a bore. So egotistical. I sat there with him—and I didn't talk. I was thinking how I could make an impression on Lloyd." She went forward, where it was dark, and stood at the rail. Below her on the forecastle deck, two Negro sailors sat, playing with a kitten; from the lighted quarters came the sound of a mouth organ, playing the Toreador's Song. It was like a stage, dimly lit, strange, wonderful; there were brilliant stars in the sky, a sweet wind blew. And she was alone. "I've never felt so lonely," she thought, with tears running down her face. "I rate it. I don't give anything; why should I get anything?"

"Are you going to eat any dinner?" asked Lloyd's voice behind her.

"I'm not hungry," she said.

"They've got a place there for you," he said.

"Well, I don't—feel like going down," she said. "You go on back."

She had not meant to be like this, so hostile. Only, he mustn't know she was crying.

"It's a nice party," he said.

"All right!" said Judy. "Go on back to it, then."

He was silent behind her. She leaned her arms on the rail and looked down at the lighted forecastle. All blurred now. . . .

"I suppose," he said presently, "that, compared to a mighty traveler like Gerard, I'm not very interesting."

Her tears stopped; for an instant it felt as if her heart stopped. And then started beating fast, with delight. "So you're jealous, are you?" she thought.

"You seem to like the old boys," he said. "The fellow who came to see you off . . ."

"No!" she said to herself. "*No!*" She turned. "That was my father," she said. "He's—" She couldn't go on for a moment. "You'd like him," she said. "He's—pretty grand. I sort of thought Mr. Gerard was a little bit like him."

She thought, "I'm being honest now, Lloyd. I don't want you to be jealous. I want you to be happy. Because I love you."

"After you've finished dinner," she said, "won't you—talk to me about your contract, Lloyd?"

HE DIDN'T say a word, for a long time. "If I sign it," he said, "I'd get a hundred a week, for three months, and if I get across, they'd renew, for a hundred and fifty. That's not so bad. The only thing is, I'd have to sing a lot of third-rate stuff. That wouldn't hurt me, for six months, but I've seen what happens to other people. They get a lot of money and a lot of applause for third-rate stuff, and they're finished, sunk."

He was asking her to help him. Turning to her, trusting her. And she couldn't fail him. She couldn't *be* so young.

"If you don't sign the contract," she said, "what could you do?"

"I'd like to study for another six months," he said. "Build up my repertoire. I've got enough money to carry on, but—"

"That's what you ought to do!" she cried. "Don't sign the contract, Lloyd!"

"Yes, but just now, I'd—like to be earning money," he said, his voice unsteady.

"I'm not afraid," she thought. "What he thinks about me isn't the important thing. He's worried and unhappy. Love isn't a game, where you try to win. It's *this*."

She reached for his hand, and when she took it he jumped. "Well, dear," she said, "you've got lots of time."

"Have I?" he said, with his fingers tightening over hers. "You're so beautiful, and so sweet. Somebody else—"

"There won't be anybody else—ever!" she cried, with a sob.

His arm around her was so strong, but so gentle. He was like that. He had that fortitude, that quiet gentleness, and still he needed her. Nothing was mixed up any more; love made the road ahead so clear.

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that kickoff feeling

(*Continued from page 29*)

to do, and yell, "Why don't you good people go home. Haven't you anything better to do?"

One of the few times in a game I ever know there's a crowd in the stands is before the opening whistle. During the play the crowd fades away like noises in a dream. When the spectators get too noisy and we can't hear ourselves think in the scrimmage, we have to shush them. At the end of the game they often seem pretty comforting, especially if we've won. It's a thrill to know that people have thought enough of our team and school to come out and watch us having a good day.

Just before the opening whistle our nerves keep jangling, until they ring right out loud. I often wonder why more mistakes aren't made when the toe meets the leather for the first time.

While the ball is in the air, my own forced calm finally leaves me entirely, and for the seconds it takes for that ball to reach its destination I'm really nervous. My hands get wet, my heart bumps like a jittery trip hammer. If I catch the ball, I run as in a dream—until I am hit. Then, at the instant when I feel the good, hard thump of a body against mine, the miracle happens—my nerves disappear as if by magic. I am as calm as if I were sitting in class. Stands, yells, everything blots out—except the urge to get away from those clutching hands and driving tacklers. I am just a football player now, ready to use all my cunning and strength to knock down, evade, and wham the other fellow as hard as I can and as long as I can. I think this happens to almost every player I know. Body meets body and blots out the jitters.

FROM that moment on, everybody is ready to do or die. Not in a rah-rah, emotional, storybook sort of way, but in a sort of cold, calculating fury. I've often tried to figure out this feeling, but can't quite understand it. It's a sort of unemotional desire to annihilate the other fellow in a nice, clean way. Boxers feel it when they try to slug each other into insensibility—then prove their lack of genuine murderousness when they hug each other when the fight is over. As Al Bergner says, "Boy, I begin hating them back in June; then I could kiss them all winter when the season is over!"

When the play begins, nothing counts except to play as hard as possible. Few of the varsity footballers I have played with or against cared a snap about glamour. There is no place for the headline runner or showoff on our modern teams. I doubt if even Red Grange ever galloped with the sportpage headlines in mind. Good football players concentrate on hitting the line or their appointed man with all they have. If their minds are on the next day's story they are likely to be knocked on their ears.

I get more satisfaction out of a good, clean block than I do out of breaking in the clear and running unmolested for a touchdown. Avoiding would-be tacklers and fighting through broken fields and hitting the mark with a pass are big thrills, but my biggest thrill comes when I cut down a runner or a player, hitting hard. It's primitive fun—but, still, fun.

Vicious tackles—the ones which you hear all over the stadium, and which make the back teeth of the spectators in the top row rattle—are the most fun. Two years ago Art Franks, the Navy quarterback, hit Columbia's Sid Luckman so hard you could almost hear Luckman's bones crunch. Everyone thought it overvicious except Luckman. Like the rest of us, Luckman knows that football is a hard-hitting game. The idea is to see if the other fellow can take it. The harder you hit, the slower he comes next time. Naturally, the fellow who keeps coming just as hard wins his opponents' respect, often cows them with his ability to take it. Games have been won on this psychological point.

Of course, most players, while they enjoy hitting hard, don't always enjoy the opposite. In a game with Army a few years ago someone noticed that a Harvard player, after being tackled hard, would get up, pat his opponent on the back, saying, "Nice tackle, kid!" When asked later why he did it, the man said, "When you flatter them, they don't hit you so hard the next time!"

THE first two quarters of a game pass very quickly. For me it's always a sort of warm-up period. Usually it takes a couple of periods to get things running smoothly, get our plays working, test out what we've been schooled to expect. Of course, lots of ball games are won or lost in the first half, but I always feel, unless it's a case of one team overpowering the other, that the early touchdowns are scored on mistakes.

The half, of course, is the turning point of many a game. A team may disappear into the dressing-room looking licked, then come out for the second half filled with "jazz, pap, and spatinuity," as my high-school Swedish trainer once said. Or a team may come out too confident, and proceed to blow the game by taking it too easy.

About this mysterious half-hour a great fiction has arisen: the fiction of the storming, fight-talk coach. I've never known such a coach, and I doubt that such an acid-tongued cross between a Billy Sunday, a slave driver, and a bullying senator exists any more—outside the movies. Football has changed a lot since Frank Merriwell's day. I think the modern players wouldn't stand for violent exhortations from synthetically worked up emotionalists.

You hear plenty of stories about coaches who go in for between-halves dramatics, and some of them are probably true. The late Knute Rockne, for instance, failed to appear in the dressing-room between halves during a game Notre Dame was losing to Army. His players sat around glumly, wondering what Rock would say when he showed. Just before the half, a bald head inserted itself in

THE ANIMAL FAIR

"Cooley," a German shepherd dog owned by Luther Durham, Campbellsville, Ky., collects his daily lunch from a restaurant in a basket and carries it home before eating it.

While irrigating his farm last spring, Elton Peterson, Circleville, Utah, found a wild gosling, which he took home and raised with his leghorn chicks. Today the goose is the self-appointed guardian of the whole chicken yard, honking a loud warning when a hawk appears in the daytime, or a weasel or skunk during the night.

When one of a pair of lovebirds dies the other is supposed to pine to death. Mrs. Hazel Heald, Cambridge, Mass., lost one of her lovebirds, and the other was inconsolable until she placed a mirror in the cage. He immediately regained his health and appetite, and has lived happily for three years with his reflected image.

A white rat, obviously some youngster's lost pet, recently made his home in a drainpipe at one of the busiest intersections of San Diego, Calif. Businessmen in the vicinity see that he gets his daily rations of peanuts and popcorn, which he takes from their hands without fear.

A hotel for dogs is operated by George Merritt as a side line to his regular hotel at Ontario, Ore. Each dog has his private quarters, and reservations are made in advance.

Ed Swigert, of Hannibal, Mo., says his cows recognize songs when he sings them. In the evening he always starts them homeward from the pasture with *The Song of the Vagabonds*, and if he should happen to sing it to them at any other time of the day they instantly make a beeline for the barn.

J. H. Schmitz, of Herington, Kans., built his duck house on a small stream. A foot above the water he hung an electric light bulb, and during the summer season he turns it on at dusk and off when the family goes to bed. The ducks feast on the bugs that collect around the light.

●

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the door, and looked around. "Oh, pardon me," said Rockne. "I thought I was in the dressing-room of the Fighting Irish. I see I've made a mistake." Then he disappeared. Naturally, the Notre Dame players were stung, and they went out and cleaned up the Army.

In general, coaches are no longer Simon Legrees. They know the main purpose of the rest period is to rest, and most coaches try to pump new life into their teams in unspectacular tones. Usually the line and backfield coaches go over mistakes, making suggestions on how to strengthen attack and defense.

The head coach will walk around talking to each member of the varsity, pat us on the back, ask how we feel, drop a word of encouragement. Possibly in the last two minutes he'll give out some pep talk, but he'll talk in a quiet, conversational tone.

I suppose I ought to add that I have always had an overpowering desire to sleep during the halves of a game. I succeeded in doing this only once—during the Army–Navy game two years ago. I crawled behind some lockers and dozed off. Most players take the rest period pretty placidly. A few occasionally try to rant about mistakes, begin recriminations, but they don't get very far. Most make plans for annihilating their opponents, especially if they've been fouled, outplayed, tricked by someone. Some players find they've been playing with bad cuts they hadn't noticed. I played most of one game with a sprained ankle, and was unable to walk for two weeks afterward. During the game I didn't notice it any more than I notice hard knocks.

THE third quarter is the part of the game I get the biggest kick out of. By this time our kinks, mental and physical, are ironed out, we have tested our offense and defense, know what to expect and what works best. There's a wonderful sense of satisfaction now when things begin to click. And I think we hit hardest.

Not all the hitting is done with the body. A lot is done with the tongue. Many teams are as silent as wooden Indians, but our own Navy teams are always full of chatter. Maybe our players aren't masters of Noel Coward repartee, but they can give off good, solid cracks which sometimes help—sometimes don't. For instance, in our game with Pennsylvania, we knew that Frank Reagan, the great Penn back, was going to give us trouble. We also happened to hear that he had reputedly refused an offer to play at Lafayette, but had chosen Pennsylvania instead for certain advantages.

We used the information in the game, and, from the first time we lined up until the end of the game, we rode Frank with all our wits as well as our bodies. We nicknamed him Flash, the Million Dollar Kid. On the line of scrimmage someone would yell, "Okay, boys; this one over the Million Dollar Kid. But watch out for his profile—there's Hollywood scouts in the stands." Or, "Hey, Frank! Did you bring your scrapbook? I'm going to paste you in it!" Not brilliant persiflage, but calculated to cut Frank down a little. Unfortunately, it didn't work. The more we said, the harder Reagan played and the harder his pals hit. We were a pretty banged-up team after that game, which ended 0–0.

We had a lot better luck with Sid Luckman of Columbia, I believe. Sid's one of the best backs I ever ran up against but he had one weakness: He took everything hard. He carried his team around on his shoulders. blamed himself for the mistakes his teammates made. "Careful," someone once said to Sid, "or you'll drop that team." It was a cinch to put on a long face when we lined up against Columbia, then mock Luckman with false tears, saying, "Gee, Sid, that was lousy, and all your fault, too!" Luckman took all these cracks to heart.

Somehow Luckman never could beat us. His passes never seemed to click against us. He was always running into bum luck, and last year he kept running into Swede Hansen. Hansen, who stands about 6'2" but looks 6'8" in a football uniform, was a Navy guard up to that Columbia game. But our coach, Hank Hardwick, thought he was taking things too easily, so he had spent most games warming the bench. Because of his height, Hank suddenly put Hansen into the Columbia game as defensive back. Luckman spent the entire afternoon looking smack into the chops of Hansen, just as he was about to throw those touchdown passes. Hansen won that game for us.

WHILE Garbisch, of the Army, used to utter a short prayer before the play ran off, some players used pretty mayhemous expressions on each other. I have heard Luckman swear unhappily when something went wrong.

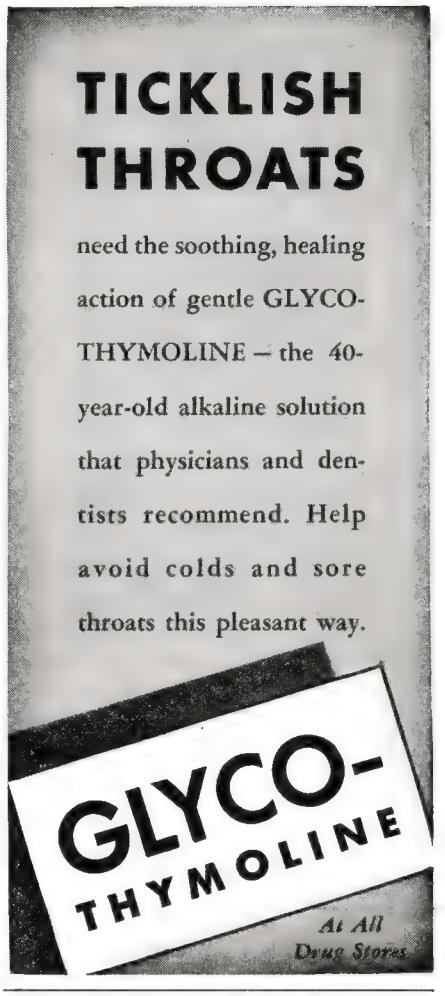
Men who have played on the same teams in prep school always make a point of hitting each other harder when they oppose each other later. During last year's Army–Navy game, Army's big right tackle, Harry Stella, carried on a knock-down, drag-out feud with his old-time teammate, Bergner. Often opposing players carry on congenially with each other between plays. During the Navy–Columbia game last year our end, Pete Powell, made arrangements to get Army–Navy tickets for Columbia's captain, Jack Wright, during the line play. But when they hit, they hit.

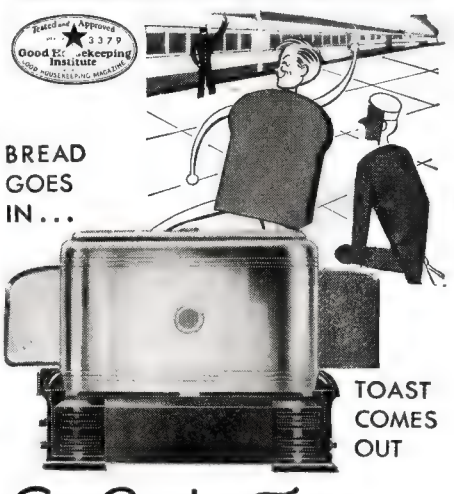
Often you run across players who use psychology with their cunning chatter. Charlie Buell, probably the best quarterback Harvard ever had, had a cute habit of standing over the line of scrimmage surveying the opposing linemen and saying cheerfully, "Webster, you've been having a quiet afternoon so far. Suppose we run a play over you and wake you up." And, *bang!* the play *would* go over Webster. They'd line up again, and Buell would say, "Well, Webster, how did you like that? . . . You did? Then let's try it again." And they would.

Then Buell would say, "Well, Webster, that'll be enough for you for the time being. Let's try the next one on you—Sklewiejieski!" And over Sklewiejieski the play would go.

After a time, cagily choosing his spot, Buell would suddenly announce, "Are you rested now, Webster? . . . Okay, then let's try you again." Trustingly, Webster would get set, but the wily Buell would nastily run the play over Sklewiejieski!

Classically, the huddle is supposed to be the place to discuss plans for the dance after the game and, incidentally, mention the next play. The spectator sees it as a calm get-together; actually it may be the center of internecine strife. Naturally, a lot of information passes around in it. The holes in the defense are reported and places where our own players need jacking up. A lot of vicious criticism goes on: "That Benoir's making you look like a bum, Whitehead!" or





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"Why don't you stop slapping that guy on the wrist, sailor?"

I ought to point out here that a huddle often disobeys the coach. Some people have an idea that on the field a team is a bunch of puppets pulled by strings from the bench. Actually, a team on the field is as much on its own as a fighter in the middle of the ring. We have ready-made plays and instructions, painfully ground into us before the game, and we have an idea of when we're expected to use them. But these are only general instructions—on the field we use our own judgment.

Teams are always doing things that cause coaches to pull their hair out on the bench. I can safely say all passes thrown from behind your own goal line are on your own conscience. Often coaches learn things afterward which prove that the disobedient quarterback was right when he failed to kick on fourth down in his own territory on the 33-yard line, but tried to make that extra yard by rushing. After all, the coach couldn't see that the tackle on the other team was groggy and it was at least a 50-50 chance to get through him with a plunge.

OCCASIONALLY, in the heat of battle there are vindictive kneeings and elbows are jabbed into groins during pile-ups. It happens in any game. Men in fighting mood don't always remember their tea-party manners. But it doesn't pay to lose your temper and slug right out. A sorehead player is a sucker for a feint-and-block.

Holding, of course, is one of those heat-of-battle lapses. While it's pretty common, it's rarely deliberate. Players get excited and, in their anxiety to win, they grab their opponents illegally. A couple of years ago during a Columbia–Cornell game, Lou Little, the Columbia coach, warned the referee to watch out for holding. Little meant for him to watch Cornell, whom he suspected. The referee kept his eye open and promptly detected the foul—only it was on the Columbia team! Since the foul was committed in midfield, he walked over and thanked the wincing Lou!

Generally speaking, football is about the cleanest game I know. Nobody, as in baseball, would think of hurling himself cleats first at an oncoming player, or clout him a rabbit punch as in wrestling, or hockey where it's done with a stick. We find we can do much more damage with a good, clean tackle.

Among the players during a game, there is little show of emotion. There is too much to do for a player to sit down and maybe have a good cry. But sometimes players do cry. I have seen one run 95 yards for a touchdown with tears streaming down his face. I know of a player who fainted regularly from excitement on the bench, then played a bang-up game when he finally got in. Last year Bergner cried like a baby on the bench through the Princeton game. Seems that Bergner had had his leg broken accidentally two years before during the Princeton game, and he was dying to get in there and show the Tigers up. Unfortunately, he was suffering from some other injury which kept him out, and it saddened him terribly.

The worst emotion to feel before, during, or after a game, is overconfidence. Sooner a depressed bunch of fellows than a cocky bunch. I ought to know. Before the Yale game last year some of the Yale boys came round offering to bet against their Alma Mater. That's what they thought of their team. It went to our heads and we played the worst game of our careers: losing 9–7. I don't know what we played but it wasn't football. True confidence is something else again. An outclassed team can often win if it has that quiet determination and plays its head off, with its mind on the next play.

Mistakes are hard to swallow. Sometimes I can't sleep after a game. If we've won, it's because of sheer happiness. If we've lost, I play the game over and over, usually correcting my mistakes—and winning. Two years ago I batted down a pass near Penn's goal line. It was smack in my hands. Had I caught it I had a clear field ahead for a touchdown. I still catch that pass and run—especially after a hard game.

Once in a great while we go to pieces during the play, and those are futile moments.

IT'S THE LAW!

By Dick Hyman

O. Soglow

Youngsters, to be within the law, must obtain permits for slingshots in Moscow, Idaho

A couple of years ago Princeton had us fooled with a play they called Navy 80. The Princeton quarter would get the ball, spin, fake giving it to a passing back, wait a second or so, then head out around our end all by himself. Meanwhile, that end had chased the first man, so the Princeton quarter had the field for himself. Three times Princeton worked that play for touchdowns. We couldn't fathom it, our brains grew numb, and we lost badly. Last year Princeton tried it again, but we stopped it cold.

NATURALLY, our little afternoons with the Army are different from the days we entertain William and Mary. We may go through hell for W. & M., but we go through superhell for the Army. The minute the gun closes one year's Army–Navy game, we start thinking about next year's game—especially if we've been licked, as we have in the past two years. That sort of thing builds up a pre-game psychosis which exaggerates everything out of its normal proportions. Some of us pick our man on the Army team and make serious plans for his annihilation. Last year Swede Hansen picked on Moose Mather, Army guard, weeks before, then played Mather to a standstill during the game. For a time I thought it was personal—settling an old Tennessee feud.

I believe that is one game in which we get pretty emotional. It is probably the hardest-fought game of the season. And I think I can safely say the cleanest considering the viciousness of each tackle and block. I can't remember a penalty for roughness in the games I've played.

To give you an example of how we exaggerate things, last year's Army game was a heartbreaker to lose. One moment I thought we had it won. That was the third quarter—the score was tied, our spinners were working. We were on the Army's 19-yard line, second down and a yard or so to go. I got the ball, the boys opened a beautiful hole in front of me, the secondary was being blotted out, and I was off with the mail directly. It looked like a clear field ahead, and maybe a touchdown. I remember putting on full speed ahead, feeling as light as a bubble.

Then something hit me—I didn't know what—and the ball flew out of my hands. Army's tackle, Stella, a pain in the neck to us all afternoon, had shot through like a bolt and hit me plenty hard.

The fourth quarter of that game was the most exhausting I've ever played. Sometimes we want to keep right on playing after the final whistle, but that game was such a dogfight all the way that neither team would have been able to stand up if it had lasted five minutes longer. All I can remember when that whistle blew was that I wanted something. I wasn't sure what. I kept thinking of my high-school coach. He used to make us run under a baseball bat to get us to charge low. If we didn't, we ran into the bat. I kept feeling as if I hadn't charged low enough.

THE greatest thrill in football is to come through a tough game and win. You want to kiss your pals and all the spectators for that. Especially your pals. For, after all, football is a team game, and the team that best pulls together wins most often. Often a weak team, getting that gregarious electric surge, will become great, just like that. The best team I ever saw was the Navy team of 1926, which, after a very bad season, stood in the muck and rain of Soldier Field in Chicago, and came from behind twice to tie one of the greatest of all Army teams—21–21, the team with Harry Wilson and the other wonderful backs. I think it was the spirit of that Navy team which made me want to play football for the Navy.

The worst feeling is to lose a game you expected to win—either through carelessness or overconfidence. The moral victories, of which we members of this year's team feel we have had an excessive share in the past couple of years, aren't nearly so satisfactory as real victories.

Some of us who have had two years of varsity ball, and are playing a final year, naturally take a pretty hard-boiled course. We say to each other, "Well, one ball game is like another!"

Inside, we feel differently. We can't help feeling differently, especially if we love the game. And this year we're going to do something else differently. I'm not saying what, but look for it on the afternoon we meet a team called Army.

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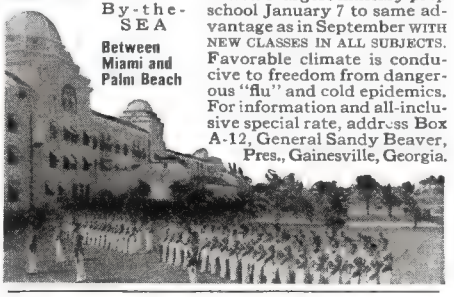

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Revolt AT SUNSET

(*Continued from page 47*)

and down by the river the land suddenly became a blood-red carpet of poppies across which a shepherd was moving, a solitary perpendicular amidst a formless, dusty cloud of sheep and goats.

A sound from the east caused Henry Collis to turn his head. On the brow of a hill, in the direction of the Residency, he saw a bas-relief against the mauve twilight. A girl upon a horse. The horse, in an ambiguous Arab blend of disdain and coquetry, came mincing down the lane toward the river. That charming performance, which had occurred frequently before, didn't surprise Henry. Usually Evelyn Graham rode by with a wave of her hand, or some brief and cheerful salutation. But tonight, to his astonishment, she reined up beside the excavation and dismounted.

"HELLO," she called out. "Still playing the hermit? A bit rash, don't you think?"

He strolled over to her in his lanky, loose-limbed way, chewing a blade of grass, cogitating. "Why rash?" he asked her defensively.

"I came here," she said, "to tip you off. Dad's on the rampage about you. He's actually detailing a couple of men to come down here tonight—so you're in for it. Why don't you ease out now, quietly? It'll save no end of dither, on both sides."

"That's kind of you," he admitted, "but I've got a problem to solve here before I cross the Jordan. And I wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance solving it without all the collated material I have around me here. Not to mention the possibility that if I dig farther into the eighteenth layer I may get some more chronological evidence to help me—"

She asked him for a cigarette, and they sat down together on an ancient block of stone. Smoking, Evelyn Graham cupped a chin in a hand and stared into the dusk. "Is it really that old Benoit theory?" she asked. "Dad said you were working on it. He laughed, but I didn't. Benoit may have been mad as a hatter, but there was something frighteningly sincere about him. Tell me. Have you actually found something?"

Her relaxed mood, her evident friendliness, he found astonishingly soothing.

"Yes," he admitted cautiously. "I have found something. And I know I can trust you. I need someone to trust at this moment—badly. Just in case something silly happens to me in this uprising, like getting imprisoned or bumped off, someone reliable and intelligent ought to know what I've found; and to act accordingly. Now, listen carefully. Just ten days ago, over there in the eighteenth layer, I found a small amphora. There's a line of archaic cuneiform on it so early in character that—"

HE DID not finish the sentence. It was swept off the air, obliterated by a succession of sounds which congealed them both; left them staring open-mouthed toward the east. A spasmodic crackling like brushwood on fire, yet far sharper and more venomous. In the sky beyond the hills, toward the Residency, they saw faint adumbrations of cloudy, reddish light.

Evelyn Graham ran toward her horse, which was pawing the ground, whinnying. Henry Collis, running after her, caught her by the elbow. "You can't go back there," he told her.

She shook his hand off, her foot already in a stirrup. "Nonsense! I can't leave Dad alone. We don't expect the reinforcements until nine tonight."

"If you'll leave your horse here," he pleaded, "I'll run you back in the car. It'll be quicker and safer. Wait here!" he added, and ran toward his tent.

When he rejoined her he had a small wooden box under his arm. He handed it to her. "This," he said calmly, "is just about the most important thing in my life." She darted a quizzical glance at him as she placed the box on the seat beside her. "Hurry," she said. "I think they've fired the village. It's getting so bright over there."

It took them twelve minutes to reach the bend in the road where they could first glimpse the village. Evelyn Graham sat beside him clasping and unclasping her hands, but she did not speak. And her silence pleased him, for it denoted something controlled and tempered, not unlike the resilience of a good steel blade. He thought, "The old man may be hidebound, single-tracked, but there's something in that fiber . . ."

When they saw the village it was an inferno. A dozen houses were burning with a bright, steady glare, and within the glare a multitude of dark figures were running hither and thither, without purpose or coordination. The night air was filled with shouting and wailing. Rounding the final corner the headlights veered along the walls of the Residency; picked out the twin sentry boxes and the tall iron gates. But the gates were closed, and between them and the car there was a milling white-robed throng, dark-faced and ominous.

"Bedouins," Evelyn Graham whispered. "Not our people. Better go easy."

When the crowd realized that the car was heading for the Residency its mood changed. It wheeled in a single, concerted movement of fury toward the car. Evelyn Graham covered her face with her hands. "Duck!" Henry Collis told her, slamming down the accelerator pedal. "There's just one way to tackle this."

The car shot forward. The surge of white wraiths faltered; then divided, leaving a narrow path to the gates. Henry, staring beyond the breaking ranks of the crowd, saw something unfamiliar upon the low, flat-topped wall of the Residency. Something white and elongated, and limp. It was doubled up helplessly on the top of the wall, and it looked somewhat like a bolster. But it wasn't a bolster, Henry knew. He glanced quickly at Evelyn Graham; saw thankfully that her hands still covered her face. Then he saw the Residency gates swinging open, manipulated by unseen hands in the dark garden beyond.

Several bullets came pinging through the night as the car entered the gate and scrunched along the gravel driveway. But nothing hit them. They halted at the door of the Residency, and a cautious, dark face peered out from a widening crack of light. As Evelyn Graham clambered down from the car Henry gave her the wooden box containing the amphora. For an instant she looked at it uncomprehendingly. "Oh—that," she said. "I'd forgotten . . . What I'm thinking about now is Dad."

He, too, was thinking about her father, but he didn't tell her so. "Better get indoors, quick," he told her. And as she fled into the house a bullet struck the wall beside the door with a soft sound of crumbling plaster. "Close that door!" he shouted angrily to the trembling Arab who was standing on the threshold in a white galabia and a scarlet sash. The door slammed to.

Henry Collis left the car, dropped to his hands and knees, and began a slow, painful pilgrimage across the lawn. It was only about sixty yards in length, but a moon had appeared now, as slender as the fingernail of an Arab princess, yet potently luminous. While he crawled along the scant shelter afforded by intermittent groups of shrubbery he could see the shrouded figures still lingering outside the gates. These had been closed again, and padlocked, but the sentry boxes were deserted. When he was halfway across the lawn someone fired two more desultory shots. He heard the familiar pinging in the darkness above his head, then a tinkling of glass behind him. The Bedouins hadn't yet discovered him, but they had found a new diversion in the vulnerable windows of the Residency.

HENRY never knew how long it took him to cross the lawn; but at last he reached the sanctuary of the inky strip of shadow beneath the Residency wall. And here, groping along the wall, moving in a stooping position toward the gates, the darkness was so great that he abruptly came in contact with a pair of heels dangling from the wall before he realized that he'd actually reached his quarry. The Resident still lay limp and inanimate across the top of the wall, face downward. Dead, Henry Collis thought. But the reflection left him singularly emotionless. It was as if his senses had become atrophied by the incredible world of bloodshed and violence into which he had been sharply plunged.

Almost automatically he grasped Sir

Hunter Graham's limp heels and gave a tug. The Resident, though he had attained a majestic and occasionally terrifying six feet, must have been composed of skin and bones. Plus, like most of his breed, a fanatical determination to "keep fit." A necessary corollary, Henry supposed ironically, to empire-serving. One of the unwritten rules. . . . At any rate, the Resident's lanky form came crashing down at the first, gentle pull.

Henry made a brief, unprofessional examination in the darkness. And here, for the first time that night, reality became articulate, vociferous in Henry's mind. It struck him with a horrid impact. The Resident's face was soaked in a semicongealed, sticky liquid. But he was still breathing laboriously.

The return journey across the lawn took infinitely longer than the outward journey. But finally, panting, dragging his burden, Henry Collis reached the two shallow steps at the door of the Residency. He rose aching, sweating, to reach for the doorbell. And as he reached for it something came pinging again through the night. Something struck him, with an unbelievable force, at the base of his skull. . . .

HE FOUND himself lying fully dressed on a narrow sofa. There were flies crawling over the whitewashed ceiling of the room; there was a lamp casting a cone of light upon the floor; and there was a dull, steady pain at the back of his head. He heard voices beyond the cone of light, but they seemed to be quite far away. One of the voices, a masculine one, was unfamiliar. "Keep him fairly calm for the next few hours," the voice was saying. "Give the thing a chance to start healing. As a matter of fact, your young friend's shod with luck. He's suffering from mere shock. The bullet only grazed his scalp."

The voices faded. . . . Ten, perhaps twenty, minutes later Henry Collis slowly raised his head. Now he had a superior range of view. The doctor, the owner of the masculine voice, had gone, and next to him he could see Evelyn Graham seated in an armchair, her chin cupped in her hand. There was an air of complete despondency about her, and her features looked somehow older than when he had last seen them.

"Dear Santa Claus"

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However, there's one sure way to simplify the problem. Send the gift that everybody likes to get—and that is year-long proof of your good sense in choosing it.

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See page 126

He raised himself on one elbow, voicing a sudden, overwhelming thought. "Is the amphora safe?"

She jumped a little at the sound of his voice. "Thank God, *you're* all right," she said. And added, with a touch of impatience, "Don't fret about the amphora. It's in the house. One of the servants took it—" And then, as if regretting her brusqueness, "I can't begin to thank you for what you did for Dad. At least"—her voice quavered—"at least he won't die alone now."

He rose and moved through the semidarkness of the room toward her chair. "What do you mean? What's happened?"

She shrugged. "There's nothing to be done for him," she said in a flat voice. "He went out there to harangue the crowd from the wall—an old habit of his. Always sees himself in the role of peacemaker. And one of the snipers got him."

Her voice was steady now. He thought, sitting down beside her on the broad arm of the chair, running true to form. Stoical. Like the old man. But inside she's just about to crack up. Old Ironsides must have had his points as a father.

"Got a cigarette?" she asked him.

Her hands trembled as she lighted their two cigarettes. They inhaled simultaneously, and it seemed to bring them an obscure solace.

"There's no more firing now," the girl mused. "It's all over. I've been through this kind of thing three or four times before, and it always ends as suddenly as it begins. Now we'll have a couple of months' peace—until some new savior of his race ignites another set of fireworks. It doesn't really make sense, does it?" And he knew in the darkness that she was gazing steadily toward the door communicating with the next room; brooding over the enigma of man's eternal belligerence.

"WHAT does make sense nowadays?" he asked her wearily. "Open your morning paper anywhere—London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Tokyo—and read the headlines. Read the crimes, the quarrels, the lies, and the recriminations. And then answer your question."

"I do know what makes sense!" she said fiercely. "A career like yours. Something which frees you from this insane world." He knew that she was staring toward the communicating door again. "For forty years that man in there devoted himself, in his own stolid way, to conciliating unruly men, settling their miserable little quarrels, giving them honest government and decent jobs. He simply saw himself as a public servant, nothing else. And now that they believe they can better themselves, this is what he gets for it! This!—" In the darkness he heard a short, heartbreaking sound. "Oh, no!" she added with an incredible bitterness. "Don't ever question your own good luck! Thank your lucky stars that you're free. Free to retire into your private little shell of knowledge. Free to laugh at the absurdities of each passing generation, knowing all the time that nothing lasts! Nothing! Why it must be heavenly!"

Abruptly her voice broke in a paroxysm of grief which appalled him, knowing that he was helpless to assuage it. And yet, he decided, this was better for her. Better than that pent-up thing, that mask. . . . He groped in the darkness for her hand, and held it. And her fingers gripped his fiercely, as if she found in them a modicum of com-

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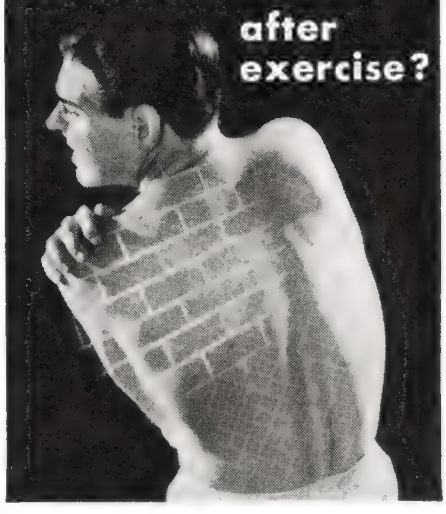

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(SEE PAGES 78 and 123)

fort and sanity; something to cling to. . . .

The hours dragged by. The vigil continued in silence, her head resting in utter weariness on his shoulder. At intervals she would tiptoe over to the communicating door, and glance into the room beyond; would return with a sigh, a shake of her head. On one such occasion he wandered out into the hall of the Residency and turned on the lights. Two ancient Arab servants sat there flanking the entrance door, their faces as darkly seamed as walnuts, and each had an old-fashioned Lee-Enfield rifle in his hands. It was evident that the relief from Allenby Bridge had not yet arrived.

There was a stone bench in the hall, and on the bench Henry Collis saw the wooden box containing his amphora. But the sight of it evoked surprisingly little elation within him. Nevertheless, he brought the box into the room where Evelyn Graham had resumed her vigil, and placed it upon a table.

After that, through sheer fatigue, he must have fallen asleep. . . .

HE AWOKE to find the lights burning, Evelyn Graham standing beside him, shaking his shoulder. "He's conscious now," she whispered. "Insists on seeing you. Will you go in—while I telephone for the doctor?"

He went into the adjacent room. There was a light beside a large bed, and at the same time he noticed a competing rose-colored light at the French windows of the room. A pair of supernaturally luminous eyes stared at him from a pillow, from an astonishingly small, drawn face. The voice was very faint: ". . . Bad mess, wasn't it, Collis? . . . Wanted to thank you for bringing my girl home."

Henry said, not facing the eyes, "The important thing is that you're getting better."

"Nonsense," the Resident said tartly. "Blighters got me between the shoulders. Wouldn't have minded so much if it'd been in the village. But they had snipers in my own garden. Gangster-like, what? Hollywood influence, if you ask me. We should never have allowed the cinema—"

That, Henry thought, wasn't quite fair. Or, as the Resident would have put it, cricket. He suggested mildly, "When anything unfortunate happens nowadays, it's the fashion to blame it on the U. S. A.—"

The Resident emitted a short cackle. "Sign of a strong country, nevertheless."

He closed his eyes, winced, and was quiet for a time. "Who brought my carcass in?"

"I happened to be outside," Henry said.

The Resident said, "Um—that part of your archaeological training? Didn't realize American education was so thorough—"

Henry laughed politely.

"I owe you—" the Resident began painfully; but Evelyn Graham came hurrying into the room at that moment. "The doctor's on his way," she announced. And then stopped short, aware that the too bright eyes were focused on her.

"Evelyn," the Resident said, with the sudden and strange irrelevance of the very sick, "did you ever cut those roses?"

"What roses, Dad?"

"Damn. That new batch of Gloire de Dijons. First decent blooms we've ever had in this benighted spot. Matter of fact, I was on my way out to cut half a dozen at sunset—when all *this* began. Please attend to it, Evelyn. Another day of heat and they'll be worthless—"

"Now, Dad?" Wonderingly. With a quick, frightened look at Henry.

"Now. I want young Collis here to see 'em. Bring 'em in here, there's a good girl."

She said, half laughing, half sobbing, "Righto. I'll get them." And to Henry, in an aside, "There's a vase in my room, at the end of the corridor. You might fetch it, and put water in it, or he'll get up. You don't know him when it comes to roses—"

She opened the French windows and stepped out into the brightening garden. The restless, luminous eyes followed her. Henry left the room, in search of the vase. It seemed a crackpot mission to him at that hour; but so be it. Anything to help Evelyn Graham, fatigued as she was, in a painful, a lacerating moment.

Crossing the adjoining room, where he had maintained that endless vigil with her, he saw a small wooden box on a table. A box containing something which once, an eternity ago, had been of supreme importance to him. And suddenly, whimsically, he thought: Well, why not? Why not bring the little amphora into a living world of usefulness and service? It was exactly the right size, too, for a few small roses.

THERE was a large mantelpiece directly opposite the bed, with a mirror above it. Henry, with a professional eye trained to symmetry, moved the little alabaster vase toward the center of the mantel. Daylight was filtering into the room now; and the amphora, suddenly imprisoned in a pale golden patina of early morning sunshine, looked ravishingly lovely. In the mirror its young and feminine curves were duplicated. Even the cuneiform inscription encircling its base was reproduced clearly, although in reverse.

Henry Collis ceased moving the amphora. He paused, staring at the reflected inscription, his whole being tense. For, by some miracle, the wedge-shaped characters which had so long taunted him by their malicious irrelevance and casualness had dropped neatly into place. The entire line of cuneiform was becoming lucid. An inscription he realized, with a rising, almost unbearable excitement, in an early, hitherto unknown form of Hebrew. For the Hebrew was inscribed in cuneiform instead of the usual script. So early, in fact, that it was undoubtedly prior to the twelfth century B. C. Prior to any existing record of its kind.

It was then that Henry Collis recalled something he'd read pertaining to the more obscure branches of paleography, which he'd casually dismissed because it had never touched upon his own work at Tel-el-Bahr. In certain rare and early examples of cuneiform, it had been discovered that the inscription was recorded in reverse. As if some divine guidance were lending him an intuition beyond his own powers, Henry slowly read the amphora's message:

Now therefore arise, and go over this Jordan.

The Book of Joshua! Actually recorded, in a writing that was practically contemporaneous with that joyful day when the Children of Israel, maimed and footsore, in rags and tatters, after their years of wandering on parched, alien soil, stood on some rocky eminence and saw the fertile plains of the Jordan spread below them. Luscious and green. A land of milk and honey. The Promised Land. . . . Henry, trembling, hadn't yet the mortal strength to assess his discovery. He only knew that its possibilities were fabulous. A refutation of century after century of theological arguments; a shining light upon that which had long been buried by dust, and by the

"Boy! Oh, Boy! Was that a housewarming!"

tongues of skeptics. A renewal of faith, a confrontation with truth, when faith was dying.

"Look!" he cried out involuntarily. "Sir Hunter!—"

But the Resident was not interested. And all at once the silence in the room grew vast and became more significant than sound. Henry Collis looked quickly, fearfully, toward the bed.

Now therefore arise, and go over this Jordan. . . .

Through the French windows he saw Evelyn Graham approaching the room. There were dewy roses in her arms; and when she saw him she raised her hand in a quick, almost gay gesture, as if for a moment she had been able to forget the sadness which was imminent upon her. She smiled—her wide, generous smile. The sunlight caught her hair, and it also illuminated her face. There was an expression on it, fleeting but revelatory, which suddenly transfigured it; which brought a new and heady elation coursing through his veins. Something he had never seen written upon any woman's face before.

But, being such as he was, he composed his own features and stepped out of the window gravely to meet her. Trying to be seemly, because of the tragic impact of the news he had for her. Yet realizing at the same time—as she, herself, had once pointed out—the impermanence of individual calamities, and the glorious continuity of the human race. He saw that he was destined for his own humble share in that.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THE WINNERS

★

IN AN article in a recent issue entitled, "Listen—You Amateur Parents," Marjorie W. Rose told of her experiences in raising a family of twelve children and described what she considered the advantages of a large family. At that time we invited our readers to give their views on the question, "How many children are enough for one family?" and offered cash awards for the best letters. Among the thousands who replied, the following are the winners:

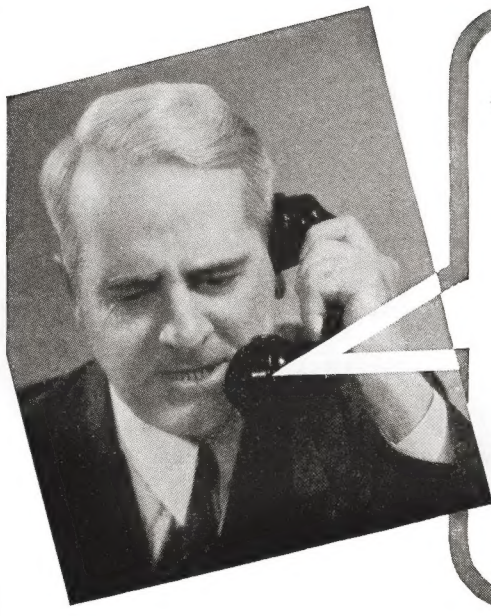
First Award, $100—Mrs. J. C. Fulton, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Second Award, $50—Mrs. E. C. Gilbert, Raleigh, N. C.

Third Award, $25—Mrs. W. F. Knox, Warrensburg, Mo.

$10 Awards—Vera K. Croft, Tulsa, Okla.; John Francis Ormang, Gloucester City, N. J.; Mrs. Cyril F. Hopper, Rochester, N. Y.; Lalia Mitchell Thornton, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Pickard, Ray, Ariz.; Haskell L. Nichols, Jackson, Mich.; Glenn James, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. P. G. Perry, Newark, N. J.; Mary Elizabeth Harland, Troy, Idaho; Jean E. Burt, McMinnville, Ore.

★



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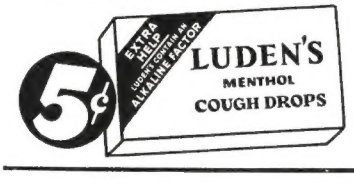
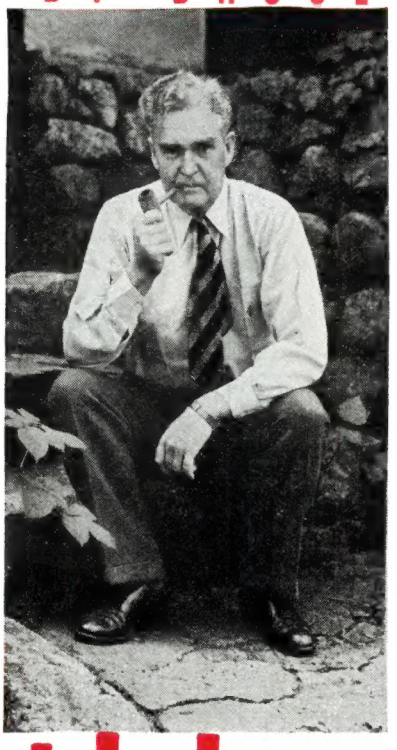


BY BRUCE BARTON



One sure thing

I LIKE sometimes to go downtown in New York and look at the empty docks of the Brooklyn ferries. Only a generation ago the money of widows and orphans was invested in those ferries by the most conservative bankers and trustees. What investment could possibly be safer? Here was Manhattan, with its millions of people, on one side of the river, and Brooklyn, with its millions, on the other. Whether times were bad or good, the millions must go back and forth, which meant a steady flow of tolls and certain dividends. Other businesses might pass away, but nothing could happen to the ferries.

Presently, however, came a man named Roebling who tossed a bridge across the river; and then other men who built other bridges, and still others who bored tunnels underneath. Year by year the income of the ferries shriveled, until it no longer met expenses. One more absolutely safe investment, one more business to which nothing could happen, was swept into the discard by the impact of Change.

Ask the head of any great industry why his company spends millions of dollars in research. He may answer that it is to create new products or improvements that will give him a competitive advantage. But his real reason goes deeper. He pushes his research because he is afraid. Afraid of the thousands of active minds that day and night are working to produce a shift in product or process, style or taste. Afraid that even while he sleeps Change may slip up like a thief and steal his business away.

Steel fights with glass and rubber, and plastics fight them both. Bread and meat battle with fresh vegetables and fruit, cotton with rayon, and wool with the women's stubborn determination to get along with fewer clothes. In Ohio a huge empty factory is falling to ruins. It used to make a large proportion of the wooden passenger cars in the country, but its owner persisted in the false assurance that the steel car was a fad.

A man who had made his wealth out of drugstores said: "The drug business is a style business. We must keep giving the doctors something new to prescribe. We put a remedy up in a pill form until it begins to go out of style, then we put it out in powder form, then as a liquid. The people like a Change."

Older people reading this page were brought up in a generation when the emphasis was on boldness and risk. Younger readers have grown up in days when the cry has been for security. As civilization advances, and man learns better to control his tools, there ought to be more security. But, if the time ever comes when *all* the risk and adventure are removed, that will not be the beginning of the more abundant life, but the end. Nature hates a vacuum; the stars in their courses combine to destroy whatever and whoever has lost the capacity for Change.

To young people, I say, "You can be sure of only one thing about tomorrow—it will be different from today." I say, "Look around and see what is being done according to blind routine and ritual; *there* is an opportunity for fortune by introducing Change." And I say, "This is the prayer for youth today and always—not, 'Lord keep me safe,' but 'Lord keep me supple.' Not, 'Give us this day all freedom from worry.' But, 'Give us sufficient restlessness and unsatisfaction so that we will question, and experiment, and hitch our wagons to the only star that is always in the ascendant—eternal, unceasing Change.'"

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